the true account of the Soviet's human sacrifices!

Court in Moscow

Prisoners on trial in Moscow Court

Breadlines, where families of OGPU prisoners eventually found themselves

prisoner of the OGPU

the actual experiences of the author

GEORGE KITCHIN

Revealing the colossal stupidity of the Soviet regime which permits blundering, half educated petty officials to mete out judgment and punishment which in its cruelty and horror is worse than that inflicted upon prisoners under the Czars.

Kitchin's own story, "Prisoner of the OGPU," is parallel to Dostoievsky's great work, "The House of the Dead." It tells of the merciless beating and torturing of men, friends of the author, staunch characters, some of whom chose suicide to escape their tormentors.

If you want to know more about Russia, read "Prisoner of the OGPU."

BEGINS MONDAY, SEPT. 16

IN THE

BOSTON AMERICAN

New England's Greatest Evening Newspaper

Four horrible years!

Stories of prison experience in Soviet Russia are not new. In fact the sordid details of nocturnal searches, incarceration in filthy jails, midnight inquisitions, and executions without warning have been made known to English readers through many personal accounts.

But the narrative of the present author is unique in several respects and deserves a special place in literature descriptive of Russian conditions.

In the first place it gives the only first-hand authentic account of the penal camps of the Far North that has yet appeared.

The present author is perhaps the only men who has undergone the actual experience of these penal camps and lived to tell the tale.

George Kitchin is a gentleman of education and culture and an able and successful business executive. His social standing and business reputation were above reproach. The authenticity of his account is implicit in the narrative.

As will be seen in his story, he had the good fortune after a time to be assigned clerical work in the office of the penal camp administration.

This undoubtedly saved his life and it also gave him a unique opportunity to observe the inner working of the OGPU organization.

Perhaps the most noteworthy feature of Mr. Kitchin's vivid narrative is the absence of violent partisanship. Despite the injustice of which he was a victim and the hardships to which he was subjected, the author in describing conditions in Russia and the operation of the Soviet system, treats the subject objectively and without bitterness.

His story is now offered to the public as a vivid narrative of personal experiences and as a contribution to the understanding of conditions in the Soviet Utopia.

NOTE:

As this book was being prepared for the press, news was received of the death in London of George Kitchin from pneumonia following the complications which resulted from his privations in Russian penal camps.

SATURDAY'S COMPLETE TRANSACTIONS ON NEW YORK CURB MARKET

	High	Low	Close
AERO SUP MFG B	3-16	3-16	3-16
Ainsworth (1)(\$7)	58¼	58¼	58¼
Allied Mills (1)(\$2)	18	18	18
Alum Co Am	60½	60½	60½
Alum Co pf (1½)	101	101	101
Am Beverage	3	3	3
Am Cit P&LB	4	4	4
Am Cyan B (.40g)	24½	24½	24½
Am Equities	30	30½	30½
Am Found D pf	30½	30½	30½
Am Gas & El (1.40)	35½	35½	35½
Am G&E pf (6)	107½	107½	107½
Am Hard Rub	22½	22½	22½
Am Laun Mch (.60)	19½	19½	19½
Am Lithfi A ? (1.20)	16½	16½	16½
Am Meter	16¼	16¼	16¼
Am Sup P pf	15½	15½	15½
Amsterdam Trust (.35g)	13½	13½	13½
Ann Wipp (.20e)	2½	2½	2½
Arctur Rad Labs	5-16	5-16	5-16
Ark Nat Gas pf	8	8	8
Ark Pow & Lt pf (5½)	81	81	81
Art Met Wks (.40)	9½	9½	9½
Ad G & E1 war	1-32	1-32	1-32
As G & E pf	5½	5½	5½
As Invest (.80)	34	34	34
Atlas Corp (.30e)	13½	13½	13½
Atlas Corp pf A (3)	53½	53½	53½
Atlas Corp war	3½	3½	3½
Atlas Ply	2½	2½	2½
Auto V Mach (½b)	12	12	12
BKLL PKL CAN (8)	131½	131½	131½
Blumenthal (8)	12½	12½	12½
Bower S Beer (1)	25	25	25
Butler Bros	9	9	9
CAN IND ALC A	9	9	9
Can Marc Wire	2½	2½	2½
Can Vin	2½	2½	2½
Carolina P&L 7 pf (7)	56½	56½	56½
Carrier Corp	11½	11½	11½
Celanese Am	8½	8½	8½
Celanese 1st pf (7)	108½	107½	108½
Cen & Sw Ut	1½	1½	1½
Cen Hud G&E (.80)	15½	15½	15½
Cen Ill E ? pf	11½	11½	11½
Charis (2b)	18½	18½	18½
Childs pf	23	23	23
Cities Service	1½	1½	1½
Chess Tract	14½	14½	14½
Club Al Uten	2½	2½	2½
Colts Pat F (1e)	38½	38	38
Colum G&E pf (5)	84	83½	83½
Colum O & O wts	1¼	1¼	1¼
Compwlth Edis (4)	93¾	92	92¾
Comwlth & So war	3-16	3-16	3-16
Conn Gas	12	12	12
Conn Rys Pr Mf	2	2	2
Cons Aire	15½	15½	15½
Cons Dev Mfg	3½	3½	3½
Cons G&E Bal (2.60)	85	84	84
Consol Retail (.20)	4	4	4
Cooper-Bess	5½	5½	5½
Cooper Range	10½	10½	10½
Cord Corp	4½	4½	4½
Creole Petr	15½	15½	15½
Crocker Brewing	19½	19½	19½
Cuban Am	1	1	1
DIST CORP SEAGR	22½	20½	21½
Doehler Die Cast	19	19	19
Dom Stores (2)	10½	10½	10½
Driver-Harris	24½	24½	24½
Durna Tex	2½	2½	2½
EAGLE PICH LEAD	8½	8½	8½
East G & F pf pr (4½)	60	60	60
East G & F pf pr (6)	85½	85½	85½
East Sta B pf	15	15	15
Eastern Wash pf B (1g)	7	7	7
Edison Bros Stk (1)	34	34	34
El Bond & Sh	15½	12½	12½
El Bond & Sh pf (6)	83½	83½	83½
Equity Corp	2½	2½	2½
Esquire A & A	2½	2½	2½
FAIRCHILD AV	8¾	8¾	8¾
Fanny Farm (.40)	9½	9½	9½
Fansteel Metal	9½	9½	9½
Ferro Enam (.52)	22½	22½	22½
Fisk Rub	2½	2½	2½
Fox Fil A pf	11½	11½	11½
Ford M Can A	41½	41½	41½
Ford M Can B (172g)	41½	41½	41½
Fresnillo (.60)	21	21	21
Gilbert (A.C.)	38½	38½	38½
Glen Alden (1½)	21	21	21
Grand Nat V (.05)	11¾	11¾	11¾
Gray Tel P (.60g)	17¾	17¾	17¾
Gt Atl & P we (7b)	135	130	130
Gulf Oil Pa	59½	59½	60½
HECLA MIN (.40)	8¾	8⅞	8¾
Hf Walker	27½	26½	27½
Holling Gold (.80b)	14¾	13¾	14
Horn & Hard pf (5)	104	104	104
Hud Bay M&S (3g)	16½	16½	16½
Hunters Del	¾	¾	¾
Humble Oil (1)	84¾	83½	84
IMP OIL CAN (5b)	17½	16¾	17½
Imtus Finan stc	2	2	2
Int Hy El N Am (2½b)	63½	60½	60½
Int Mining (.65g)	13½	13¾	13¾
Int Mining pf	8	8	8
Int Petroleum	23½	23½	23½
JER DENAL & PP (6)	15	15	15
KART & K BRKR	13½	13½	13½
LAKE SHORE M (\$5g)	59½	58	58
Lerner Stor (5)	60	60	60
Lone Star Gas (.30g)	9½	9½	9½
Long Is Lt	2½	2½	2½
London Pkg new (1)	7½	7½	7½
Lynch Corp	20½	20½	20½
McCORD RAD B	6¾	6¾	6¾
Mc Wood Chem (2½b)	20½	20½	20½
Mid West (7th)			
Midland Oil	15½	15½	15½
Mock J Voeh (.05g)	17½	16½	16½
Molybdenum	3½	3½	3½
Mount Prod (.60)	4¾	4¾	5
NAT PELLAS HESS	3¾	3¾	3¾
Nat Container (1½g)	21½	21½	21½
Nat Fuel G (1)	15½	15½	15½
Nat Invest pf (1b)	76	76	76
Nat P&L pf (6)	20½	20½	20½
Nat Service	3-16	3-16	3-16
Nat Steel Car	21	21	21
Nat Zinc (2½b)	30½	30½	30½
Newmont Min (1g)	60½	59½	60½
NY & Hon Rosa (2½b)	47	47	47
NY Tel pf (6½)	120	120	120
Nia Hud Pow (.60)	7	7	7
Niag Sh Md B	3	3	3
Nipissing Mines (1g)	2½	2½	2½
Nonon Rlty	3	3	3
Nor Am Lt & Pow	2½	2½	2½
Nor Am Ut Sec	3	3	3
Nor Cent Texas	3	3	3
Nor Pipe L (.20)	3	3	3
Nor Ry Cal pf (3)	20	20	20
PAC EASTERN	3½	3½	3½
Pac P&L 1st pf (5½)	28½	28½	28½
Pac Pub Ser pf (.20c)	1½	1½	1½
Pacific Invest	2½	2½	2½
Parke Davis (2.10g)	45½	44½	44½
Park Rust Pr (3a)	16½	16½	16½
Pennroad	3½	3½	3½
Pa P&L 7 pf (7)	105½	105½	105½
Pa Pow & Lt 6 pf (6)	100	99	99
Pepperell (3)	65¾	65	65¾
Pitney Bowes (.20)	6	6	6
Pitts Lake E (2½)	70	70	70
Porcupn Power	2	2	2
Pratt & Lam (1)	23¾	23	23
Premier Gld (.12b)	33¾	33¼	33¼
Pub Ser El & G	15	15	15
Pyrene	6¼	6¼	6¼
RAYMA INTL	5-16	5-16	5-16
Rowe Type	2½	2½	2½
Ryan Cons Pet (.60)	63½	63½	63½
ST REGIS PAP	1¾	1¾	1¾
St Regis Pap pf	35½	35½	35½
Salt Cr Prod (.80)	15½	15½	15½
Schultz Bak	2	2	2
Segal Lock	1	1	1
Selected Indust	2½	2½	2½
Sel Ind (ctf) (3½)	71	71	71
Sel Ind pf (5½)	74	74	74
Sentry & Co	4	4	4
Seton Leather	11½	11½	11½
Shattuck Denn	23½	23½	23½
Shenandoah pf	3½	3½	3½
Singer Mfg (13½b)	285	285	285
So Am G&P1 (.20g)	3¾	3¾	3¾
So Penn Oil (1.40)	23	24½	24½
Sq D to Apr (1½)	35	35	35
Stand Inv pf	27½	27½	27½
St Gil Ay (1½b)	20½	20½	20½
Stand Sil-Lead	4	4	4
Starrett pf	97	97	97
Stein & Co (1g)	14	14	14
Stone Webs	25	25	25
Sunray Oil	3½	3½	3½
Sutherlnd Mtg (.90e)	7¾	7¾	7¾
Swift Int (2)	28½	28½	28½
Swift & Co pf	104½	104½	104½
Swiss Oil Corp (.20e)	2½	2½	2½
TECK-HUGH G (.40g)	9¾	9¾	9¾
Tex Gulf Prod	3¾	3¾	3¾
Texon Oil (.60)	3¾	3¾	3¾
Trans-Lux (.20g)	3¾	3¾	3¾
Tri-Cont (.60e)	20½	20½	20½
Tung-Sol Lamp	8¾	8¾	9
UNIT-CARR P (6g)	108½	108½	108½
Unit Corp war	1	1	1
United Gas	¾	¾	¾
Unit Gas war	¾	11-16	
Un Lt & Pow A	3	1¾	2
Unit Gas pf	80½	78½	80
Un Lt & Pow pf	13½	13½	13½
Utah Rb 3d pf (1½)	38¾	38¾	38¾
U S Foil B (.60)	15¾	15¾	15¾
Unit Verde (1.60b)	3	3	3
Utah Apex M	¾	¾	¾
Utah P&L pf (1.16 2-3b)	33	33	33
Util PePwr & Lt	1¾	1	1¼
Ut P&Lt pf	14	14	14
VENEZUEL PET	18¾	18¾	18¾
WACO AIRC	8½	8½	8½
Want Ad B	3¾	3¾	3¾
Wayne Dump new	14½	14½	14½
West Va C & C	4½	4½	4½
West Air Exp	4½	4½	4½
West Tab & sta vtc (1e)	16½	16½	16½
Wil-Low Caf pf	3	3	3
Woodley Pet (.60)	10	10	10
Woolwth Ltd (.72g)	27½	27½	27½
Wright Hargr (.60e)	8½	8¼	8½
YUKON GOLD	1¾	1½	1½
CURB BONDS			
Ala Pow 5s 51	100	100	100
Ala Pow 4½s 57	84½	84½	84½
Alumin Co 5s 52	107½	107¾	107½
Am G P & C 57	97½	97½	97½
Am G & E 3s 2028	106½	106	106
Am P & L 6s 2016	98¾	98¾	98¾
Am Roll M 5s 48	103½	103½	103½
Am Steel 6s 36	98½	98½	98½
Appal El Pw 5s 56	105½	105¾	105½
Appal Pow 6s 41	107½	107½	107½
Ark P&L 5s 56	97½	97	97½
Ark Pow & Lt 5s 57	101½	101½	101½
As G & E 5½s 28 IC	30½	29¾	29¾
As G & E 5s 48	29	28	28¾
As G & E 5s 49	29	28	28¾
As G & E 5½s 44 ctf	24½	24½	24½
As G & E 4½s 49 ctf	24½	24½	24½
As Gas & El 4½s 57	24½	24½	24½
As Tel Dr 6s 37	59	58	58
As Tel Dr 6s 37 ctf	59	58	58
Atlas Plyw 5½s 43	88½	88½	88½
Bailey Loc 6s 34 ww	108½	108½	108½
Bell T Can 5s 55 A	113½	113	113
Bell T Can 5s 57 B	114½	114½	114½
Birm El 4½s 68	91½	91½	91½
Can Pac 4s 49	108½	108½	108½
Can Ad 5s 53 A	103½	103½	103½
Can P & L 5s 53	107½	107½	107½
Cedar Rap Mfg 6s 53	101½	101½	101½
Cent Ill P S 5s 56	104½	104½	104½
Cen Ill P S 5s 48 C	104½	104½	104½
Cen Ill P S 4½s 67 F	92	91½	91½
Cen Ill P S 5s 56	78	77½	77½
Cen St El 5½s 54	54½	53¾	53¾
Cen St El 5s 48	53½	53	53½
Cen St P & L 5½s 53	68½	68½	68½
Cent Ver P S 5s 57	98½	98½	98½
Cities Ser 5s 50	99	98½	98¾
Cities S G Pipe 6s 43	101¼	101¼	101¼
Cities S Pow 5½s 52	104½	104½	104½
Comwlth Ed 6s 29 B	110¾	110¾	110¾
Comwlth Ed 4½s 57	110¾	110¾	110¾
Comwlth Ed 4½s 57 D	110	110	110
Comwlth Ed 4½s 57 E	110	110	110
Comwlth Ed 4½s 85 H	100½	100½	100½
Comwlth Ed 5s 61	107½	107½	107½
Common P & L 5s 57	67	67	67
Con Gas Pr 6s A	107½	107½	107½
Cont G&E 5s 58 A	77½	76	76½
Cont Gas Pr 5s 48	102	102	102
Cushny P 5½s 37	102½	102½	102½
Del El Pow 5½s 59	103½	103½	103½
Del C Gas 5s 47 A	103½	103½	103½
Del C Gas 5s 50 B	103½	103½	103½
Dix Gulf G 6½s 37	102½	102½	102½
Elec P&L 5s 2030	87½	86½	87
Emp O&R 5½s 42	69	69	69
Fam Mores 5s 42	100	100	100
Fed Water 5½s 54	72	72½	72½
Fonda Tyre 6s 42	104½	104½	104½
Fla P&L 5s 54	90½	90	90½
Fla P & L½s 57	90½	90½	90½
Gatin P 5s 56	85½	85½	85½
Gen El Pow 5½s 56	77¾	77¾	77¾
Gen Rayon 6s 48	50	50	50
Gen Pow 5s 48	98½	98½	98½
Glen Ald Coal 6s 49	92½	92½	92½
Grand Trunk 4s 50	87	87	87
Gulf St Ut 4½s 61	101¾	101¾	101¾
Gulf St Ut 5s A	105	105	105
Hacken Wat 5s 38	110	110	110
Hud Pow 5s 57 A	103½	103½	103½
Hous Gul G 4s 47	103	103	103
Hyatt Bear 6s 42	100	100	100
Idaho Pow 5s 47	108	108	108
Ind P&L 5s 57 A	104¼	104¼	104¼
Ill Nor 4½s 56	100½	100½	100½
Ill Pow & Lt 5s 56	90	90	90
Ill Pow & L 5½s 57	88	88	88
Ill Power 5½s 54 B	84	84	84
Ill Nor 4½s 57	89½	89½	89½
Ill Pow Sec 4½ A	89½	89½	89½
Indianpls Gas 5s 52	95½	95½	95½
Ind P&L 5s 57 A	104¼	104¼	104¼
Int Rec Am 5s 47	84	83½	83½
Interc Pub 6s 48	101	101	101
Interc Pub 6s 49	101	101	101
Interc Pow 5s 57	85½	85½	85½
Interc P Pw 5s 56 D	78½	78½	78½
Interc P Pw 4½s 58	70¾	70¾	70¾
Invest Co 5s 47 Asw	99	99	99
Ia-Neb L&P 5s 57	102¼	102¼	102¼
Ia Pub Svc 5s 57	99½	99½	99½
Jackson Gas 5s 42 stp	51	52½	53½
Jer Cen P&L 5s 47 B	103½	103½	103½
Kan Gas & El 5s 2022 A	113½	113½	113½
Kan Pow 5s 47 A	97½	97½	97½
Kan Pub Ut 5s 37	88	88	88
Kop Gas & C 5½s 50	104½	104½	104½
Kuhlm Co 6s 37	102½	102½	102½
Laclede Gas 6½s 55	100	100	101
Lex Util 5s 54 B	98½	98½	98½
Los Ang G&E 5s 61	106½	106½	106½
Lou P & L 5s 57	104½	104½	104½
Manitoba P 5½s 51 A	59½	59½	59½
Metro Ed 4s 53	102½	102½	102½
Metro Ed 4s 71	102½	102½	102½
Mid Sts P&L 5s 57	13½	13½	13½
Midwest Gas 5s 47	14½	14½	14½
Midwest Ut 5s 36 ctf	14½	14½	14½
Miss Pow & Lt 5s 57	105½	105½	105½
Miss P & L 5½s 78	94½	94½	94½
Miss P & L 5s 58	100	100	100
Miss Riv P & L 5s	101½	101½	101½
Mo P & L Co 5s 57	99½	99½	99½
Miss Pow 5s 57	87½	87½	87½
Mo P & L 5½s 57	99½	99½	99½
Mo P & Lt 5½s 55	107½	107½	107½
Monong P 5½s 50	103½	103½	103½
Nat P & L 5s 2028 A	98½	98½	98½
N Eng G & E 5s ctf	13½	13½	13½
Neisner Bro 6s 48	101½	101½	101½
Nevada Cal Ed 5s 56	85½	85½	85½
N Eng G & E 5s 48	67½	67½	67½
N Eng G & E 5s 47 A	67½	67½	67½
N Eng Pow 5½s 54	78½	78½	78½
N Y Pow & Lt 4½s 67	97½	97½	97½
Nor Ind P S 5s 70	81½	81½	81½
Nor Ind Pub Ser 5s 66	106	106	106
Nor Ind Pub Ser 5s 66C	100	100	100
Nor Ohio G&E 5s 52	106	106	106
Nor Ohio G&E 5s 45	104	104	104
Nor Ohio P S 5s 46C	100	100	100
Nor Ohio P&L 5½s 51	107	107	107
Nor States P 5½s 40	103	102½	102½
Nor States P 4½s 61	104	103½	103½
Nor'west Pow 6s 60	37½	37½	37½
Nor'west Pow 6s 60 stfe	37½	36¾	37¼
Nor'west P S 5s 57	84	84	84
Ohio Pub S 5s 54 D	104½	104½	104½
Okla G&E 6s 40 A	103½	103½	103½
Okla G&E 5s 60	103½	103½	103½
Okla P&W 5s 48	81	81	81
Pac G&E 6s 41 A	107	107	107
Pac G&E 6s 60 F	106½	106½	106½
Pac G&E 6s 41 B	113¼	113¼	113¼
Pac P&L 5s 55	83¾	82¾	83¾
Palmer Louis 6s 36	103½	102½	102½
Penn Cen P&L 4½s 77	98½	98	98
Pen Cen P&L 5s	79	78½	78½
Pen Pow 5½s 54	97	97	97
Pen Sh Ed 4½s 67	88	88	88
Pen Ok Ed 5s 50	97½	97½	97½
Pen Sh Ed 5s 52	97½	97½	97½
Peo Gas L&C 4s 81 B	87½	87½	87½
Peo Gas L&C 4s 57 C	102½	102½	102½
Pied El 4½s 61 A	42½	43½	43½
Pied El 5½s 54 A	103½	103½	103½
Pitts Steel 6s 48	97	96½	96½
Poor & Co 6s 39	102½	102½	102½
Portland G&C 5s 40	83½	83	83
Potomac El P 5s 34	103	103	103
Pow Cor Can 4½s 59 B	85½	85½	85½
Pow Corp NY 5½s 47	102½	102½	102½
Prov Gas Co 5s 42	106	106	106
Pub S N Ill 4½s 68	100½	100½	100½
Pub S N Ill 4½s 70 D	100½	100½	100½
Pub Sv Okla 5s 61 C	102½	102½	102½
Pub Sv Okla 5½s 48 A	102½	102½	102½
Pur Sd P&L 5½s 49	99½	99½	99½
Pur Sd P&L 4½s 68 D	98½	98½	98½
R L Gas & C 6s 47	13½	13½	13½
Schulte R & Sts 39	21	21	21
Scripps 5½s 43	102½	102½	102½
Seattle Lt 2s 60	98½	98½	98½
S EP & L 6s 2025 A	93	94¾	94¾
So Cal Ed 5½s 6 58	98½	98½	98½
Southern Nat G 4s 44	97¾	97	97¾
Southwest G & E 6s 47 A	103	103	103
So'west Nat G 6s 45	99¾	99¾	99¾
Stand G & E 6s 50	94½	94½	94½
Stand G & E 6s 55 ctf	54½	53½	54½
Stand G & E 6s 61	90½	90½	90½
Std P & L 6s 57	47½	47½	47½
Tenn Pr Co 6s 70	81½	81½	81½
Tex El R 5s 60	100½	100½	100½
Tex Pow & Lt 5s 56	90½	90½	90½
Tide Wat P 5s 79 A	87½	87½	87½
Toledo Trac 5s 53	107½	107½	107½
Un El Pr 5½s 51	81½	81½	81½
Un L & Pr 5s 52 A	102	102	102
U S Rub 6½s 40	104¾	104¾	104¾
Utah P & L 5s 2022	99	99	99
Virg P S 5½s 46 A	84¾	84¾	84¾
Wash Gas Lt 5s 56	105½	105½	105½
Western Newsp Un 6s 44	32	32	32
West Tex Ut 5s 57 A	78¾	78¾	78¾
York Rys 5s 37	103½	103½	103½

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

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Sunday, Sept. 15, 1935

Cocktail Hour Girl —

Impressions by
M. Victor C. de Tchetchet
the Distinguished Russian Artist

Found a Coal Mine in His Cellar

On the Left—William Leaver, of Shawnee, Ohio, Taking a Load of Coal From the Rich Vein of the Fuel He Discovered Beneath His Home 17 Years Ago.

Mr. Leaver Has a Tunnel Leading From His Private Coal Mine Right Into His Furnace Room. Every Fall He Mines Enough Coal for His Own Use and Sells a Few Tons to His Neighbors.

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD - PHOTOS

The Modest Leaver Home in Shawnee, Ohio. Beneath Its Foundations, Its Owner Says, Nature Deposited Some 10,000 Tons of Coal, Enough to Heat Such a Dwelling for a Thousand Years.

THE little story-and-a-half frame house occupied by William Leaver, of Shawnee, Ohio, isn't much to look at. But it is a valuable piece of property because, believe it or not, its foundations rest on a rich vein of coal which very important fact Mr. Leaver discovered 17 years ago when he was cementing the walls of his cellar.

Leaver is a miner and oil field worker and he knows a vein of coal when he sees one. On the north side of his cellar he noticed a patch of coal running from the ground to the timbers supporting the first floor. He dug away at the black deposit with a pick and in a few minutes had several wheelbarrow loads of the fuel ready for burning. He put an entrance to the vein in the cellar wall and since that day hasn't spent one cent for coal.

Today the doorway to the private coal mine is 150 feet from the face of the vein which is 14 feet from top to bottom. Leaver and his two sons have taken out more than 200 tons of the fuel and there will be plenty more left long after the head of the family has gone to his reward. He owns three full-size lots adjoining the piece of ground on which the house stands, and he estimates that there is at least 10,000 tons of coal under his property.

"The Winter's coal is a big item in the average family budget," says Mr. Leaver, "and I sure got a break when, years ago, my wife's grandfather picked this hillside to build a house on. I guess I'm the only man in the country who has a private coal mine in his cellar. Every year we burn from nine to twelve tons of lump coal and I take out a few tons to sell my neighbors."

In the Fall Leaver goes into his personal mine and picks out enough coal to fill the big bin close by his furnace. He does the job in a couple of days and wheels the coal from the end of the 150-foot corridor he and his sons have dug right to his heating plant.

During the Summer, Leaver and his sons do not have to work their mine very often. When Mrs. Leaver needs a bucket of coal for the cook stove, one of the boys goes down cellar, strikes a few blows with a pick and has enough fuel to last several days.

Mrs. Leaver wouldn't think of moving away from her little home even if she and her husband could afford a larger and more pretentious house.

"Since we discovered that we are living over a big vein of coal," she says, "we have saved more than $2,000 on fuel bills alone. But that's not the only advantage of the mine. In the hottest Summer days our house is the coolest place in the town. There's always a draft blowing gently up from the mine, and except on the most sweltering days I work in the kitchen with my coat on. The cellarway is a dandy place to keep fruit, eggs and butter and we don't need any refrigerator. On very hot days some of my neighbors come over and sit in the kitchen with me to get cooled off."

The little village of Shawnee is built mostly on the side of a big hill which, engineers have found, is underlaid here and there with rich strata of coal in veins ranging from 9 to 14 feet in thickness. But, although several citizens of Shawnee have dug around in their cellars in the hope of finding a mine such as the one beneath the Leaver home, none of them has had any luck. The Leavers have the only private mine in the community and they might never have discovered it if Mr. Leaver had not decided to improve his cellar.

America's Luckiest Dog—Inherits a $25,000 Estate

FOR many years before her recent death at the age of 70, Miss Martha McDermott, of Chicago, found most of her interest in life in the loyal friendship of her dog "Pet." Human acquaintances were not always dependable. Their motives were not always in the open. But in her white Spitz, "Pet," the aged spinster found adoration, affection and gratitude.

The dog asked nothing in return but, when she knew that she had not much longer to live, Martha McDermott pondered her list of acquaintances and came to the conclusion that she wanted her estate, which amounted to some $25,000, to be inherited by her most loyal friend—her dog.

Her will was so drawn and it was a carefully devised legal document that would stand in any court in the land. Thus it was that "Pet" became America's luckiest dog and the possessor of much more money than is the lot of the average human.

For weeks after his aged mistress's funeral, "Pet" didn't seem to be much interested in anything. The dog was restless and depressed even though its custodian, Mrs. Hulda Rohde, tried in every way she knew to make the animal comfortable and at home.

Good food and kind treatment had their effect, however, and "Pet" seems reconciled to the loss of his mistress and entirely at home in the hands of Mrs. Rohde, shown brushing her wealthy charge in the photograph at the right.

Many dogs have benefited by the wills of their owners but it is seldom that a dog inherits an entire estate and as much as $25,000. Not long ago W. F. Kimball, a filling station owner, of Riverton, Kansas, was killed in a holdup. His companion for many years had been a nondescript dog named "Tuffy."

People around Riverton wondered what would happen to "Tuffy," but they didn't have to wonder after the dead man's will was read. Kimball left $10 to his son, with whom he had quarreled, and $7,000—the balance of the estate—to "Tuffy."

The strange will stipulated that "Tuffy" was to be cared for by one Mrs. Maude Livingston, a neighbor of the late Mr. Kimball, that he was to have good care and good food for the rest of his days and be given a decent burial when he had lived out his span of life. If there is any money left when "Tuffy" goes the way of all flesh, it will go to the woman who is his guardian.

"Tuffy" is not so rich as "Pet," but he has more than enough to keep him in comfort until he dies. When Mr. Kimball got him, 12 years ago, he was just a pup, but today he is gray, a little stiff on his legs, and his teeth aren't so good. Even with the best of care and a carefully balanced diet, he probably will not live more than four or five years.

Maine has a dog in the same fortunate situation as "Pet" and "Tuffy." His name is "Peter," and he was the constant companion of the late Reverend Charles S. Cummings, of Auburn. A clause in the clergyman's will read, "The little dog Peter has had a great and good influence over my life, coming as a messenger of God to show me a world I knew little about."

Enough money was left to "Peter" to keep him in comfort during his life, as the end of which he is to be buried at the foot of his master's grave.

Now and then cats are provided for in the wills of their late owners. A year or two ago a Chicago woman, who was looked upon by some people as an eccentric because she kept more than a dozen tabbies in her house, stipulated in her last will and testament that the bulk of her estate should be used to keep the cats in comfort as long as they lived. If any money was left when the last of the cats had lived out its proverbial nine lives, then relatives might have it.

The relatives of the dead woman objected strenuously to this manner of disposing of worldly goods, and they tried to break the will.

WIDE WORLD

"Pet," a White Spitz Dog, Enjoying Some of the Tender Care Provided by the $25,000 Left by Its Late Mistress. The Woman in the Photograph is Mrs. Hulda Rohde, of Chicago, Who Was Given Custody of the Lucky Dog.

The "Adam's Rib" Evening Gown, Which Came to This Country From Paris and Went Right Back Again Because American Designers and Buyers Thought it Too Daring and Revealing.

Co-operation in the Zoo

PHOTOGRAPHERS are always focusing their lenses on the inmates of monkey houses, but it is seldom that they catch such amusing scenes as the one shown below. This picture was snapped at the Belfast, Ireland, Zoo and it is not hard to guess what is going on. Similar pictures, with human beings as subjects, could have been taken in the trenches during the World War. It is no reflection on the monkeys to show them in this intimate and highly co-operative domestic situation. On the contrary, it is to their credit that they face conditions as they are and go about correcting it in the only way they know.

The cameraman who took this picture did not anticipate the "study" which he believes will win him several prizes in competitions of animal photographs. He expected to catch some closeups of monkeys blinking curiously into the camera or indulging in their familiar antics. He made a few such shots before he noticed a pair of simians too absorbed in the business of delousing each other to bother with the other inmates of the cage or with the cameraman.

The fellow doing the hunting is returning a personal favor, for his pal spent more than half an hour rendering similar service to him.

OZ28

This Amusing Study of Two Monkeys in the Belfast, Ireland, Zoo Is Expected to Take Many Prizes in Photographic Competitions Because of the "Human" Attitudes of the Simians Too Busy to Notice the Cameraman. A Few Moments Before the Picture Was Snapped, the Monkey Doing the Hunting Had the Benefit of Similar Service From His Pal.

Paris' Latest Shocker—The "Adam's Rib" Gown for Evening Wear

WITHIN the past few years many American designers have matched their originality and skill against the couturiers of Paris and are doing very well for themselves in the creation of feminine apparel showing little or no foreign influence. But Paris continues to dictate the mode, more or less, and several times a year sends over its newest gowns and whatnots for the consideration of American buyers.

The photograph above and at the right shows one of the latest interpretations from across the water. It was designed by a couturier named Heim and, a day or two after it arrived in this country aboard the super-liner Normandie, it was shown to a group of American designers who, with a few exceptions, felt that the outfit is a little too daring for most of the women in this country.

For want of a better name the creation is called the "Adam's Rib Gown." A glance at the picture is enough to show how the costume got its name—for the wearer's middle section is frankly exposed except for a small area of the waist in the front.

The American designers felt that, although such exposure is all right in bathing suits and certain other items of beach wear, formal evening gowns should, for the present at least, reveal less of the wearer's anatomy. They studied the creation for a long time and agreed that it would shock the average American woman. They could not imagine maids and matrons wearing such an outfit at a dance. There is, they felt, something a bit too intimate about a dress that permits a lady's escort to place his hand directly against the pink flesh of his partner's lumbar region.

The bodice of the gown, which is fashioned of purplish-blue silk, was the target for further criticism because it leaves one shoulder bare. But it was the consensus of opinion that the top of the gown could have gotten by in this country if the waistline had not been slashed away.

The lower part of the evening gown offers something of an innovation. It is composed of a rather close-fitting underskirt slit to the knee and a graceful wrap-around overskirt lined with Burgundy red material. The overskirt is, believe it or not, also a wrap and all the wearer has to do to make such use of it is to lift it up and drape it about her shoulders.

Oddly enough, the "Adam's Rib" outfit is much more modest in appearance when the full outer skirt is hoisted aloft to conceal the exposed waist and back.

Camels Go Crazy With the Heat

NATURE made the camel the "ship of the desert," the one beast that can travel across the burning sands of the desert and go for days and days without water. It would seem that the camel could stand the hottest weather, but the sun sometimes beats down with such intensity that even these durable beasts of burden go "loco."

A few weeks ago the mercury rose to 134 degrees in the village of Ben Guerir, "the hottest hole in Africa." Ben Guerir is an oasis about midway between Casablanca and Marrakech, Morocco. Year after year the hottest weather registered in Africa gets the name of this tiny village into the papers—and discourages a lot of people from going anywhere near there in the hot weather.

On the day that the thermometer rose to 134 degrees a herd of camels lying in the market place literally went crazy with the heat and ran amok injuring five people. The owners of the beasts, themselves almost exhausted by the heat, made no attempt to capture the camels until late afternoon when the sun had sunk well toward the horizon and the temperature had dropped away down to 115.

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Mrs. Delphine Dodge-Cromwell-Baker's Puzzling 3rd Marriage

Was Mr. Godde, Her Bridegroom, a Bank Executive or Mere Clerk?---Did He Cost Her $250,000, Whereas the Blue-Blooded Mr. Cromwell and the Politically-Important Mr. Baker Were Hers for Love Alone?

Delphine's Mother, Who Set the Example of Marrying a Poor Man Instead of a Rich One When She Wed Hugh Dillman, an Actor. She Is Pictured With Mr. Dillman.

Little Christine, Daughter of Mrs. Godde When She Was Mrs. Cromwell, and Whose Perplexities May Be Considerably Increased by a Third Papa.

Mrs. Delphine Dodge-Cromwell-Baker-Godde, From Her Latest Photograph.

Mrs. Godde With Mr. Baker When She Was Mrs. Baker.

Delphine Dodge and Her First Husband, Mr. Cromwell, Who Has Since Married Another Immensely Wealthy Heiress, Doris Duke.

THE third marriage of the immensely rich Mrs. Delphine Dodge-Cromwell-Baker recently announced from London, is a puzzling one to her many friends and acquaintances in this country.

It is certain that she married Mr. Timothy Matthew Godde, of Port Chester, New York, on August 21st in Bracknell, England—but had she married this same man once before on May 18th? And if so, why did she feel it necessary to marry him again?

Did she pay $250,000 to the previous Mrs. Godde after that lady had begun an alienation suit against her? If not, how much did she settle for? Or is $30 a week alimony all the first Mrs. Godde has gotten out of the transfer?

But most important, perhaps, was Mr. Godde merely a bank clerk as his home town paper, The Daily Item, of Port Chester, New York, called him? Or was he a "bank executive" as he indignantly informed the editor of The Daily Item over the transatlantic telephone?

And why should any or all these things move the American heiress to leave her native land flat and threaten to spread the sunshine of her presence forever more in England and other parts of Europe?

It cost Mr. Godde $96.50 to put in that telephonic protest and the editor printed every word of it in "The Item." In part, with his comments, the interesting one-sided conversation ran:

"HELLO! HELLO! HELLO."

Then — "Is this Mr. ———— of The Daily Item?" (Yes, dang it, it was). Do you know Mr. Godde, of London?" (Yes, dang, dang it, ye ed knew Mr. Godde, of London, Port Chester, New York, Miami and the Rye post office!)

"Well, this is the overseas operator in New York. Hold the wire."

We did — so tightly the bell-box was ripped off the table.

Then, at last, a cockney voice: "Is this Mr. ———— of The Daily H'Item?"

"Yes, yes, yes, dang, dang, dang it!"

"Well, 'old the wire."

The bell-box banged on the floor. The table toppled over.

Finally — "Is this ———— ————? This is Tim Godde in London. Say, in that story your paper printed about me yesterday you said I was a clerk in the Empire Trust Company. That was a terrible thing to do to me, ——! I can't understand how a man who knew me and my mother and father, and whose mother and father knew your mother and father, could do a thing like that to me! You knew I wasn't just a clerk — you must have known I was an officer of the bank. I was assistant secretary and to say I was just a clerk makes me look like a palooka in the eyes of my friends over there in America — especially my friends in the Tamarack Club and other clubs — and——"

The Daily Item, it seemed, was an awful rag and the editor just about the lowest form of vertebrate, if any.

The ocean boiled 1,500 miles east of the Newfoundland cable station, we suspect, as Tim warmed to his subject. He said numerous things —ye ed said some things.

For about nine minutes the exchange of pleasantries continued over some 3,000 miles of wire strung along the sea floor. At last, 'owever, the bloody blighter h'operatin' the London h'exchange cut in and Tim and ye ed bade each other fond farewells.

So today the members of Tamarack and other clubs are advised that we did an injustice to Mr. Godde, however unwittingly. He was an important official of his New York bank and is not to be regarded as a palooka. . . . ."

Whatever Mr. Godde may be now, he certainly is a self-made man, son of a hod-carrier, and attended the public schools of Rye and Port Chester, N. Y. His first job was caddying at the Westchester-Biltmore Country Club, and then the exclusive Tamarack Club of Westchester, where he became an executive with the title of executive-secretary. Later he dropped to just a bank clerk at the Fifth Avenue Branch of the Empire Trust Co., New York City, only to rise again to the title of secretary of the company's branch at Port Chester.

There was a gap in his financial career, during which Mr. Godde, who is now thirty-six years old, is said to have studied to be an undertaker, and is said to have become a first-class mortician. Very few husbands are competent to bury their own wives and families. This might be an unusual attraction to a poor girl, but the daughter of the late Horace E. Dodge, of Detroit, can afford to be buried by the biggest and most expensive undertaker in London, so that was probably not his chief fascination.

A woman as rich as Delphine, at that time Mrs. Raymond T. Baker, is as welcome as the flowers in May at any bank. Therefore only Mrs. Godde and about one other person thought it unusual that the secretary of the Port Chester branch of a large bank should pay devoted attention to such a valuable customer.

A few months later it was an important item of society news that Mr. Raymond Baker, former Director of the United States Mint, had gone to Reno for a divorce from the wealthy Delphine.

The cause for the parting was supposed to be nothing in particular—just matrimonial wear and tear. Very few except Mrs. Godde saw any romantic significance in the fact that just about this time Mr. Godde gave up his perfectly good job at the bank to attend to his private interests.

Before the Reno courts got around to the job, death in the form of coronary thrombosis divorced the Bakers. As a widow, Mrs. Baker went to England, and so did Mr. Godde. He not being socially prominent, again the coincidence was not noticed, except by Mrs. Godde, who managed to get a quiet divorce, together with the custody of their nine-year-old daughter, Hope. The other day, between threats of African war and the defeat of the American tennis players, came a cablegram from England that Delphine had been secretly married to Mr. Godde since May 18. It was also said that all heartbalm claims had been squared by a quarter-million-dollar check. The divorced Mrs. Godde, however, refused to admit what, if any, cash had been paid for her ex-husband, except that her suit against Delphine had been settled.

Husbands have brought fancier prices in the marriage market during boom times, but they have had titles or some other handle for grasping social prestige, so that the man himself was of negligible importance, or even a sort of necessary evil that went with the deal. Mr. Godde is marrying into a somewhat uneasy family that is hard to please. But it can be done and has been done by Mr. Hugh Dillman, who married Mrs. Horace E. Dodge, dowager heiress and mother of Delphine.

Hugh Dillman McGaughy, son of a tailor, of Centersville, Ohio, learned enough of that trade to decide it was a poor way to get rich. A handsome, intelligent youth, without any special training, he migrated to New York, where at least he would be in the immediate vicinity of wealth. There was no relief in those days—therefore in order to eat regularly he had to get some sort of a job.

A good-looking boy, like a good-looking girl, can usually find a small part on the stage. The first agent he saw advised him to forget his last name because Dillman was more romantic. Mr. Dillman modestly states that he was nothing wonderful as an actor. However, Follies girls who were nothing wonderful as actresses have stepped from the stage to millions. The same thing was achieved by Mr. Dillman though not in one step.

In the theatre he met, wooed and wed the lovely and celebrated actress, Marjorie Rambeau, whose previous husband had also abbreviated his name from Willard Mac-Gillicuddy to Willard Mack. After a brief but lively married life Hugh found himself divorced, and, as he put it, "with 1,000 precious memories, but only 15 cents in cash."

Meanwhile he sold Florida real estate and made a living while that boom lasted. Next he organized a troupe of colored singers and toured Europe, where he appeared before the King of England. This was very, very nice, but he also appeared before Mrs. Horace E. Dodge and married that widow, which was still nicer, because thereby temporarily, at least, he put about $90,000,000 between himself and the poorhouse.

Having found Mr. Dillman so satisfactory, it might have been a charming gesture had the former Mrs. Dodge sent Miss Rambeau a check for at least $250,000 as a token of gratitude for the way in which she trained handsome Hugh in the difficult art of being a perfect husband, just as her daughter Delphine is said to have paid Mr. Godde's first wife. She probably never will, because when the Dillmans returned from Europe there were signs indicating an end to that remarkable romance.

Every dollar of Horace E. Dodge's millions was self-made. Beginning as a blacksmith, and later as a machinist, there seemed no more chance for him to get rich than for Mr. Dillman's father. It was not easy but by the time Delphine was old enough to take notice, money seemed to flow into the home as easily as water out of the tap. The machinist's daughter was not interested in marrying more money. She wanted a high-society man, to the manner born, and yet with enough wealth of his own not to let work interfere with his paying attention to her day and night.

James H. R. Cromwell, tall, handsome son of the late Oliver Eaton Cromwell, of one of New York's oldest families, filled the bill perfectly and their tastes for amusements, such as motor boat racing, were similar. With Delphine's millions, they had nothing to do but pursue happiness. Apparently they not only pursued but caught it and killed it. In spite of their baby daughter, Christine, came boredom and divorce. Mr. Cromwell later married Doris Duke, tobacco heiress, and reputedly richest girl in the world.

Delphine decided that her next should be a man of eminence in some way besides blue blood. Raymond T. Baker had been many things, including warden of a prison and director of the U. S. Mint. If he could keep convicts from rioting, he ought to be able to keep one wife contented. Besides this he had experience with an heiress wife, having been married for a while to the Bromo Seltzer heiress, the former Miss Margaret Emerson, who before wedding Baker had been Mrs. Smith Hollis McKim and Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt. But this match was no more successful than the other.

Horace Dodge, Delphine's brother, has had two strikes at matrimony and finds the cost of loving almost prohibitive. His first wife, Lois Knowlton Dodge, society girl, presented him with two children and a divorce suit. Horace was so much in love with his wife that he said he would agree to anything if she would come back. She took him at his word, forcing him to sign an agreement whereby, if for any reason she should become discontented again, she must have the custody of the children and alimony of one million dollars, not for herself of course but to rear the children.

Promptly there was another tiff and she got her divorce, children, million and all. Shortly, however, she married Lieut. Benjamin Franklin Manning of the U. S. Army and generously handed the children back, but she kept the money. Since Horace only had about a million and a half at the time, it put quite a crimp in his finances.

Undiscouraged he married the beautiful Muriel Dorothy Sisman of Detroit. This did not last either and today the second Mrs. Horace Dodge lives in New York, separated from her husband by the Atlantic Ocean, but hearing from her friends in London that he is consoling himself with the company of Miss Mickey Divine, a show-girl who claims to be the first lady who ever punched Carnera on the jaw. But what is the shock of a punch on the jaw compared with being hit for a million dollars. It was from Brother Horace's English mansion, St. Leonard's Castle, Windsor, that Delphine was married this time, with Mickey's approval.

The children of couples whose marital difficulties are taken to divorce courts often have troubles of their own, particularly when the lawsuits center around a fight over their custody. Little Christine Cromwell has already had her full share of such troubles, but now her perplexities may be considerably increased by the addition of a new papa. Little Christine already had two papas before her mother married Mr. Godde—her first and real papa being Mr. Cromwell and her second Mr. Baker.

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The Baby Who Paid Off The Mortgage

Marilyn Yvonne Miller and Her Mother, Photographed on the Lawn of the Home in Pierre, South Dakota.

The Miller Home, Which Has Been Cleared of Debt Through the Beauty of the Famous Little Girl.

It's Papa's Turn Now to Play With the "Most Beautiful Baby," Who Gets Lots of Fun Riding Her New Bike.

Marilyn Has Never Overcome Her Camera Shyness Since Attaining So Much Fame, but Here She Smiles Confidently as an Actress Returning From Abroad.

USUALLY, according to the melodrama prescription, the beautiful daughter of the family refuses righteously to liquidate the mortgage on the old home by marrying the villain and gives her hand and heart to the poor, but honest hero.

Pretty Marilyn Yvonne Miller thinks such stories are old-fashioned. She is beautiful enough to be a heroine; there was a mortgage on the homestead in Pierre, South Dakota. But that's as far as Marilyn permitted her own story to go, for she has paid off the mortgage in real money, and she does not intend to marry anybody just yet. She's only two years old.

Marilyn Yvonne Miller, it should be recalled, is the youngster who was adjudged at the Chicago exposition as America's most beautiful baby. With the title, which, everybody said, was richly deserved, went a nice present of $10,000. This was to be expected, but that interest in the child would continue, and result in hundreds of tourist stop-overs in Pierre to catch a glimpse of her and to see how she's growing, was hardly suspected by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Miller. All this excitement about a pretty little girl who won fame as an infant is too much for Marilyn, who shies at photographers and who has borrowed the phrase of Greta Garbo. She wants to be alone. She can afford to be that temperamental. After all, Marilyn won out for looks in a field of 114,365 entries for the honor.

It was the nursery which the family had planned for Marilyn that gave her the notion recently of paying off the mortgage with half of her prize money. It was so beautiful, somehow, even in the baby's thoughts there crept a bit of fear that maybe it wouldn't last forever. So the $5,000 assured the Millers of permanent possession of their estate.

The other $5,000 is in the form of an endowment policy which will mature when Marilyn Yvonne is ready to go to college. Her parents expect to start her off at the University of South Dakota where they both went to school.

With a "What's so wonderful about me?" look, Marilyn Yvonne practically ignores visitors who come to see her. Instead, she favors a new sand pail, chicken bedecked blue blanket, woolly toy dog or the bicycle.

Ask her how she is, and she replies, "Okay!" For special friends she will do a somersault, coming up with eyes sparkling and cheeks dimpled in a big smile.

She has received visits from Governor Tom Berry and Representative Theodore B. Werner, besides receiving mailed congratulations from hundreds of admirers. Several poems have been dedicated to her.

Probably her greatest thrill came when a group of Sioux Indians, dressed in full war regalia, inducted her into the tribe as a princess with the name of Face-Like-Sky.

Calmly Got Into His Car and Drove Across the English Channel

BERLIN.

HERR JAKOB BAUDIG is a motoring enthusiast as well as a mechanical inventor, and he has a soft spot in his heart for automobilists. He appreciates the hardships they face on nice, sunny Sundays when they fall into long lines at the mouths of tunnels, the edges of ferry docks, or at the entrances of bridges which seem always to be open. Mr. Baudig used to sit in his own car under these irritating circumstances and dream of a day when a man could get into his car, drive off for any destination, ignore tunnels and bridges and speed right across rivers, bays and even the seas.

The idea intrigued the mechanic, and he went to work on a plan. The result was that he stepped out of his residence in the picturesque city of Coblenz recently, drew on his gloves, stepped into his automobile, and drove off with a friend. He stopped nowhere until he had arrived in Dover, Eng., although it was necessary, in order to get there, that he cross many streams before arriving at Calais, France, and finally, the English Channel, before beaching his machine at Dover.

As the photograph shows, Herr Baudig has built himself an amphibian machine. It is quite an ordinary-looking car, without a top, but when you get right up close you notice there are paddles and other mechanical additions which distinguish it from the regular road traveler. It will travel about 35 miles an hour on a regular road, and it will dash, without any evil consequences, right from the land into the water, and take on the guise of a boat. It will travel in this character about five miles an hour. Of course, this is a tedious speed, but it was all right for the first test. It proved a car could cross the English Channel. Soon the gears will be changed and the paddles improved to work up to a speed of twenty miles an hour on water, as fast as a chanuel steamship.

He Started From Coblenz, Germany, and Here You See Jakob Baudig and His Sea-going Automobile Coming Up Out of the Water in England, After Actually Driving His Invention Across the English Channel From Calais, France.

Baudig and his companion took their time on the first of their overseas-overland voyages, because they wanted to experience no undue mishaps. They merely wanted to demonstrate that they could blaze a sort of new trail. When they repeat the trip in a few months they expect to maintain a steady, average speed from Coblenz to Dover of 25 miles an hour. There will be bigger and better and more paddles next time, too, for on the the first crossing the paddles were attached to the rear wheels only.

All along the route the sea-going motorists were cheered. A mob of enthusiastic rooters bade them happy voyage when they ran into the water at Calais, and an equally enthusiastic crowd was on hand to welcome them when they came up out of the sea, like some powerful monster, on the beach at Dover. Quite a time was had by the travelers, and it was all they could do to save the car from the vandalism of the usual souvenir hunters.

A heavy sea and two squalls slowed up their trip across the channel, which is always a hardship for those who are subject to seasickness, but neither rider was affected.

How the Pretty Siren Broke the Power of the "Iron Policeman"

Lela Salevicz, Who Grew Tired of the Ruthlessness of the Belgrade Police Chief, Who Insisted on Exiling Her, and Took a Clever Means of Insuring a Permanent Residence in Yugoslavia.

Manojlo Lazarovitch, the Iron Chief and Protector of Royalty, Whose Power Has Been Broken by a Manicurist.

FOR 19 years Manojlo Lazarovitch, the Police Chief of Belgrade, was held in awe by lawbreakers, spies and members of the underworld who traveled to the Yugoslavian capital on missions of intrigue. So drastic were his methods in dealing with those who had designs on the lives of royalty or other crimes in mind that he became known as "The Iron Policeman." It was to him personally that the life of the late King Alexander was entrusted while the monarch was on his native soil. Nothing ever happened to the King at home. The assassins reached him only when he went to France.

Manojlo was what Americans call a tough, wise dick. His power seemed never to wane, despite political upheavals. But he has been broken at last—and by a pretty siren, who came to Belgrade as a mere manicurist. She was Lela Salevicz, a Balkan beauty and native of Belgrade, who began her public career as a night club dancer. It was when she took up with Aaze Moisze, a rich merchant, who was the Yugoslavian equivalent of an American racketeer, that she first came to the attention of the police chief. She alienated the elderly woman-crazed merchant from his wife—the wife who had stood by him 30 years until he rose from poverty to riches and power. Manojlo, the police chief, knew whence came this wealth; he knew that Moisze was an opium smuggler. A scandal developed and the relatives of Moisze's wife stalked the smuggler and murdered him. The dead man and the slayers were Greeks and eventually the brother of Moisze's wife was tried and found guilty of the killing but was shown the mercy of the court. A crowd of Yugoslavs tried to mob Lela, the manicurist dancer, but failed. The old police chief then took a hand and exiled Lela by sending her out of the country with an official escort—a humiliating incident for her. That was the chief's technique with all whom he considered undesirable citizens and it was always effective except in the case of Lela, who waited for some months and then returned. She opened a manicure shop, and in time developed a rich clientele—and this was her plan for breaking the man who had ordered her out of the country. She tried to entangle the chief's playful son. She succeeded, but again the chief had her escorted beyond the frontier. Lela again was humiliated, and she vowed she would "get" old man Lazarovitch, especially now that the King was dead and could no longer shield him from political enemies. So she went to Zangreb, where she used her siren's charms to entrap the rich Zoltan Bojtanovitch, a romantic millionaire, whose influence was great throughout the country. In a few weeks they had been married, and they traveled back to Belgrade in state. As the legitimate wife of the millionaire, Lela was safe from the police chief. And once established, she set about staging a scandal in which she and the weak son of the chief, Clement Lazarovitch, were to be principals.

When the old "Iron Policeman" heard of this he again sent his exile committee to escort Lela from the country, but this proved his undoing. Again Lela was seized, and again she was escorted to the border. She cried out that she was being persecuted. She alleged that her romance with the chief's son was a plot against her, conjured by the wily chief. Her husband believed her—and his wealth and political weight were balanced against the old chief, now without royal support.

Manojlo, who knew when he was beaten, quit.

Lela triumphed at last. At any cost, she was determined to even matters with the man who had hounded her. She set about obtaining a divorce from her millionaire, who by that time was not at all displeased with the idea. She forthwith returned to Belgrad and through associates unfriendly to the officials of the city, managed to finance several beauty parlors, one of which, ironically, was situated near the royal palace. This soon became the rendezvous of political intriguers. Lela became famous for the beautiful attendants she employed.

Among her most consistent patrons is Clement, the son of the police chief, who really never ceased his declarations of ardent love for the siren. It is the delight of Lela to parade out of her shop with the young man at the same hour every afternoon when she knows that the saddened and chastened Manojlo is accustomed to walk sadly by.

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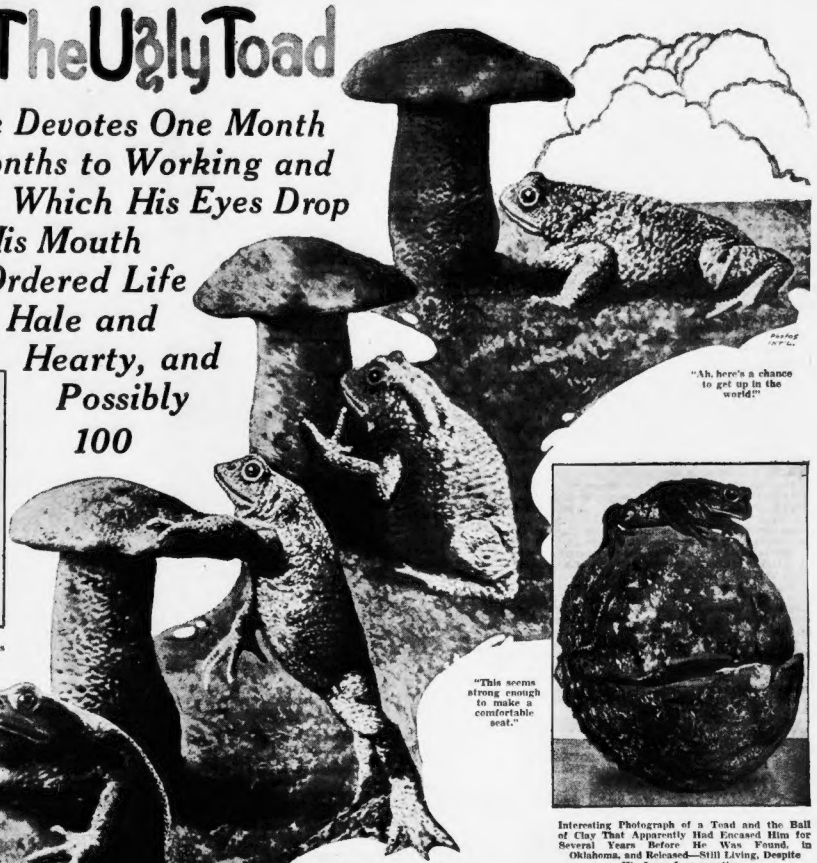
Odd Facts About The Ugly Toad

Science Discovers That He Devotes One Month a Year to Love, Five Months to Working and the Rest to Sleep, During Which His Eyes Drop Through the Roof of His Mouth ---By This Well-Ordered Life He Reaches 40, Hale and Hearty, and Possibly 100

The Extraordinary Surinam Toad Whose Brood Is Hatched in Tiny Egg Compartments On the Back of the Parent. The Picture Above, Printed by Courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History, in New York, Shows Several of the Tiny Toads Emerging From the Vesicles in the Parent.



"Ah, here's a chance to get up in the world!"

"This seems strong enough to make a comfortable seat."

"Nope, nobody up here yet."

"Phew, this climbing is no soft job."

"But it's worth all the trouble when you think of the marvelous view."

Interesting Photograph of a Toad and the Ball of Clay That Apparently Had Encased Him for Several Years Before He Was Found, in Oklahoma, and Released—Still Living, Despite His Long Incarceration.

The South American Frog, or Toad, Which Exudes a Deadly Poison That the Indians Place on Their Arrow Tips. The Bite of This Venomous Creature Is Said to Be Almost Instantly Fatal.

BESIDES being stepped on and kicked around, Bufo, the toad, is the world's most slandered and misrepresented creature, whereas really he is as respectable, conservative and useful a citizen as there is.

Moreover, he is more to be envied than pitied. This rugged, little individualist is a magnificent success. The toad has spread all over the most desirable parts of the globe, as high as 26,000 feet in Tibet and in mines, 1,115 feet deep. Specimens have been known to reach the age of 40, hale, hearty and possibly might live to 100.

The toad does one thing at a time and does it thoroughly, his well-ordered life being scheduled as follows in the North Temperate Zone: One month in each year he devotes to love and nothing else. This over with, he forgets it to concentrate upon work and saving during the next five months. Having loved and labored to make the world a better place to live in, he closes his eyes to sleep the sleep of the just, for the remaining six months.

That eye-closing, like most everything else he does, is thorough. There are not only three lids instead of two to close, but the toad pulls his eyes into his head. He closes them one at a time and cannot eat with his eyes shut because they have fallen through the roof of his mouth.

Small wonder that he takes such special care of his eyes—they are his only claim to beauty. Nevertheless Bufo has his troubles and tragedies, being hunted by birds, man and snakes, though his worst enemy seems to be the green-bottle fly. The toad eats the green-bottle and the green-bottle eats the toad, seemingly a losing line of business for both of them.

The newest and most interesting revelations in the private life of the homely but honest little hopper have been collected in a fascinating book, by the French biologist, Jean Rostand, "Toads and Toad Life," published by Methuen, London. The author quickly makes it clear that his hero is not to be confused with the frog, who, though handsome, looking as if he had just been varnished, an athlete, showy and noisy, is really a chump—nothing but legs and looks, like some chorus girls.

Except for that one sentimental month, the toad is not only an individualist but a hermit, paying no attention to others of his species or anybody else. He belongs to the fine old Batrachian family who were also among the most daring pioneers of all human ancestors. They were the first to quit being fishes and form permanent colonies on the dry land. For old times' sake, during that one irresponsible month the toad goes back to the water where he meets, but has nothing to do with, the stupid frog, who hasn't yet learned to get out of his wet bathing suit.

Though the toad exists everywhere by millions, he is rarely seen, perhaps realizing his unpopularity. He modestly comes out only at night, except in emergencies. Neither is he heard. The swamp sounds, from the shrill peeping to the deep voices saying what has been interpreted as, "jug o' rum, rubber boots, knee-deep and better go round," are the empty-headed remarks of the frog.

The toad is one of those strong, silent characters, though he can chirp like a cricket and, if suddenly placed in an ice box on a hot day, will sometimes express his surprise and disapproval by whistling and purring. Considering that the batrachians invented the five-fingered hand that is man's proud possession, it seems a bit mean that this is so often raised against the inventor's descendant.

The book describes Bufo Vulgaris, the unflattering name science has wished on the European toad, but the American "insect-burner" is about as much like him as the monocled Frenchman is like an American heiress. To offset some of the calumnies of the past, it has been said of the toad that he lives only on injurious insects. This is slight exaggeration. Most insects are injurious and the truth is the toad eats most any of them that he can nail with that four-inch tongue of his, a notable exception being the praying mantis.

The toad is hardy, almost beyond belief, survives having his head cut off for several hours, amputation of the snout above the eyes several weeks, excision of the heart several days and can get along without his lungs for four days. This last miracle is possible because much of his breathing and all his drinking are done through the skin. The toad skin acts also as a sort of third eye, making it possible to head toward a light after both ordinary eyes have been blinded.

Once a year, in the Autumn, the full-grown toad sheds his skin. For this ceremony the modest animal seeks privacy and begins by humping himself till the old skin splits like an old shirt up his back and head. The toad then pulls it off, with his hands, like a man removing a shirt and a pair of tights, the last portions to be removed being the sleeves and pants.

For a few hours after the job a toad looks as if he had just had a fresh coat of paint and is quite as sticky. He takes a day off till it dries. Soon afterward, arrayed in his new suit, he crawls into an old stump or some burrow in the ground, folds his hands across his chest, pulls in his eyes and takes a nap till next Spring when the loving begins.

During this six-months snooze, the small sleeper lives on his savings, concentrated nutriment accumulated in various parts of his body as the profits of hunting and eating industriously every night for the past five months, an incredible amount of insects. Early naturalists reported that the common toad ate certain berries, herbs and other vegetable matter, but this has been proved wrong. His menu is strictly insect and most everything goes, except snails, slugs and fly grubs. The creature had just as soon fill its iron stomach with such forbidding morsels as bees or wasps, blister beetles and poisonous spiders. An English naturalist found that the English toad's diet averages 1 per cent earthworms, 9 per cent caterpillars and 90 per cent beetles, but in France, Fabre found them living almost exclusively on ants.

The toad crawls slowly in search of his meals, not hopping unless he hears heavy footsteps or faces some other emergency. When the toad sights his quarry, he stops still, makes sure that it is safe and desirable and then quietly creeps within four inches, where he takes careful aim. Suddenly there is a sharp snap, like the cracking of a tiny whip, and there is one less bug to bother the farmer. In one-fifteenth of a second, the four-inch, sticky tongue, tied in front but loose in back, darts out and is back again, with the insect. Certain warm-country toads exhibit a curious nervous spasm of the fingers while taking aim, as if restraining an impulse to grab with their hands.

Toads, having no teeth, do not chew. Instead they soften the bug up a bit by mauling it with the tongue against the roof of the mouth. Since this might be a bee or a spider furiously working its sting, the wisdom of eating only when the eyes are on the outside becomes apparent. It cannot be denied that the small toad is a big glutton. In his five eating months it has been estimated that he gets outside of his own weight in insects at least every four days, an appetite for which the farmer has learned to be much obliged. In return for his service the toad asks only not to be stepped on.

In the early Spring he crawls out a different being, conscious of only one thing, that he has a date at the nearest pond. Before the last vestiges of ice have melted, the males have already begun to show up and their numbers increase rapidly, but for several days there are no lady toads. It is the privilege of the sex to keep the ardent gentlemen waiting a bit. As fast as the females arrive, each is appropriated by the first male that sees her.

Thorough as usual, the gentleman toad grabs his lady in a love-at-first-sight embrace and never lets go for one instant, during the entire mating period. This ends when Mrs. Toad lays her eggs. Then, with decisive promptness the father and mother toad divorce and forget each other and the pond. Only by the merest accident will they meet again the next Spring.

Hatching out of the egg under water the toad larva swims around, a tiny wiggler, something between a fish and an eel. It has gills, no lungs, legs or even mouth and therefore cannot eat for a few days. When the mouth develops it is a sucking apparatus with which the rapidly growing larva is able to attack vegetation. By the time it is a full-fledged tadpole, the youngster can eat either vegetable or animal food, but does better on the latter. Pretty soon it absorbs its own tail, grows arms, legs and lungs and has become a toadlet, in every appearance a small edition of its father or mother who, however, would not know their child and would probably eat it on sight.

Then, one day in early Summer, depending on how early the season started, all the toadlets in that vicinity leave the frogs and other permanent residents of the ponds flat to start seeking their fortune on dry land. They swarm over the roads and meadows in such numbers that it has given rise to the stories of raining toads and frogs. The survivors will not turn up for the Spring loving until the fourth season.

The skin of a full-grown toad is poisonous to many creatures and so also is its blood. Yet it is said that the flesh of a toad can be cooked and eaten if done right without causing sickness, an experiment which is not recommended to anyone who isn't starving.

The toad's cruelest enemy is the green-bottle fly, which lives in forests and wet places. There is no doubt that the green-bottle gets snapped up as often as it gets within range of the ever-hungry toad. If it is a male fly, that ends the incident. If a female, all ready to deposit her eggs, then, according to the Russian naturalist, Portchinsky, the eggs may be forced out in the toad's mouth, where they attach themselves until they hatch into maggots that devour the toad that killed their mother.

It is true that toads can survive for extraordinary periods, probably two or three years, shut up in a small place, without food, but they must have moisture and at least a little supply of oxygen. They have good memories, being able to follow complicated paths the second time. If a frog is tricked into snapping at a piece of moving paper, the same joke can be played on him again, immediately, but a toad requires ten minutes to forget before he can be taken in a second time.

Like most animals toads really like man and have been made into pets who turn up in the evening at their master's whistle to be fed. Some even enjoy having their repulsive-looking skin stroked and squat happily nearby while their human friend exposes an ant's nest for them to dine upon.

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Why Doctors Should Study People In Good Health

TOO often has the doctor called upon a patient, examined him, then sadly nodded his head and said: "It is very sad, but there is nothing I can do. The ailment had gone too far. It is only a matter of time. Medical attention should have been requested long, long ago."

Too often, indeed, does this happen, say scientists, who are heartily in favor of a new science of medical treatment. They do not believe the fault lies wholly with a patient who has waited until too late to call the doctor. They believe that a system of medicine which permits such a thing to happen is wrong. In thousands of cases a man may be ill without knowing it—all unaware of the beginning of a fatal ailment which makes such progress before any suffering develops that nothing a physician can do will help, when he is finally called in. Of course, the real fault is that of the patient. If medical science could educate most people to the advantages of consulting medical men while they are well, many doctors believe, there would be a minimum of serious diseases and a higher rate of longevity.

The Chinese, according to an old belief, pay their doctors regular retainer fees so long as they are well, and stop paying the moment they get sick. This has always seemed peculiar to people of the Western World. But now it appears that the Chinese plan is not so stupid as it has been taken to be.

Lord Moynihan, distinguished British surgeon elevated to the Peerage not long ago for his services to medical and surgical science, pointed out in a recent London address that there would be far less sickness in this world if all people would consult doctors regularly while they are in good health, instead of waiting until they are ill.

This is an old idea in China—but Lord Moynihan proposed that it be used as the basis of a new medical science, which would deal with the bodies of well people instead of sick ones, and which would endeavor to recognize the signs of disease before they are apparent to the patients themselves. Those who follow this science would be called prophylactic doctors—that is, doctors who give preventive rather than curative treatments.

The average physician, says Dr. Moynihan, is never called in until Nature's battle against disease has almost been lost. He is in the position of a military commander who is never sent for until the army he is to command is virtually defeated already and fighting in the last ditch.

Furthermore, a commander who never saw a battle until

The Average Physician Is Called in Usually Too Late, a Fact Which Is Analogous to Summoning a General to Lead an Army After It Has Been Defeated. Too Often the Doctor's Only Task Is to Sign a Death Certificate.

it already was lost would learn but little about the real art of warfare, most of which consists of adequate preparation against defeat. Just so, says Lord Moynihan, the average physician learns but little of the real art of fighting disease.

Even in the science of physiology, which is concerned with the workings of normal human bodies, too many of the facts and theories usually taught have been learned either by observing persons who are already ill or persons who have just recovered from illness. Similarly, many facts about the science of physiology rest on experiments with animals.

While these animal experiments undoubtedly are instructive and have uncovered many valuable discoveries, it is not always safe to depend upon them exclusively for theories about the bodies of men and women. Man's body and the animals' bodies are undoubtedly similar but they are not exactly alike.

For all these reasons Lord Moynihan urges the establishment in connection with great universities and hospitals of special professorships the holders of which have the duty of examining normal people. To these experts, he suggests, should come not only the people who appear in hospital clinics to discover whether anything is wrong with them, but a continual stream of people who believe that nothing is wrong with them.

All kinds of bodily conditions and reactions of these normal people should be measured and studied as physicians now measure and study the bodily characteristics of people who are sick. What is more, the later histories of these normal people should be followed, so that if they do fall sick the experts may be able to decide what slight variation in normal bodily condition can be taken as a sign that this particular weakness or disease is likely to develop.

Virtually all physicians believe that disease, in general, begins slowly. For some diseases, such as tuberculosis, progress is slow and the preliminary signs that serve as warnings are well known. In such instances all that lay individuals now need to do is to consult physicians regularly and be examined physically. Any person who has such a physical examination every six months is in little or no danger of dying from tuberculosis. If this disease is contracted it will be discovered while it still is not dangerous and will be cured.

For a few other diseases there is similar knowledge of the preliminary stages, and of methods to combat these illnesses before they become serious. For many other bodily disorders this is not true. Either the preliminary signs are unknown, or the disease progresses too rapidly, after these signs are recognized, for any effective measures to be taken against it.

That is why experts like Lord Moynihan urge the new science that will study these things; that will define the normal human being at the slightest departures from the normal that have meaning and are to be considered as signs of danger.

Reign Of Telegraphing Ghost Ended By Fire

BETWEEN Bradford and Sunapee, New Hampshire, motorists have noticed on Horn Mountain, on the so-called Buena Vista trail, in a clearing about a third of the way up, an old gray house. It was reached over a rough, dirt road by those who wished to reach it. Few ever did for the place has been known as the Haunted House for many years.

Nobody seems to know who built the dwelling or when. One resident of Newbury, a man past 60, says, "I never remember when it wasn't there." But it isn't there today, for a short time ago it burned down. Boys, on a Saturday afternoon hike, doubtless set it on fire although this has not been proved. The last occupant was a French Canadian woodchopper, named Hilary Pataquin. He lived there all alone and stuck it out through last Winter. When he left, he shook his fist at the tottering house and muttered, "Grace a Dieu!"

Nobody knew whether he was thanking God because he had lived there or because he was getting out with his life. At Lake Sunapee, where he has been painting some of the pleasure boats, he has gone into more details. When he found the old house and decided to camp there for the Winter, Pataquin did not know it bore an evil reputation. His experiences, however, were mild compared with those of some tenants who had gone before.

"I am used to camping Winters in lonely places," says Pataquin. "I dug gum several seasons up in the Canadian woods and bunked in deserted lumber camps or wherever I could find a shelter. But there were no ghosts in them, which is more than I could say for this old shack. You expect noises sleeping up there in the forests but not the sort of noises I heard.

One Night Berube Was Awakened by a Slap on His Face. In Anger, He Struck Out Right and Left. He Also Heard Footsteps. But by the Time He Got Up and Managed to Light a Lamp, All Was Quiet Again in the House.

"Every night exactly at 12 I would wake up and hear a baby cry. I guess I know what a baby's wail sounds like. There were 12 of us in our family? Other times I heard plainly a telegraph sounder. Now, I went all over that house and there wasn't a sign of a wire. There wasn't even a cellar where a ghost could hide and play his tricks on me. Once I was sitting, reading by my kerosene lamp, when a shower of fine spray sprinkled over me. It was a clear night and the stars were out.

"Why did I stay? Well, I have never been afraid of any human and I did not like to have it said that ghosts rushed me off. Besides they did not do me any harm beyond disturbing my sleep."

Yet there are many stories about the ghosts of this old Haunted House which indicate that in its early days the ghost was not so considerate. Some letters written to "Mary P." by one Mrs. Eunice Titcomb, who with her husband and family occupied the Haunted House one Summer back in 1904, have come into the possession of George Allan England, author, who has a Summer home at Bradford by the shores of Lake Massasecum.

England obtained these letters from an aged Frenchman who was living in a ramshackle old house partly up Guild Mountain near Bradford. They were not in envelopes so it is not known who "Mary" was. From one of them is this excerpt:

"Dear Mary: Why did we ever come to this awful place? We have to stay through the Winter anyway because the rent is almost nominal and Fred is out of work. Our nervous systems are badly shattered. We are awakened from sound sleep by a noise precisely as if someone had thrown a lot of tin pans on the upstairs floor. No signs of anyone however, and the dust is an inch thick there, for we all live on the ground floor. There is no cellar. Frequently we hear footsteps as if someone was walking over our heads. But again nothing and no footprints.

"One night recently as we were about to drop off to sleep there was a loud, boisterous, persistent noise. There was a bump, a rattle, a roll then a crash. It would shake the nerves of the bravest, for never is there anything to be found."

From another letter this is taken:

"Dear Mary: One of the strangest things Every Sunday morning at exactly 2 o'clock we distinctly hear the sound of a telegraph instrument. It continues only a few seconds and then is still. Fred became so upset over this for there are no wires anywhere near this ghostly habitat that he prevailed on the telegraph operator at Bradford to spend a Sunday night here. This man declared that the sounds actually were in real Morse and that the sending was firm and clear cut. He read the warning as 'Leave here as soon as possible, leave here as soon as possible,' You bet we will, just as soon as the snow goes and Fred gets his regular Spring job!"

A torn epistle contains this fragment:

"And end it all. Our English pointer, Lord Dufferin, always one of the bravest and spunkiest of animals, is entirely changed. He cringes and whines half the night and will not sleep except in the same room with us. He has lost much weight and looks like a skeleton. He eats almost nothing. We are all on the verge of a breakdown and if we stay here int—"

Still another from part of a letter:

"Dear Mary: Father Duprey laughed when I told him what we were going through. He said: 'I don't think these manifestations are very important. The house is old and probably has not been blessed in a long time. If you hear anything more let me know and I will go to your home and bless it. Since a prayer to God is often heard perhaps you will not be annoyed any longer.' Well, we sent for him and—"

Unfortunately what happened after the good priest called is lost to posterity because some Bradford rats had devoured that part of the letter.

Jacques Barube, of Elm Street, Manchester, N. H., a man now nearly 75, once lived in the Haunted House some 50 years ago when lumbering operations were going on near by. He laughs at his experiences today but admits that they were very real and terrifying at the time and they have never been explained.

One night he was awakened by a hard slap on his face. In anger he struck out right and left. He says he heard footsteps but by the time he had lighted a lamp all was quiet. The door and all the windows were locked. From time to time he suffered a similar rude awakening. At times the blows were hard enough to leave their prints on his cheek!

"I'll tell you why we really left the Haunted House though," said Berube. "My wife and I went upstairs to bed one night when I felt her lean heavily on me. 'Jacques,' she cried, 'some one is pulling me down!' I kicked straight back with all my force but my foot hit nothing. But something hit me a hard blow in the neck. Now to be struck means that one strikes in return, but how could I fight an invisible foe? And my wife then proceeded to faint in my arms. I got her to our room and revived her.

"When she came to, her first thought was for our baby in its crib. She ran to it. It was missing! She promptly fainted again. But just then I heard a cry from downstairs. Rushing down the narrow flight I lighted the lamp with trembling fingers. There on the lounge was our baby, stripped of every vestige of clothing, kicking up its heels and crying lustily! We sat up the rest of the night, I holding a cocked revolver, but all was still as the grave. The next day we left. Do you blame us?"

Two Towns Under Different Flags Just "One Big Family"

THERE are many cities in the world whose boundaries are more or less negligible because the communities have developed such kindred industries and interests that to all intents and purposes they have merged into a single city. But this is a rare condition when such twin cities happen to have a border between them which marks the division of countries—and to step across which ordinarily, the traveler would need a passport.

It is doubtful if two communities more closely related could be found than the twin towns which, although technically foreign to each other have become welded into an almost single enterprise, with reciprocity of facilities, a tacit acceptance of common citizenship, and strong family ties—the twin towns of Calais, Maine, and St. Stephen, New Brunswick, whose boundary is the St. Croix River. As a matter of fact, the hackneyed phrase, "one big happy family" so often misapplied, becomes literal truth when used to describe the two settlements. There seems to be no parallel for them anywhere else on the map.

One knotty problem automatically becomes that of the other. Cooperation in all projects, especially those affecting the economic structure, is taken as a matter of course.

If a fire alarm sounds in St. Stephen, the Calais department also turns out, or, on the other hand, the St. Stephen department hustles across the International Bridge to Calais. Canadian Cottons, Ltd., is in Milltown, N. B., a part of St. Stephen, yet the Maine Register lists Milltown as being in Maine. Anyway, it is a Canadian textile concern but it hires more help from Calais than it does from St. Stephen.

The water supply of both Calais and St. Stephen comes from springs on the Canadian side and is piped across the International Bridge and purchased, sold and controlled by the Calais Water Power Co. It is claimed that Calais is the only city in the world that gets its water supply from a foreign country. The gas which is controlled at Calais is used in both cities. So is the electricity which gets its power from Milltown on the Canadian side.

In St. Stephen the Chipman Memorial Hospital gets as many patients from Calais as the Calais Hospital from St. Stephen. At St. Stephen the Rotary Club meets weekly Monday noons; the Calais Rotary, the same hour Wednesday. Any member not able to attend his own organization can easily make up his attendance by crossing the river and attending the other meeting. The same applies to the different lodges. The Calais Brass Band has more musicians from St. Stephen than it has from Calais.

It is really surprising to learn how many Calais people were born in New Brunswick. In a large number of cases heads of families are Canadian born. Intermarriage along the border is so frequent that many persons are at a loss to know whether they are Canadians or Americans. Naturally, the consul's offices in both cities are frequently called to make puzzling decisions.

Many years, Canada and the United States have proudly pointed out the fact that never has there been the necessity of a garrison on the border. But between Calais and St. Stephen, there is no need even for the formality of a customs inspector or any other official. Intercourse between the two communities has a way of working smoothly; there is no lawlessness, because both places make sure that nothing untoward shall occur to disrupt the traditional and intimate relationship which has spelled prosperity and happiness for all concerned.

Forced Trial To Clear Wife of Death Plot Charge

DID Mrs. Louise Woods, attractive 34-year-old Denver matron, threaten to kill her third husband, Clair Woods, 40, a disabled war veteran? Woods, who should know, declares she did not.

Neighbors, who said she did, insist they ought to know, too, for five of them made statements to that effect to the district attorney. A heavy life insurance carried by Woods figured in the allegations against Mrs. Woods.

The case has confounded authorities, who say it presents one of the strangest legal situations ever brought to their attention.

It was Woods himself who signed the complaint that Mrs. Woods had threatened to kill him, while denying at the same time that his wife ever made any such threats.

In court Woods testified before Justice of the Peace Henry S. Lindsley that a husband ought to know his wife better than her neighbors and that he filed the suit to bring out all the facts in order to silence the gossip.

Here was a situation where Woods, believing in his wife, had placed her in jeopardy by filing of the suit.

Mystified by unusual aspects of the case, Judge Lindsley refused to render a decision in favor of the wife. He declared that if the neighbors were telling the truth instead of engaging in rampant gossip, a man's life might be at stake. He bound Mrs. Woods over to the criminal court, where the case is scheduled for trial before a jury. Bond was set at $1,500 and then lowered to $500 on the husband's plea, after his request that she be released on personal recognizance was refused.

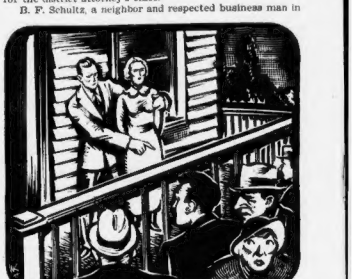
The couple went home together, presenting a strange paradox of living together despite the pendency of serious charges brought by the husband.

Additional attention was centered on the case when Woods, before the case came up for trial, attempted to place his wife under a peace bond, holding disposition of the affair in abeyance. The couple meanwhile continued to live together in harmony.

"The entire thing is ridiculous," the ex-service man declared. "My wife and I are devotedly in love and have complete confidence in each other. I don't believe she ever had any thought of killing me."

Witnesses, however, signed sworn statements to the contrary, according to Ray Humphreys, chief investigator for the district attorney's office.

B. F. Schultz, a neighbor and respected business man in



Woods Found Himself Defending His Wife Against His Neighbors, Who Claimed She Had Plotted His Death. He Himself Took Her Into Court to Clear Her. And Now, After All, He Wants a Divorce.

the community, claimed, Humphreys said, that Mrs. Woods, in his presence and in that of Mr. and Mrs. William E. Bentley, said she wished she could rid herself of her husband.

She asked him, Schultz's statement alleged, where she could obtain some poison and intimated that her dislike for Woods was so intense that she would reimburse Schultz if he would kill Woods.

Bentley, whose permanent home is in Los Angeles, signed a statement making substantially the same charges against Mrs. Woods. He charged that Mrs. Woods offered him $1,000 if he would kill Woods.

It developed that three other neighbors of the Woods couple also had furnished the district attorney with similar statements and, while their names were not revealed, it added further interest to the peculiarities surrounding the case. One of them asserted that Mrs. Woods discussed a plan to have her husband pushed off a mountain cliff.

But Woods continued to believe in his wife and termed all reflections against her as "damnable lies." He found himself, however, in the strange position of having maneuvered her into a spot that left her subject to punishment in face of damaging evidence. After his wife had been released on bond, the couple continued to live together, still in apparent happiness.

Then it was revealed, according to allegations, that Mrs. Woods again discussed the possibility of doing away with her husband by using a knife, feeding him ground glass or pushing him off a cliff to obtain his insurance money. The war veteran still termed the charges as "ridiculous and inspired by personal animosity."

But the other day Woods again brought the case to attention by filing a divorce suit against the woman he had defended so staunchly. He charged cruelty in his suit but made no reference to the alleged threats which resulted in the original court proceedings against his wife.

Woods' attorney announced at the same time that his client would go into the charges of threats to kill following disposition of the divorce suit. The attorney also said he would ask Government agents to investigate the disappearance of Woods' compensation checks.

Attempts were made to elicit both from the husband and his counsel whether the divorce suit was prompted by the alleged death threats. Naturally, the two were closely linked in the minds of the neighbors and the general public thereabouts, which had become intensely interested in the case.

But Woods' counsel would make no comment, nor would he discuss the supposed threats at all.

Woods was wounded in France while serving with the 34th Division of the American Expeditionary Forces. He and his wife have been married only since April, 1934. The ceremony was performed in Lordsburg, New Mexico. After that the couple seemed to have lived exceptionally happily until the hearing forced by Woods to prove his wife's innocence—though, innocent or not, he now, apparently, does not want to live with her.

But, the neighbors are saying, it will all come out in court. And they are waiting patiently for that eventuality.

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Another Famous French Dressmaker Pressed By Creditors

Paul Poiret, on a Charity Dole of $3.50 a Week and Now the Great Patou, Who Once Did a Business of $2,000,000 a Year, Goes Into Liquidation

PARIS, Sept. 14.

THE world was astonished to learn some time ago that the once very rich and famous Paris dressmaker, Paul Poiret, was down and out, actually living on the dole at the rate of 50 cents a day.

But now Jean Patou, an even greater "dictator of fashion," has had to let his internationally known establishment on the Rue St. Florentin, with its 3,000 beautiful mannequins and other employes, go into liquidation. His three yachts, his fleet of automobiles, his "private palaces of revelry," all are gone or for sale. Patou, who was not only one of the greatest but the handsomest of the Paris dressmakers, and who used to take five hours to dress himself in the morning and had 2,000 neckties to choose from, can now dress in five minutes, because he always wears the same suit and tie of sombre brown.

These are spectacular cases, but only part of a long procession. A few months ago the old and highly-respected firm of Chenut, where Europe's Royalty has always bought its gowns, closed its doors in bankruptcy. At the same time the big House of Jenny announced, in spite of the most rigid economies, a deficit of 3,000,000 francs, or about $200,000. Big and little, the Paris dressmakers are in difficulties, because something almost unthinkable has happened. It was Patou himself who once boasted:

"The sun never sets on the empire of French dressmaking."

This was true in the golden era after the war, when Paris was yearly exporting a thousand million francs' worth of "style" to the United States alone. Now that sun has set everywhere at once; that vast world business has gone into a dim twilight, with darkness seemingly just ahead. The Rue de la Paix is dead, almost deserted of buyers. Of the establishments that still survive, many are rapidly moving to other parts of Paris, following the example of Worth, who has gone to the Champs Elysees.

The condition is all based on one thing. The old and almost unchallenged dictum. "Designs must come from Paris," is obsolete. American buyers no longer look to France for style. American-made creations are now just as pretty, fully as becoming, more practical and three times cheaper than those bearing a Paris label. That would be bad enough, but Paris is no longer the "Capital of Fashion" for the rest of the world, either. France blames this on Hollywood, which no longer slavishly follows Paris; a fact that has been duly noted by women in every quarter of the globe. They now consider it an impertinence that Parisians alone are supposed to know how to dress and make dresses.

Desperately, the dressmakers have striven to stave off the evil day. Patou for a while offset the losses in his regular business by selling perfumes, but these profits dwindled under competition when his rivals took up the same side line. One of his best customers was Gabriele D'Annunzio, Italy's soldier-poet. But recently that strange character fitted up a laboratory at his Lake Garda villa, laid in a stock of raw materials, and now concocts his own scents. Some think his smells are "terrible," but, anyway, Patou has lost him.

Poiret, grasping at straws, actually designed costumes for lunatics. Dr. Raymond Toulouse, head of an insane asylum, got the idea that instead of a sombre uniform for his patients, clothing bright with gay color designs would help, at least, those suffering from melancholia. Poiret, in order to keep his cutters and seamstresses busy, turned them out at cost. Dr. Toulouse reported that it did his patients some good, and the publicity may have been nice for the doctor, but it did not help the struggling dressmaker any, because his rivals said that most of his customers had always been crazy.

The theatrical crisis hit Patou harder than anyone else in his trade, because he had as customers many of the biggest spenders among the professional stage beauties. Mlle. Jeanne Marnac, the operetta-singer, formerly spent thousands of francs in his establishment when starring at the Casino de Paris. Since the hard times, however, she has no more big dressmaking bills, and has even been compelled to abandon her splendid home in the Avenue Foch for an inexpensive hotel room, to say nothing of auctioning her furniture and art works. Another one of Patou's clients, Jenny Dolly, the dancer, who once bought costumes worth a million at his house, also went broke and sold her chateau at Avon, near Fontainebleau, and her jewels at public auction.

In the good old days (when it was said that a Patou gown gave grace to deformity, and that Patou himself brought everything into vogue by turns except virtue), this prince of Paris dressmakers frequented the most fashionable restaurants in the company of some gorgeously-dressed daughter of Eve, loaded down with jewels but not overburdened with brains. Ciro's and the Chateau de Madrid were his favorite resorts (the former went bankrupt last Winter and the latter is now in pecuniary difficulties).

Many of these bejewelled beauties were said to be sweethearts as well as customers for his most expensive creations. Enough "sweetheart customers" will usually wreck any business because they usually pay for the goods with love which under the capitalistic system is not negotiable at the bank. But this rule did not apply to Patou, who was one of those rare geniuses who know how to combine business with pleasure profitably. For this he was specially fitted by nature. As a youth he had won a male beauty prize and was known as "Jeune Cupidon."

"Young Cupid" started clerking in an embroidery shop, working into the dressmaking business by making drawings for fashion magazines. One day, on general principles, he was nice to a blonde American customer at the ribbon counter.

She turned out not only to be very rich, but to be Patou's good fairy, for she became his financial backer, giving him a million francs to open a house devoted to the "Haute Couture." The venture prospered, and demi-mondaines, footlight favorites and mistresses of war-profiteers flocked to his showrooms, spending so much on his fragile chefs d'oeuvre that Patou was soon able to live like a prince. His admiring backer dwelt at the Hotel Crillon, but Patou entertained other admirers, including the beautiful actress, Jenny Golder, who killed herself so dramatically, and the equally beautiful Mlle. Brissac, at his residence in the Rue de la Faisanderie.

The backer seems to have been indifferent to the fact that the rising young Sultan of style must have other friends and she was not jealous as long as she could consider herself the partner. But so successful was he that he no longer needed her financial support.

The establishments of Patou grew ever larger and more magnificent until his showrooms were like art galleries. Most fashion writers considered him the head of his "art." He was called the "oracle of style;" his creations "lyric poems in clothes;" his mannequins, "slender and graceful as vines." One went so far as to say that when the "inspired hand of Patou changes the position of a bow on a gown it causes a flutter of ribbons all over the continent."

There were severe critics, too, who said he had merely replaced the beautiful with the expensive, that his mannequins were the "perfection of bad taste" and looked like "dressed-up eels."

At any rate his fame was enormous with the "right people." A rich American woman would pay twenty times as much to have her figure analyzed by Patou, and know why she didn't look like a "Follies" girl than she paid to Dr. Freud for psycho-analysing her mind and telling her why she liked to neglect husband and children.

Until Patou's day it was considered that if a mannequin had the right face and figure, that was enough. Provided she could be taught the necessary steps and movements for display, intelligence was as superfluous as morals. But Patou hired a considerable number of girls who had dedicated themselves to the career of professional vamps but had not yet had time to become well known.

In his cohort of charmers, Violette was the most seductive. She afterwards married the arch-criminal Stavisky, who tried to interest Patou in his various swindling schemes. Another bewitching mannequin was Mlle. Hodot, sentenced to twenty years at hard labor not long ago for murdering her ex-lover, a diamond dealer of New York. Mlle. Taponnier, a former beauty queen, also worked in the dressmaking house—until she went to jail for throwing pepper in the eyes of her boy friend, M. Girod, and stabbing him with a pair of scissors. The Russian Princess Scherhatov, who sued Count Louis de Brantes for breach of promise, claiming he was mistaken in not believing he was the father of her child, was employed for a time by Patou, although she preferred to work for his rivals—Chanel and Schiaparelli.

The handsome dressmaker was cordially disliked by husbands and fathers of his customers. These unhappy gentlemen had to pay the staggering bills, which was bad enough, but in addition, often found that "Young Cupid," even when not so young, induced the ladies to invest in his enterprise. On top of that, they had suspicions of other matters.

If a minister misbehaves, it is out of pure wickedness because he knows that publicity of his sins will not advance him in his career of professional good man. But in some of the less virtuous professions, like dressmaking, it is often hard to tell how much extravagance and ostentation are for the perpetrator's own satisfaction and how much to attract attention for business reasons.

The elegant M. Patou fitted out his Paris home with rock-crystal furniture, resembling in this respect the music-hall dandy, Pierre Meyer. Not content with looking-glasses in bedroom and bathroom, Patou had the top of his dining table inlaid with mirrors. When he staged blowouts, the table served as a platform on which dancing-girls capered about after dessert in varying states of nudity and intoxication.

But the wildest parties were held in his chateau of Etche Ona (Basque for "Good House"), on the road to Cambo, about ten miles from Biarritz. Here the former King of Spain was a frequent guest, for Patou, who always had an eye to business, hoped to win the monarch's favor and so sell dresses to the Spanish Court. These parties generally ended by Patou conducting his "invites" to a large swimming pool, lined with turquoise and emerald-colored tiles. Taking in his hand a toy balloon, that contained several gold-pieces, he would throw it into the pool, and then have some of his shapely mannequin guests plunge into the water and fight for it.

Patou was predestined to shine at spectacular festivals. Because he had made fashion designs in his youth, the dressmaker was once allowed to attend a Quat'z' Arts Ball, an orgy reserved only for artists, students and their models. This gala event, held in the Salle Wagram, was an evocation of ancient Rome. Patou appeared togged out to represent the Emperor Heliogabalus and rode in a chariot, drawn by nude models. He won first prize.

But as a correct prophet of evil, the blue ribbon goes to Paul Poiret who was first to feel the cold shadow of coming events. In 1928 he brought scornful laughter from his fellow couturiers by prophesying that France was about to lose her dressmaking supremacy. He said that "Haut Couture" in Paris was in its death agony. Patou haughtily replied that business had never been better and would continue to improve. As usual everyone preferred to believe the cheerful prophet, who now sees a "to let" sign on his great place. When Poiret blew up and went on the dole, nobody was more surprised than the Communists who had been agitating strikes and assuring his employes that he had other dressmakers were making fabulous profits.

Patou's liquidation is not the same as Poiret's bankruptcy. His creditors have permitted Patou an orderly retreat in which he is freeing himself from various millstones, such as the terrific rent and the salaries of his most costly employes, mostly sales persons. From 3,000 these have been reduced to 700 and are still shrinking. With great difficulty he managed to borrow 35,000 francs, about $2,100—a mere piece of change in the days of his glory—to start a modest little shop in the Faubourg Saint-Honore where he is reversing most every policy that built his former success.

Poor Poiret, the prophet, after being allowed to live in his old apartments, stripped of their luxuries, has been turned out of them. He lives now in what in America might be called a "flop house."

So passes the glory of the world. At the height of his success he did a business of $2,000,000 a year.

A Late Portrait of Paul Poiret, Greatest Rival of Patou, Now Living on the Dole.

The Bar in Patou's Great Establishment, Where Mannequins Walked Through for the Benefit of Thirsty Patrons.

Jean Patou, Most Famous of All French Dressmakers, One of Whose Nicknames Was "Jeune Cupidon," or Young Cupid.

Yvonne Taponnier, Considered the Most Beautiful of Patou's Mannequins, but Who Went to Jail for Blinding Her Lover and Stabbing Him With Scissors.

One of Patou's American Mannequins, Whom He Took to Paris, but Who Did Not Stay There Long, Wearing One of His Creations.

At the Height of His Success, So It Is Said, It Was Part of Patou's Entertainment of His Guests to Attach a Little Bag of Gold Coins to a Balloon, Throw It Into the Elaborate Bathing Pool at His Residence and Have His Mannequins Jump In, Fully Clothed, to Battle for the Money.

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Oldest Fragments of the Gospels Found in Egypt

The Dispute With the Elders.

The Tribute Unto Caesar.

From Paintings by the Famous German Artist, Bida.

Written 200 Years Earlier Than Any Known Manuscript of the New Testament, Contains New Versions of Three Incidents in the Saviour's Life and an Unknown Miracle

The Healing of the Leper.

New Version.

...they gave counsel to the multitude to carry the stones together and stone him. And the rulers sought to lay their hands on him that they might take him and hand him over to the multitude; and they could not take him, because the hour of his betrayal was not yet come. But he himself, even the Lord, going out through the midst of them, departed from them.

And behold, there cometh unto him a leper and saith, Master Jesus, journeying with lepers and eating with them in the inn I myself also became a leper. If therefore thou wilt, I am made clean. The Lord then said unto him, I will; be thou made clean. And straightway the leprosy departed from him. And the Lord said unto him, Go and shew thyself unto the priests.

Old Version.

Then they sought to take him: but no man laid hands on him, because his hour was not yet come.—*John, 7:30.*

Then took they up stones to cast at him.—*John, 8: 59.*

But he passing through the midst of them went his way.—*Luke, 4: 30.*

And, behold, there came a leper and worshipped him, saying, Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean.

And Jesus put forth his hand, and touched him, saying, I will: be thou clean. And immediately his leprosy was cleansed.

And Jesus saith unto him, See thou tell no man; but go thy way, shew thyself to the priest.—*Matt. 8: 2-4.*

The Tribute Unto Caesar.

New Version.

...coming unto him began to tempt him with a question, saying, Master Jesus, we know that thou art come from God, for the things which thou doest testify above all the prophets. Tell us therefore: Is it lawful to render unto kings that which pertaineth unto their rule? Shall we render unto them or not?

But Jesus, knowing their thought, being moved with indignation, said unto them: Why call ye me with your mouth Master, when ye hear not what I say? Well did Isaiah prophesy of you, saying, This people honor me with their lips, but their heart is far from me. In vain do they worship me teaching as their doctrines the precepts of men...

Old Version.

Then went the Pharisees, and took counsel how they might entangle him in his talk.

And they sent out unto him their disciples with the Herodians, saying, Master, we know that thou art true, and teachest the way of God in truth, neither carest thou for any man: for thou regardest not the person of men.

Tell us therefore, What thinkest thou? Is it lawful to give tribute unto Caesar, or not?

But Jesus perceived their wickedness, and said, Why tempt ye me, ye hypocrites?—*Matt. 22: 15-18.*

The Dispute With the Elders.

New Version.

And Jesus said unto the lawyers, Punish every wrong-doer and transgressor, and not me.

And turning to the rulers of the people he spake this saying: Search the Scriptures, in which ye think that ye have life; these are they which bear witness of me. Think not that I came to accuse you to my Father: there is one that accuseth you, even Moses, on whom ye have set your hope. And when they said, We know well that God spake unto Moses, but as for thee, we know not whence thou art. Jesus answered and said unto them, Now is your unbelief accused...

Old Version.

Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of me.

And ye will not come to me, that ye might have life.—*John 5: 39, 40.*

Do not think that I will accuse you to the Father: there is one that accuseth you, even Moses, in whom ye trust.

For had ye believed Moses, ye would have believed me: for he wrote of me.

But if ye believe not his writings, how shall ye believe my words?—*John, 5: 45-47.*

A DISCOVERY of greatest interest to all students of the Bible, particularly of the New Testament, was made recently at the British Museum in London. In a bundle of ancient parchments and rags that came from Egyptian tombs were found three scraps of tattered and stained papyri which have been accepted by eminent scholars as the earliest written record of Christ, and which may prove to be parts of a fifth and unknown Gospel.

Experts who have examined these fragments, inscribed in Greek language, have decided from the character of the lettering that they were written not later than 150 A. D., which would make them antedate by 200 years the oldest Christian documents previously discovered.

These torn and discolored scraps of paper, which are now considered priceless, give new versions of three incidents in the Gospels—the Healing of the Leper, the Dispute with the Elders, and the occasion when Jesus said: "Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's."

But even more interesting, perhaps, than these earlier versions of well-known episodes in the life of the Saviour is one passage that seems to be part of an account of a new miracle, not recorded in any of the other Gospels.

The papyrus that tells of this newly discovered miracle has crumbled in places, making translation difficult, but after deciphering the words that remain and piecing together the thought, scholars have undertaken reconstruction.

As on many other occasions, Jesus and His disciples were apparently strolling through the country while He taught them by pointing out lessons in familiar things around them. From the context, it seems that His followers must have been seeking evidence of the immortality of the soul. His manner of reassuring them was first to ask them a question, and as reconstructed by the scholars, this question appears to have been: "What great force is there in nature that is shut up within some inner place and has its weight unweighed?"

When they were perplexed by the question, He stood on the edge of the River Jordan, took seed, placed them on the ground and sprinkled them with water from the river. Before the eyes of the disciples, the seed sprouted, put forth shoots and bore fruit.

From this hitherto unknown miracle, scholars believe that the Saviour drew the lesson that just as each seed has in it an invisible life force, which is shut up and its weight unweighed, or its strength undetermined, so also has each human body in it an invisible but immortal soul, and when this soul is nourished by faith and by love of God, as symbolized by the water of the Jordan, it will put forth the fruit of everlasting life.

It has been pointed out that while the new versions differ in some particulars from the old, the variations do not seem to be based upon essential or at any rate controversial points. Instead, in most particulars, the new versions merely give the familiar stories in a fuller and more vivid form. Thus, as can be seen from a comparison of the new and old versions as printed in parallel columns above, in the new story of the Healing of the Leper, the sufferer told Christ that he had contracted the disease while journeying with lepers and eating with them at inns. This detail is lacking in the account given by Matthew, but the descriptions of the healing bear such a close similarity there is good reason for believing both might have been taken from the same source, or that Matthew based his account to some extent upon the lost document of which these fragments are a part.

In the new version of the Leper story, the attempt to take Jesus prisoner is given in a straightforward manner not to be found in a similar form in the Four Gospels, and this has been taken as evidence that the new fragments are part of an independent Fifth Gospel, other parts of which may be discovered by further excavations in Egypt.

The New Miracle Suggested in the Lost Gospel.

A miracle unrecorded in any of the four known Gospels is recorded in the fragmentary text of this Fifth Gospel.

The translation reads:

"...shut up...in...place...its weight unweighed?

"And when they were perplexed at His strange question, Jesus, as He walked, stood still on the edge of the River Jordan, and stretching forth His right hand He...and sprinkled it upon the...And then... water that had been sprinkled...before them and sent forth fruit..."

Reading between the lines and filling out the blanks by their imagination, scholars hold that here is the description of a new miracle unmentioned in Scripture in which Jesus planted seeds, sprinkled them with water from the Jordan, and they sprouted and brought forth fruit.

The Reconstruction of the Synagogue at Capernaum, Where Christ Preached, and Outside of Which He Healed the Ten Lepers.

The Four Gospels do not say where the leper was healed, but in Mark, at the conclusion of the chapter that follows the account of the healing, it says that Christ "entered again into Capernaum." From this, some scholars are convinced that the leper was healed in that town, after the miracle of the healing of the ten lepers, perhaps on the steps of the synagogue, shown on this page partly restored.

The most interesting difference between the two versions of the "Render Unto Caesar" incident is that in the new one the name of Caesar is not used, but instead Jesus is asked: "Is it lawful to render unto kings that which pertaineth to their rule?"

The meaning of the two versions appears to be much the same, although couched in different terms. Thus in the new version is given a passage not found elsewhere—a passage in which Jesus becomes indignant when his questioners try to disarm Him, and cites the prophecy of Isaiah: "This people honor me with their lips, but their heart is far from me." In different form, the old version expresses this idea by quoting Jesus as saying: "Why tempt ye me, ye hypocrites?"

The account of the Dispute with the Elders as given in the Four Gospels differs considerably from the new account, but there is a striking similarity in some of the phrases, which again gives reason for the belief that both versions may have come from the same source.

Scholars have believed for some time that in addition to the Four Gospels included in the New Testament there was a Fifth Gospel, sometimes spoken of as the "Lost Gospel," or the "Gospel according to the Egyptians." This belief is based upon certain references to be found in early Christian writings, and with the discovery of these three fragments of papyri, a number of experts are convinced that at last parts of the lost Gospel have been found. This Gospel, they believe, was inscribed by some early Christian who had gone to Egypt to spread the teaching of Christ and give encouragement to other Christians who had fled to that country to escape persecution.

Photograph of One of the Fragments of a Gospel Written About 100 Years After the Saviour's Death.

The ancient Egyptians of that period preserved their literature upon papyrus, or parchment scrolls, which were rolled upon spindles and which had writing only on one side. Although these recently discovered fragments are written upon Egyptian papyrus, which is a kind of paper made from the aquatic sedge plant that grows on the banks of the Nile, they are flat pages, such as book pages, and have writing on both sides. Thus, since early Christians have been credited upon good authority with the first primitive form of book-making, it is believed that these three scraps are part of a document that was not written by an Egyptian, but by some Christian, who, living about 100 years after Christ, may have had the opportunity in youth of talking with persons who had actually known the Saviour. Writing over 1,800 years ago, the author of these fragments was living at a time when the story of Christ was as fresh in the minds of men as is the story of George Washington to the historians of today. For this reason, scholars who are convinced that these faded and tattered fragments are in all probability the most authentic accounts of Christ that have yet been discovered, are making special efforts to have them traced to their source.

The exact locality where the fragments were unearthed is not known, since they passed through many hands and were doubtless reassorted in various bundles before finally becoming the property of the London dealer who sold them to the British Museum for a nominal price, as part of an odd lot of old grave clothes and parchments to which he attached no special value.

Mr. H. Idris Bell, keeper of manuscripts at the British Museum, was the first to recognize their great value. He was examining the content of the bundle brought from the London dealer, doubtless taking little interest in what was a routine job, when his eye fell on something that caused him to become excited. This was the letters "Ie," or in Greek, "Iota Eta," which is the abbreviation frequently used by writers for the name of Jesus. He had not read far before he realized that he had made a discovery of great importance to the Christian world—perhaps the greatest archeological and religious discovery of modern times.

From the character of the fragments, he was convinced that they had come from the vicinity of Oxyrhynchus on the Nile, about 150 miles from Cairo—in which vicinity the vellum known as the Logia, and containing the famous "Sayings of Christ," was found in a tomb in 1897. These bits of papyri which may have so important a bearing on interpretations of Christian theology consist of two pages each about four inches long and three inches wide, and a smaller one an inch and a half long and three-quarters of an inch deep. In the hope that additional pages may be found and the entire Gospel reconstructed, a search is now being made through ancient tombs in the Oxyrhynchus district.

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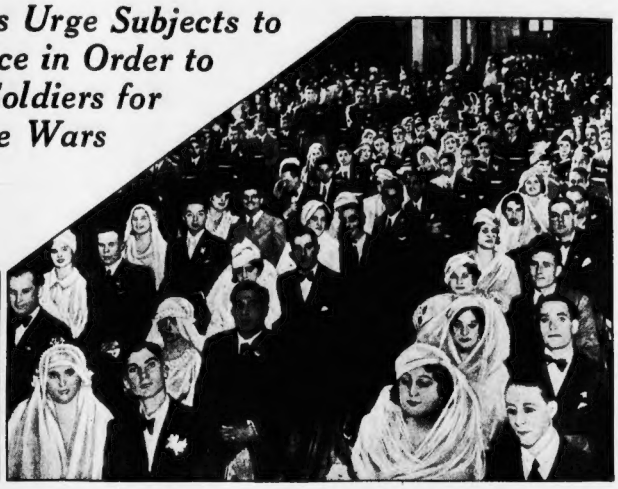
Mass Marriages To Increase The Baby Crop

European Nations Urge Subjects to Marry at Once in Order to Provide Soldiers for Future Wars

Head of a Procession of Fifty Bridal Couples Who Were Married at One Time in Berlin the Other Day in Answer to Hitler's Appeal for Population Increases.



Part of the 700 Brides and 700 Grooms Who Were Married at One Ceremony Recently in Rome in Response to Mussolini's Plea for More Marriages and More Babies.

THE pacifists, socialists and idealists of Europe are greatly alarmed by the fact that in many countries of the world, and especially Germany, people are being urged to marry at once and reproduce their kind without worrying about how they are going to live.

"It is a terrifying thought," says the London journal, Humanity, "that the chief object of all this shameless marriage propaganda is to provide more cannon fodder, more soldiers to feed the insatiable jaws of the military monster that seems destined to devour the people of the world before long.

"And to assist the people to marry in haste wholesale marriages have been planned and carried out in Germany, Italy and other countries, where the thoughtless and hapless providers of cannon fodder are tied together two or three hundred at a time."

In Germany, indeed, the Hitlerites proclaim loudly and unhesitatingly that it is the patriotic duty of every healthy, able-bodied German to marry at once and have as many children as possible. The aim in view is declared to be to make the country strong and respected. This means, of course, to provide more soldiers to make the nation strong in war.

It is true that babies resulting from the marriages will not be ready to fight in the war which many believe will break out any day. But they will take the places of those killed in the impending war and will be soldiers in eighteen years at least, and pacifists say that militarists are looking forward to a perpetual state of war or preparation for war.

In Italy, Premier Mussolini's aims are not essentially different from Hitler's. Indeed, nearly every country is following the same policy. Even France, which has never made reproduction the first object of life, is changing her ideas. The League for Increasing the French Population is a powerful and popular society, which admits that one of its aims is to make the country strong in war. One of its triumphs has been to secure the punishment of an American fan dancer in Paris on the ground that her performance was likely to break up family life.

Mass weddings were not uncommon in Europe in the early Middle Ages for reasons of economy and convenience. There were large regions where a priest could only visit once in a long time, so the local peasants waited for him and got married all in a bunch. The idea has now been revived for patriotic reasons.

One of the pioneer mass marriages in Germany united fifty-four Nazi couples at the Apostles' Church in Berlin. The minister quoted Reichsfuehrer Hitler as saying that the best families were those who raised brave soldiers for the Fatherland. The Nazis treated the newlyweds to a big supper. This jolly event started a swarm of mass marriages.

Forty-seven Nazi couples, the men all in "brown shirt" uniforms, were united at the Lazarus Church in East Berlin. After the ceremony they were treated to a free feed at a brewery and a long speech by Propaganda Minister Dr. Paul Joseph Goebbels, who stressed the need of numerous progeny for the maintenance and rejuvenation of the German race.

Fifty bridal couples were united at one time in Berlin the other day in response to Leader Hitler's latest appeal for population increases. Fifty couples, 100 individuals, is the favorite number for mass marriages in Germany.

In pursuance of the policy of increasing the population the German Government and local bodies are giving prizes to specially fine Nazi babies. Little Otto Franz Wolff has been picked out as the ideal Nazi baby, possessing all the desirable qualities of health, strength and pugnacity. He has received a silver military drum and sticks decorated with the swastika.

Americans will be interested in the report that some of these wholesale marriages have been celebrated in magnificent stadiums built with American loans on which the Germans are not paying their interest. In some cases the ceremonies are said to be enlivened by features adopted from the ancient pagan mythology of Germany, in which Wotan, Thor, Freya and others were the predominant divinities.

The forthcoming liberation of many thousands of young men from labor camps will call for many mass weddings. It is expected that they will all be advised to marry at once and produce as many children as possible, and pressure will be put on them to do so. It is well known that Jews have been punished severely for associating with German girls of Aryan race. One of the objects of this order is said to be to provide mates for the young men suddenly released from the camps. There will probably be many "mass honeymoons," as there is small accommodation for all these young couples.

Cartoon by the Well-Known Artist, George Kerr, Reflecting the Apprehensions of Many Regarding the Fate Later On of the Babies. (Courtesy of New York American.)

Little Otto Wolff, Adjudged the Most Nearly Perfect Baby in All Germany, Who Is Being Widely Publicized as the Type the Marrying Couples Should Strive to Produce.

The largest mass marriages have occurred in Italy. Seven hundred brides and grooms marched in a body recently to be united on the anniversary of the Fascist march on Rome. Premier Mussolini gave each couple a cash gift of $6 and a war savings certificate of $15. For every child above the sixth there will be a handsome gift. The couples were first married in their respective parishes and then marched to the Church of St. Mary of All Angels, where they received a matrimonial blessing and afterwards repaired to the Fascist headquarters, where they received their dowries.

At the same time 2,600 couples were united in holy wedlock throughout Italy and received Fascist gifts.

On another occasion when "Il Duce" was feeling particularly generous he gave a gift of $421 to each of 2,253 Italian couples who were married on the same day in Rome. It was a severe strain on the clergy of the Roman churches. All through Easter Monday the clergy strove to keep up with the groups of young men and women who selected the day for their weddings in order to be eligible for the prize money.

Mass marriages have also been celebrated in China, but not for the purpose of providing more babies. There has never been any lack of babies for cannon fodder in China. The object was economy, one ceremony taking the place of as many as 100. Money is scarce in China, unlike babies, but they feel they must have magnificent weddings and funerals. Fifty-seven couples were united in one vast marriage at the Shanghai City Hall recently. Mayor Wu Te-chen officiated.

This wholesale wedding was conducted under the rules governing the "New Life Movement," a favorite project of Marshal Chiang Kai-shek, the great military leader. Old style Chinese marriages used to cost in many cases several hundred dollars apiece. The Marshal considers this a wicked extravagance. Under the wholesale system each couple has to pay only $20 a pair in local currency, and this price includes tea and cakes after the ceremony and a taxi to the new home.

Dresses, veils and other gay apparel traditionally worn by a Chinese bride were all rented and will be used for other large-scale weddings in future. They acquire a sentimental interest from frequent use. The brides at the Shanghai wedding were all thoroughly modern girls, including teachers, nurses and some club entertainers.

Another wholesale Chinese wedding was held at Hankow. The brides came from the Hankow Orphan Home for Girls and numbered nine. Nine almond-eyed orphans faced nine modern young Chinamen and a white-bearded patriarch pronounced the words that made the eighteen nine, so to speak.

India has been the scene of the strangest wholesale marriages. Three hundred and sixty-four Mumna couples were married in the village of Tithwa, India, recently. Among the bridegrooms were many babies in arms and only a few were of the proper age. Some 1,500 carts stood outside the village gates and the arrival of each bridegroom was announced by a gunshot.

Mumnas are Mohammedan farmers who work on the land in the Indian State of Vankaner. Their marriage customs are different from those of the rest of India. The celebration of a Hindu marriage in this neighborhood generally takes five or six weeks—a month or so before the actual ceremony and a week or more after it. Mohammedans other than Mumnas take two or more weeks for a marriage.

Every two or three years Mumnas select a convenient village for the celebration of the marriages of their children and all are performed at the same time. The Mumna Marriage Committee took charge of the recent celebration at Tithwa. Six hundred pounds of candy were provided to accompany the great feast for the whole community.

The day of the marriage the bridegrooms arrived early at the village and were escorted in procession to their respective houses. Every bridegroom who could carry one had a sword in his hand. All were seated in bullock-carts and decorated with ornaments of gold and silver. Each cart was preceded by drummers, who beat their drums with great strength and amused the onlookers.

At about noon came the call to dinner, and all the Mumna women assembled at the Darbargadh, the community hall. Dividing themselves into groups of five or seven, each group took their meal from the same dish. The men modestly refrained from looking at the women and only sat down when the women had finished. The custom of dining in groups from the same dishes is traditionally supposed to engender love and fellowship.

Enthusiasm reached its height in the evening when the bridegrooms were united to the same number of brides at the main bazaar. The brides, as usual in Mohammedan marriages, formed a minor feature of the festivity and the bridegrooms did not see their faces until the ceremony was over. Priests, called Mullas or Kazis, were engaged, one officiating for all the couples from the same village. The Mulla recites religious verses which are repeated by the bridegroom.

Another wholesale marriage ceremony occurred at Kathiawar, India, when 374 children of the Hindu religion were wedded.

A scholar has pointed out that the wholesale marriages promoted by Hitler, Mussolini and other moderns cannot compare with those organized by the notorious Tshaka, who was King of the Zulus of Africa from 1810 to 1828. He organized the entire youth of his country into military regiments, the men in one organization and the women in the other. Once a year a Royal decree would issue, ordering certain regiments of males to marry corresponding regiments of females. The individual couples would be indicated by numbers, and it would have been suicide to rebel at the choice made by the King.

So once annually the King would celebrate a gigantic wedding in which an average of 25,000 male Zulu youths would be married to an equal number of females.

Tshaka himself had 400 children whom he killed in his lifetime. Altogether, Tshaka seems to have greatly surpassed Hitler.

A Wholesale Marriage of Fifty-seven Couples in China—Never Any Lack of Babies There, and the Reason for This Mass Ceremony Is Economy.

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It's the way to start the day

It takes but a moment to pause at a soda fountain and refresh yourself with ice-cold Coca-Cola. You'll carry a smile back to work.

A last-minute pause is so natural before the day's work begins. You can make this pause refreshing. Add ice-cold Coca-Cola. The life and sparkle of this wholesome drink go quickly into energy. Its icy tingle helps you start the day feeling fit.

Watch that delightful surprise which comes when someone tries delicious and refreshing Coca-Cola at breakfast for the first time.

It does quench thirst and it will refresh you. It means a lot to people who want to get things done.

Coca-Cola is pure and wholesome energy-giving refreshment... containing no artificial flavor or coloring.

5¢

Drink Coca-Cola

Delicious and Refreshing

Perfect Wife And Mother Till Love Made Her A Fiend

After Years of Unimpeachable Rectitude and Virtue, Mme. Savu Kills Her Husband and Her Son, Sends Her Daughter to an Insane Asylum, Then Tries to Sell Her—All to Please Her Worthless Sweetheart

BUCHAREST, Sept. 5.

THE figure of a thirteen-year-old girl flitted through the darkness toward the River Bega, near Lugoj, Rumania.

Stealthily another figure, powerful and masculine, followed in her steps.

The smaller figure paused on the bank to whimper a prayer, that the Deity would make an exception to what He was supposed to do to suicides because He must know that in her case there wasn't any other way. Then she leaped, but the big figure pulled her back.

"Why?" he asked, after the brief struggle was over.

"Mind your business," she answered, "I want to die. I have to die."

"But it is my business. I am Sergeant Paraschivescu, of the Lugoj police. Now tell me. It can't be love—you are too young for that."

"Love!" she repeated with a shudder. "Ugh! No. Love is the most horrible thing in the world. Love is torment."

As they trudged to the police station, the girl poured out a story which the sergeant at first could not believe. It seemed like a fable designed to show how, when a good woman makes her first slip, she is likely to keep on slipping from one thing to another down to where no crime is too dreadful for her.

The girl was Lydia Savu and had lived until the previous day with her mother in the neighboring village of Begamonoster when she ran away.

"Why did you come here to commit suicide?" the policeman wanted to know.

"Because I was afraid of my mother," the girl replied. "I was afraid she would not let me die."

"No doubt she would have tried," agreed the policeman. "Your mother is evidently a good woman."

"She was a good woman before she fell in love, but now she is a bad woman, a terrible woman," was the surprising answer. "She murdered my father and my brother and her other baby and now she is selling me to an old farmer with a fat wife, all because she loves a man. Until she fell in love with Vassili Oprescu she was a perfect mother and a perfect wife. Now she's a fiend."

Naturally the sergeant took this with a grain of salt, including the age of the girl, which seemed nearer 18 than 13. Lydia spent the night at the station house, where she told the same story to the matron. In the morning Sergeant Paraschivescu went to Begamonoster to call on Mme. Savu, convinced that it was a "cock-and-bull" story, too bad to be true. However, he had become a sergeant because he always did things right and he would do this job right, even if it did not matter.

The police officer slowly approached the small home on a large piece of land, just outside Begamonoster. Instead of marching straight up to the front door, he stopped in the street, paced up and down, bent over as if examining footprints, made notes in a book, did other mysterious things and passed slowly on. From the corner of his eye he got glimpses of a white face at a window.

Abruptly he returned, strode to the door and beat on it with thunderous blows. Already he knew that something was queer about this mother who peeped at him instead of running to say that her daughter was missing two days and to ask what he was doing at her house.

The widow tried to put a bold face on things when she opened the door and her answer to his first question was that she feared Lydia had gone away with a man. She had hesitated to report the matter in hopes that the girl would return of her own accord before the disgrace was discovered.

"Your daughter has told everything," said the policeman severely and saw the woman stagger as if he had struck her. But she answered:

"My daughter is insane. She has been in an insane asylum."

"She says you put her there so people would not believe what she knew. Where did you bury the baby?"

"Lydia lies—she is crazy," said Mme. Savu, trying to control herself.

"Did you poison your husband for Oprescu?"

"I deny it."

"Did you poison your son at his orders, too?"

"He died of a cold."

"If you had sold Lydia to old man Cristes, would you have given that money to your lover, too?"

The woman admitted nothing except that her daughter was half-crazy and might say anything. That is exactly what the sergeant had thought until he saw the woman, but now he arrested her, had Oprescu also brought in, questioned neighbors in both villages and had the bodies of Savu and the son exhumed for autopsy. As a result he was able to confront the two prisoners with evidence which caused them to make full confessions.

Until about seven years ago, the wife of Dimitri Savu, station agent of Lugoj, had been a good wife, good mother and all-round good woman and for that very reason, unknown to Policeman Paraschivescu. But she was younger than Dimitri, lived an easy, well-nourished life and therefore the fires of passion were still very much alive when they became extinct in her hard-working husband.

Inevitably appeared a substitute in the form of Vassili Oprescu, a younger man, well dressed, with no lines of care or responsibility on his brow, always ready to say the flattering things that the husband had now forgotten. The good woman thought it would do no harm to let him say them for a while, but soon they fascinated her so that when he suddenly took her in his arms she had neither the strength nor the desire to offer objections.

Before long Mme. Savu's infatuation for her lover reached a point where she could not bear the thought of losing him. Yet it looked as if part they must. She could not run away with him because he was one of those charming souls who believes in sharing everything but never has anything to share.

They could not go on this way much longer because in the small town of Lugoj, neighbors were already whispering about the affair. Any moment someone would whisper to the unsuspecting station master, who would have the power to divorce her without alimony. So the fascinating Vassili said he would have to say farewell—unless.

"Unless what?" the wife asked and her lover calmly told her:

"Unless you get rid of your husband."

Mme. Savu was horrified. It would be murder. She was a good woman, or—well, at least she had been, though now, not so good—but murder, she could not think of such a thing.

Vassili made her think of it. The first step had made one more necessary. If she could just slip something into her husband's coffee, she would be sole possessor of the property, he, Vassili, could move in, there would be no more partings and how blissful it would be. Her husband was old, all he seemed to care for was work and responsibilities. Such an old drudge was as good as dead, anyway, why have uneasiness about hurrying the laggard a bit? If she didn't do something it meant the end of one of the "world's sublime passions."

Mme. Savu found herself able to think about it and finally able to do it. One morning the neighbors were informed that the station master had died of a fit during the night. Knowing of this illicit romance, they expressed their doubts, but the doctor said that the description of the "fit" indicated a heart attack such as he had expected might some day end Savu's life. Accordingly the man was buried without an autopsy.

However, with the neighbors glaring at them, it was decided to sell the house at Lugoj and move to Begamonoster, where Savu had also owned a piece of property. The sale of the house together with the station master's savings supplied ready money on which the widow, her lover and her two children lived in affluence for a while.

A large share went to Vassili for needs that he never made quite clear to the infatuated woman. Nor was she satisfied with his reasons for never getting around to marrying her. One day the widow anxiously asked her lover:

"This money we are spending so fast was left in trust for the children. What will we do when they come of age and ask for it?"

"Do not let them come of age," was Vassili's calm answer. Mme. Savu could not believe he meant it, but soon she saw that once again she must choose between that lover and the life of a member of her family, this time a son. Miron, only ten years old, precipitated his own fate by saying one day to Vassili:

"You strike me again and I'll tell my grandfather something that will fix both of you."

As luck would have it, Miron caught a severe cold just then. The doctor was called, left medicine and careful instruction as to what to do about his high fever. Next morning he found his patient dead and was told that the boy had gotten worse so they had given him all the medicine at once, but that instead of improving, he had died. They had given him arsenic.

The doctor called them idiots, but stupidity is classed under natural causes, so again there was a funeral without an autopsy. There would have to be a decent interval before attending to Lydia but she precipitated things by shrieking that they had murdered Miron and her father. To offset this they said the girl was crazy.

That night Mme. Savu and Vassili chased the girl through the house with what they said was a red-hot iron, but was only an electric flashlight in a red woolen stocking. They threw her down and "burned" her back with a piece of ice.

Later Vassili, with a dripping red axe in his hand, dragged her downstairs to see her mother apparently lying in a pool of blood. As a result, when the ambulance was called from the asylum, she told such preposterous yarns that nobody listened to any of them.

Her grandparents, however, got her out of the institution, and until their death all was well. Then back she had to go to her dreaded home.

The mother now had the unexpected punishment of seeing her worthless lover cast covetous eyes on the daughter, now thirteen years old, but so well-developed as to seem nearer sixteen. Probably the arsenic would have been used again but for the intrusion of Peter Christes, an elderly, prosperous farmer whose fat but blameless wife could not be divorced without prohibitive expense. Lydia ran to her mother, with torn clothes, telling of the old scoundrel's advances. Mme. Savu said she would see him about it and she did.

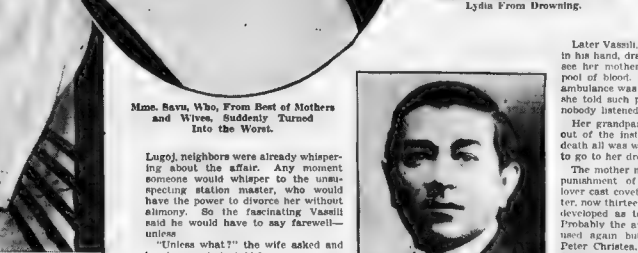
Peter, frightened at first, was relieved to find that the mother was willing to fix it up for him in consideration of such a heavy cash payment that she and Vassili would be able to continue their affair another year. When Lydia refused, her mother and Vassili beat, starved and abused the girl and warned her that there was no escape because all her father's money had been spent. It was that or they would all starve.

In despair Lydia had to choose between the repulsive old man and an unbearable life of brutality in her mother's house, probably soon ending in poisoning. To her there seemed to be no escape but the peaceful river. Such was her terror of the mother that she dared not try to die in the same village, fearing that somehow the dreadful woman would drag her back to life and misery.

So Lydia went to Lugoj, the village where she had been born, spent a day and a half, saying goodbye to the old house, her father's railroad station and other places she had loved in the days before her mother "fell in love," and then went down to the river to end it all. There she was saved by the alertness of a conscientious officer of the law, who took the pains to find out why someone was prowling around the river.

Lydia Savu, Who Was Rescued From Suicide and Told of Her Mother's Crimes.

So That She Would Be Thought Insane and Not Be Believed If She Betrayed Them, Lydia's Mother and Her Lover Chased the Daughter Through the House With a Flashlight in a Red Stocking, Which They Told Her Was a Red-Hot Poker, Then Threw Her Down and "Burned" Her Back With a Piece of Ice.



Sergeant Paraschivescu, Who Saved Lydia From Drowning.

Mme. Savu, Who, From Best of Mothers and Wives, Suddenly Turned Into the Worst.

Vassili Oprescu, Mme. Savu's Lover, for Whose Sake She Killed Husband and Son.

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Every Wrinkle you See... *started Under Your Skin!*

Miss Ann Keeble, charming member of New York's younger set, says: "Pond's Cold Cream not only cleans my skin. It also keeps my skin in such good condition that I never have lines, blackheads and such."

BUT "DEEP-SKIN" CREAM *reaches down*

...KEEPS COMMON SKIN FAULTS AWAY

LINES FADE when wasting *under* tissues are stimulated and fill out.

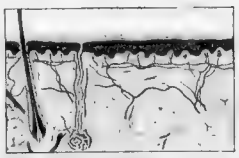
BLACKHEADS GO when clogging secretions are removed, and *underskin* stimulation prevents fresh clogging.

BLEMISHES STOP coming when blackheads that cause them are removed and new ones prevented.

PORES REDUCE when kept free from pore-enlarging secretions from within the skin.

DRY SKIN SOFTENS when penetrating oils restore suppleness and oil glands resume activity

TISSUES WON'T SAG when underskin nerves and fibres are toned up, stimulated, and circulation kept active.



Where Skin Faults Begin—Outer and Under Skins—magnified many times. Just below that dark layer begins the underskin where tiny oil and sweat glands, blood vessels, nerves, fibres nourish your outer skin. So long as you keep them active—lines, blackheads, blemishes stay away

UGLY LITTLE LINES... dreaded wrinkles ... don't "just happen" overnight. Every wrinkle, every line that streaks your face... had its start *under* your skin! Tiny fibres hidden out of sight, lost their snap—Tissues you can't see went thin and sagging. Then, one day the skin you *do* see fell into little creases

The same way with practically all common skin faults. Blemishes, blackheads, sagging tissues—all start deep in your underskin when tiny glands and blood vessels, nerves and fibres begin to fail.

Skin faults go—new ones can't start

What your skin needs is a cream that does more than cleanse—a "deep-skin" cream that goes right down to the roots of those lines and blemishes—and fights them *where they start.*

This is exactly what Pond's Cold Cream does. Its specially processed oils sink deep into the pores There, patted briskly, Pond's rouses the underskin. Circulation quickens. Lazy glands get busy. Fibres regain their snap. At the same time, long-lodged dirt and make-up flush out of your pores. Loosened and dissolved by this deep-reaching cream!

Even one creaming is enough to show how Pond's Cold Cream cleans and stimulates. Your skin blooms fresher, livelier—clean—clear to its depths. As you keep on using Pond's, lines soften—blackheads and blemishes stop coming. Dry skin softens into supple texture. Your face takes on a new firmness—a radiant fresh-air look that's lovely!

Her Royal Highness, Infanta Beatriz

eldest daughter of Spain's royal family, recently married to a prince of the House of Torlona, says: "I never use any cream but Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing. The more often I use it, the better my skin looks."

Sketched from a photograph after the wedding ceremony. The Infanta is wearing a crown of orange blossoms sent from Spain.

Mrs. Douglas Robinson

grandniece of the late THEODORE ROOSEVELT, and granddaughter of his famous sister, the late MRS. CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON, says: "Pond's Cold Cream makes my skin clearer—keeps pores invisible. Tired lines disappear."

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

beautiful young society leader who enjoys rigorous outdoor life on her Western ranch, says: "I've found Pond's Cold Cream really penetrates the pores. It leaves my skin noticeably fresher—free of any tendency to lines, wrinkles or blemishes."

EVERY NIGHT, give your skin this double-benefit treatment. Pat Pond's Cold Cream in vigorously. See the deep-lodged dirt come completely out. Feel your skin refreshed, invigorated to its depths.

EVERY MORNING, refresh and reawaken your skin with Pond's Cold Cream. It leaves your skin so soft that powder goes on with a smooth, all over evenness.

Send for the special tube of this famous "deep-skin" Cream, offered below. It contains enough for nine treatments. Just think, when you have finished using it, your skin will be 9 steps closer to the flawless, unlined complexion you want so much! Pond's Cold Cream is absolutely pure. Germs cannot live in it.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE
and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

Mail Coupon — *Begin to clear YOUR Skin Faults away*

POND'S, Dept. J, 36, Clinton, Conn.
I enclose 10¢ (for postage and packing) for special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, and generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

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The Night Call

by Richard Kaverne

In Which a Doctor's Quick Wit, Aided by a Dose of Morphine, Upsets the Plans of a Pair of Murderers.

A Short, Fast-Moving Story of Crime, Complete on This Page.

Dr. Harding's Hand Went Out and Grabbed His Wrist. The Automatic Fell to the Floor With a Clatter. Swiftly the Old Man Stooped, Seized It, and Made for the Door.

INTO old Doctor Paul Harding's sleep-drenched brain a noise like that of a purring cat was penetrating. The doctor turned in restless fashion, striving subconsciously not to hear it. But the noise was insistent, and Dr. Harding's tired eyes opened at last, to realize that the purr was that of the buzzer of his night-bell. Wearily he switched on the light, dragged himself from bed, and prepared to answer that unwelcome summons.

Of course, there would be a call tonight, when he was dog-tired. From Mrs. Emmott probably. He thought of Emmott's lonely cottage on the marshes, a good half-mile from any road, and asked once more of Fate why it was that babies always elected to be born, in the least accessible parts of his big country district, in the small hours of the morning.

He hurried downstairs and opened the office door to a pitch-dark night, and a lash of sleet that ruffled his scant gray hair. The weather was perfectly foul. He looked for Jim Emmott's great, slouching figure, but did not see it, indeed, for the moment, he could discern nobody.

Then a strange voice from the darkness demanded: "Are you the doctor?"

"Yes. Yes." Harding said a little testily.

"There's been an accident."

"Accident? What sort of an accident?"

For the first time the doctor had a sight of the speaker. The light from the hall shone upon a tall, thin man in a stained and shabby raincoat, a shapeless, soft hat, pulled down over his eyes against the driving sleet. Beyond him it showed an automobile. That its lamps were not lit did not impress the doctor at the time, for he was listening to a harsh voice.

"I can't say, sir. I found the fellow in the road and he seems to have been hurt pretty bad. Bleeding a lot. I picked him up and woke up some people in a cottage and asked for the nearest doctor."

Dr. Harding was instantly alert.

"Bleeding? Is the man conscious? Where is he?"

"In the car. I think he's conscious."

Old Dr. Harding went straight to the car. From its darkness a weak voice murmured in pain.

Dr. Harding said kindly: "Cheer up, my man; we'll soon put you right now. Can you take my arm?"

The answer was a vague sort of moan, and Harding called over his shoulder: "Come and give me a hand here. We'll have to carry him."

Under the bright light in the office, Dr. Harding looked at the injured man and frowned. He was not a pleasant face, and there was a nastily pallor about it which the old doctor did not like. Yet a moment later he noted something which he liked less. The fellow's coat was soaked in blood, but there was an even darker mark by the shoulder that told its own story.

"Good God!" Harding exclaimed. "The man's been shot."

"Shot, sir?"

"Yes, shot. And at damned close range, too. Look there—his coat's scorched."

"That's funny."

"I'm not so sure that it is," said the doctor hastily, pulling open the man's clothes. "What's your name, by the way?"

"Clark, sir. Fred Clark."

"Very well, Clark. Just hand me that bag, will you? And open it." Clark obeyed.

"Now go in there," the doctor indicated his dispensary adjoining, "and fetch me some hot water. You'll see the tap there and there's a basin on the table." Again Clark obeyed.

Dr. Harding regarded a nasty wound, and his frown deepened. There was an ugly and queer story behind this somewhere.

Clark returned. The doctor talked as he worked.

"Where did you pick him up?" he asked.

"Main road. Just by the railway bridge, if you know where I mean."

"I know. Did he give you any explanation?"

"No. Except to tell me to shut my mouth, and it was his business."

"Not a very savory one, perhaps," the doctor said dryly.

The injured man opened his eyes and glared, then relapsed into apparent semi-consciousness. But the old doctor was not fooled. He guessed that the fellow was aware of all that was going on, but he did not want to answer questions.

Harding proceeded with his job.

"Is he very bad, sir?" Clark asked.

"I can't say. I can only say it might have been worse. The bullet has missed his lungs. But he's lost a lot of blood."

"You think you can patch him up then?"

"That's all I can do. Then we'll have to get him to the hospital. We'll ring for an ambulance."

Clark spoke up suddenly. "Wouldn't it be quicker if I took him?"

The doctor raised his eyes, hesitated for a moment, then:

"You're a very Good Samaritan, Mr. Clark," he said.

Clark shrugged his shoulders. "Well, you can't leave a man in a mess like that, can you?" he answered.

"No; I suppose not," said Dr. Harding. "But there's one thing we've got to do at once—report this to the police." The doctor's eyes were on his patient's face. He saw the man's lips tighten.

Clark said: "Right. I can stop at the police on the way."

"Better ring up now," Dr. Harding said firmly. "The phone's over there. Ask for one-nine, and say Dr. Harding wants a man round here at once."

Clark moved across the room.

"Can't you get them?" the doctor asked, after a few moments. He looked up. Then: "What the devil are you doing, man?" he ripped out, for Clark, a pair of wire-cutters in his hand, was deliberately severing the cord of the telephone. He swung round, and the doctor saw that his whole manner had changed, even his voice had changed. There was a rasp in it.

"Don't ask questions, because they won't be answered," he said.

Dr. Harding was furious.

"How dare you, sir! This is outrageous," he thundered.

Clark took a couple of swift paces towards him. "Now look here, I don't want any trouble, but if you do, you can have it," he said quietly. "This sort."

Dr. Harding gasped, for he found himself looking straight down the barrel of an ugly, blue-black automatic pistol. Just for a few seconds the two men glared at one another in angry challenge; then the doctor's eyes dropped.

He was no coward, but he was no fool. Seventy odd years of life had taught him a lot about his fellow man, and he knew the nature of those cold blue eyes, into which he had just been staring. There was no pity behind them: no fear. Threats would have no effect with such a man as Clark.

Dr. Harding answered ironically: "Your argument is convincing, Mr. Clark. What exactly do you want me to do?"

It was no good trying to bluster, he knew he hadn't a chance alone there in his big, rambling house.

"Finish your job and keep your mouth shut," said Clark curtly. He crossed to the fireplace, and wrenched an electric bell from the wall, adding: "It's no business of yours who your patients are."

"No—I suppose it isn't," the doctor agreed, submissively, and Clark noted that his hands were trembling slightly.

Presently the doctor spoke again. "Will you come here," he said.

What do you want?"

"Hold that pad down firmly; I've got to get something out of the dispensary."

Clark's pistol was raised in an instant.

"No, you don't," he said roughly. "You stay where you are."

Harding shrugged his shoulders.

"Very well, then, your friend will undoubtedly die."

"By God, then, you'll die too," Clark said in vicious threat.

Old Dr. Harding met the man's menacing eyes without flinching. "That probability had occurred to me," he answered steadily.

The injured man opened his eyes, and the doctor read sheer terror in them. "Fred—my God! Fred," he gasped. "Don't be a fool—didn't you hear what he said?"

Clark kept his pistol pointed straight at the doctor's chest as he glanced from his strained face to the scared eyes of the man on the sofa.

"For God's sake, Fred—don't make me take all the risks," the fellow pleaded. "He knows what's coming to him if he tries to be smart."

Clark ripped out: "Have you got a bell in there?"

"No."

"I'll go and see. And don't you move."

He crossed quickly to the dispensary. In a few moments he was back.

"All right. Go on and be sharp about it. But listen: I want you to get this. Any tricks and I won't wait to ask questions. I'll shoot and we'll take our chance." He lowered his pistol to the doctor's stomach. "I'll shoot where it hurts most, and you won't die right at once. Have you got that clear?"

"Yes—I've got that clear," the old doctor faltered. The rough cruelty in Clark's voice seemed to have broken his nerve. "I assure you, Mr. Clark, that I won't play any - any tricks. I only want to—to patch your friend up, and—and get you both away. I—I don't want to—to run any dangers for—for myself."

Dr. Harding Gasped, for He Found Himself Looking Straight Down the Barrel of an Ugly, Blue-Black Automatic Pistol.

"And you're wise," Clark said laconically.

Dr. Harding went into the dispensary, walking like a man in a dream. He shivered, and pulled his dressing-gown more closely about him.

Clark called after him: "It won't do any good to waste time," and the old man answered peevishly: "I'm being as quick as I can, Mr. Clark—you must be patient."

Clark's eyes never left the dispensary door. Once the injured man addressed him, but he retorted curtly: "Shut up, Jim."

From the adjoining room came the sounds of clinking bottles and the splashing of water, and presently the doctor returned.

"I've got to ask you," he said diffidently, "for your friend's sake. What do you propose to do with him? I mean—I can only give him first-aid treatment here. How soon can you get him to a hospital?"

"Don't worry yourself—I know what I'm going to do with him," Clark interrupted. He sniffed. "Here, you've been having a drink, haven't you?" he added, for the doctor's breath reeked of brandy.

The doctor murmured shamefacedly: "Er—er—yes. I had to have some stimulant. I—er—this is a terrible strain for me."

Clark eyed him suspiciously, then: "You drunken old devil," he said, "get on with your job."

Dr. Harding winced, as he turned to obey. But the brandy seemed to have given him renewed strength. He worked on for some minutes, bandaging his man deftly, while Clark stood over him, his menacing pistol ready.

At last the doctor looked up. "I want to ask you something," he said, nodding towards the adjoining room. "Alone?"

"All right."

They went into the dispensary. Old Dr. Harding was palpably

"Mr. Clark," he said, dropping his voice, "I've done all I can for your friend. I'm assuming you'll have rather a long drive, and I'm going to give him a hypodermic injection before you start."

"What for?" Clark snapped out. "Don't you start trying any monkey-tricks now."

Dr. Harding looked as if he were going to cry.

"But I'm not. I assure you I swear it. If I don't, I can't guarantee he'll be alive in two hours' time. I've got to give him something to slow down the heart and check the bleeding. It's the proper treatment."

He turned to a table where a bottle of brandy stood, a glass by its side, and poured himself out a stiff peg with trembling hands.

Clark checked him. "No, you don't: not yet," he said. "You're half drunk as it is. What about this injection: what'll it do? Will it put him to sleep?"

"Yes."

"How long for?"

"About a couple of hours."

"How long does it take to work?"

"Four or five minutes—or a little more."

"All right—fix it."

Dr. Harding glanced longingly at his drink.

"That can wait," said Clark with a grin.

"Yes. Yes. Of course. Quite."

The doctor took a small bottle from a cabinet.

"Mix a double dose."

"Why?"

"Because I tell you to—and I want to take some with me."

"Very well, Mr. Clark—But I warn you——"

"I don't want any warnings. Do what I say."

Clark stood over him, toying with his pistol while Harding filled his syringe.

"That's the first dose for my pal, is it?" Clark said.

"Yes."

Suddenly the automatic swung up. "Put that into yourself, then," said Clark grimly.

"Into myself? What do you mean?"

"What I say. Go on, shove that *into* yourself."

Dr. Harding gasped.

"But you don't understand. I—I——"

"You can give him the other dose *before* you go off, and then you go to sleep for a couple of *hours*. Got me? Or would you rather have this dose and *not* wake up at all?"

Clark had grabbed the old man by the *shoulder* and was pushing the pistol against his stomach.

Harding gave a moan of despair and bared his arm.

"You're not going to shoot me—when I'm unconscious?" he asked in a tragic whisper.

"You won't know if I do," said Clark brutally. "Get on with it."

Dr. Harding chose a spot with care, and pressed down the syringe. He seemed almost out of his mind. And then of a sudden his self-control went. His voice broke, his hands shook and his entire body seemed to writh. His eyelids twitched and he licked his lips nervously. He began pleading in quavering tones:

"Mr. Clark—you must let me have a drink—please let me have a drink. I've done everything for you. I'm an old man. Mr. Clark—just one drink——"

"Like hell, I will," said Clark. "You damned drunken old ruffian!"

He seized the glass from the table, sniffed it, and took the brandy at a gulp, sneering: "That's where that drink is going."

Into the old doctor's strained eyes a curious light flashed. His nervousness disappeared gradually. His shoulders resumed their square set, and his back straightened.

All right, Mr. Clark," he muttered.

But Mr. Clark was swaying in odd fashion. He clutched the table to steady himself.

"You—you——" he began thickly, and tried to raise his pistol.

Doctor Harding's hand went out and grabbed his wrist. The automatic fell with a clatter. Swiftly the old man stooped, seized it, and made for the door.

"Remain as you are, quite quiet," he said, and passed on to the long dark corridor that led to the hall.

The main telephone was there. He took up the receiver and when the operator answered: "Police Headquarters, very urgent, please," he demanded, and presently:

"Police Headquarters? Doctor Harding speaking. Will you please send someone here at once? I have two very undesirable persons in my office." Old Doctor Harding's voice was steady and unperturbed. "If you will listen, please——"

An excited voice at the other end interrupted. "Half a moment. Is one of them a tall, thin fellow, with funny blue eyes and the other a dark-haired, sallow-faced man?"

"That is so."

"One of them shot?"

"Yes."

There was the sound of an excited flurry and then another voice, evidently that of a superior officer, came over the wire.

"For God's sake, doctor, be careful. They're Willis and Engle, crooks; two of the worst. They've pulled a bank job to-night in Harlem and shot a man dead. The whole district's looking for them. They're desperate, doctor, and dangerous."

Doctor Harding smiled.

"Not very dangerous now," he answered. "One of them is asleep in my dispensary, with more morphia in him than I've ever dared to give a man before. The other's in the office wounded, but not so badly as I've made him think he is. By—the—way—" His words were coming more slowly and he raised a hand to his head. "I shall probably be unconscious when your men arrive. They made me drug myself. You'll find me in my study."

They found him there half-an-hour later, asleep in his big arm-chair, the contented smile on his tired face of a man who had done a good job of work.

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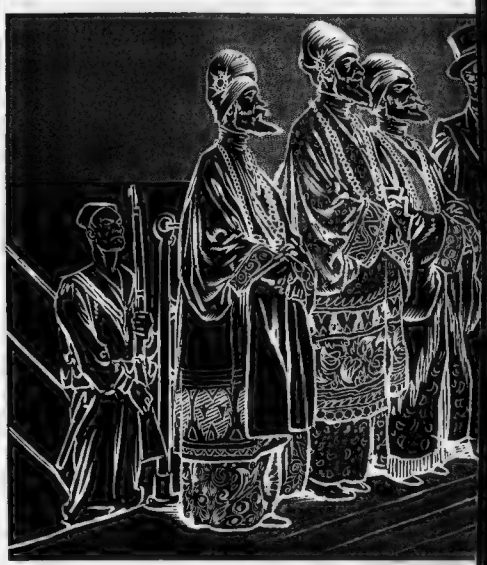
Practical Jokes That M

The Recent Death of Clarkson of London Make-up Put Over Dar the Stolid Dignit

The Weirdest Disguise Ever Designed by Clarkson Was for a Friend Who Came to Him and Asked for a Fancy Dress Ball Costume Which Should Be Absolutely Unique. Clarkson Pondered the Problem and Finally Worked Out an Armchair Design. The Wearer's Legs Were Encased in the "Back Legs" of the Costume Which Were Composed of a Sort of Papier-mache, Giving the Impression of Polished Mahogany. The "Body" of the Costume Represented the Back of the Chair. The Wearer's Head Poked Up Through a Hole in the Center. The Arms Were Encased in the Arms of the Chair Which Supported the Seat. And from Time to Time During the Evening Careless or Bibulous Guests Insisted Upon Sitting Down on the Chair, Much to the Discomfort of Mr. Clarkson's Patron.

Willie Clarkson Wearing His Famous Turban. The Plume in Front Is Very Valuable and Composed of Ospreys' and White Peacocks' Feathers.



It Was the Brilliant Idea of Horace Colmal a Bunch of Friends to Hoax t High in Command in the British Navy. After Many Hours of Careful M Costuming Effect, the Party Started Out as "Royal Abyssinian Prin Bluest Blood with Mr. Cole in a Natty French Costume and Waxed M Their Interpreter. The "Royal Abyssinians" Then Journeyed Down to Vi at Weymouth, Where the Commander-in-Chief of the Navy Yard Met The Staff and Showed them the Highest Honors.

© 1[illegible] by Associated Newspapers [illegible]

LONDON, September 9.

WILLIE CLARKSON, known as "Clarky," who died recently, was one of the most interesting personages in the theatrical life of London. He was a theatrical costumer, a wig-maker, and had an extraordinary genius for masquerade make-up. In his world-famous shop in Wardour Street, in the heart of London's theatreland, Clarkson got a huge satisfaction in laboring over his customers with his magic touch until they were transformed so that a man could not recognize his own wife and a wife would not dream that she was being spoken to by her own husband.

And thus it came about that practical jokers, who were about to perpetrate some astonishing hoax, took Clarkson into their confidence and partnership and enlisted his incomparable skill in dressing up some of the characters who were to masquerade as personages that would befool the victims of the joke.

In the costumer's shop there were 50,000 military uniforms in the wardrobes, from the William the Conqueror era onwards, and in an adjoining warehouse there was every type of weapon to go with them. And "Clarky" could supply the correct costume and correct sword, scimitar, dagger or pistol for king, prince or brigand of any tribe or savage nation on earth. Clarkson helped many detectives to confuse their quarry and bring dangerous criminals within the grasp of the law.

"Clarky" was the one man in the whole of London who used to say he was dead certain he had come face to face with "Jack the Ripper" years ago when the terrible and ghastly series of mystery murders in Whitechapel, London, was convulsing the whole city and terrifying women out of their wits.

A Clarkson wig was found near one of the victims, and later when Clarkson tried to "think back" on some of the many customers he had served with wigs over the counter, a cold shudder went over him as his mind kept recurring to one particular man's face. It was an ordinary enough face, but there was something terrible, sinister and indescribable about the memory of his mysterious visitor which made Clarkson feel sure he had seen and served the murderer.

"Jack the Ripper" was not the only murderer Clarkson unconsciously disguised, for people from every walk of life came to him for disguises, from schoolboy amateur actors to Sunday school teachers.

Doctor Crippen and Ronald True both bought theatrical disguises at his shop. Crippen long ago paid the penalty for wife-killing. Ronald True, who committed a brutal murder, is still alive, but detained at Broadmoor, the famous British Insane Hospital, where so many of His Majesty's subjects end their days when they have been found "Guilty but Insane."

The weirdest disguise Willie Clarkson ever concorted was for a man who was going to a fancy dress ball at Covent Garden, London. He was dressed up as an armchair and his costume was the success of the evening. He won a prize with it but afterwards he was relieved to get home and discard his amazing trappings in the small hours of the morning, for he had had a strenuous night. All his friends had been trying to sit on him and as some of their disguises were equally cumbersome though not so original one can well imagine the Armchair Gentleman's plight.

The costume was most ingenious. The wearer's legs were encased in the "back legs" of the costume. These were composed of a sort of papier-mache giving the impression of polished mahogany. The back and front of the costume were made to represent the back of the armchair—that part where you lean back when you want forty winks. The wearer's head poked through a convenient porthole in the centre. His arms were encased in the chair's "arms" and in addition there were emergency holes so that he need not go about the entire evening with his arms outstretched in an imploring attitude.

The front "legs," of course, were empty of limbs since their wearer was a mere biped, and the seat of the chair stood out a yard ahead of the gentleman in a most inviting manner.

The disguise must have been quite realistic for in the small hours, when the fun grew fast and furious, a young man in Mephistophelian garb and his girl friend scantily arrayed as an Indian Nautch dancer grabbed hold of the "armchair" and tried to drag him to a cozy nook, protesting that the organizers of the ball had not provided enough seating accommodation for petting-parties.

Willie Clarkson helped to perpetrate one or two of the biggest hoaxes of the century, and it is doubtful whether that King of Practical Jokers, Mr. Horace de Vere Cole and his accomplices would have been able to carry them out if they had not first enlisted Mr. Clarkson's assistance. Mr. Cole belongs to quite a good "country gentlemen" family and is of independent means, which have enabled him to indulge in his practical jokes. He follows no profession, but has had a university education. His independent means have given him a carefree outlook on life, and he has never lost the playful undergraduate college spirit that excels in and relishes perpetrating practical jokes on friends and strangers alike.

One day Mr. Cole called on Willie Clarkson and after a long and serious discussion regarding Oriental make-up and costume, chose the disguise of an African potentate for himself and that of a Negro attendant for a friend who accompanied him. They disappeared, leaving instructions that they wanted their disguises for the next day.

Punctually Mr. Cole and his friend turned up the following morning. In Mr. Clarkson's holy of holies, a little mirrored dressing-room behind the shop, the transformation took place under "Clarky's" magic fingers. From two soberly clad and correct looking men-about-town they were changed into exotic personalities of fierce mien and barbaric splendor.

Mr. Cole became a dark-skinned gentleman of truly imperial bearing with a flowing, silky black beard. His eyes, skilfully made-up to challenge the most glaring daylight, were turned into the fiery smouldering eyes of an Ethiopian under an imposing turban that glittered with barbaric jewelry.

He then donned a superb flowing satin tunic of regal hue which was tastefully finished at the waist with fine daggers at the side and a jewelled scimitar which would have done credit to Ali Baba's wildest visions of wealth. They did a bit of rehearsing there and then, Cole strutting about, frowning and then bowing, and smiling, and his "Negro" attendant padding along behind him and occasionally stopping to salaam with the deepest respect. Afterwards, they thanked Mr. Clarkson, and went off in a cab.

Now early that morning the Mayor of Cambridge had received a cable from the Sultan of Zanzibar's secretary advising him that the Sultan and his Negro servant would be paying a visit to his wonderful city of learning and culture. Sultans of famous native states don't often descend unexpectedly even on such distinguished towns as Cambridge. The Mayor and his corporation got all in a dither at being given such short notice. How did you receive a Sultan? What did you say, and what sort of reception or feast would be expected? Did one introduce the Sultan to the important college dignitaries, or did one introduce them to the Sultan?

"Oh for a book on Zanzibar etiquette!" groaned the Mayor and he sent out a frantic S. O. S. to his aldermen. Loyally they rallied to his call and there was a hurried conference to decide on how the Zanzibar ruler should be received and entertained.

Cambridge had never before seen such a hustle as the Mayor and his men put through so that Cambridge should be ready to give the Sultan a good impression.

A hurried programme was drawn up, and then, wearing his best bib and tucker the Mayor headed an official deputation to meet the Sultan at the railway station.

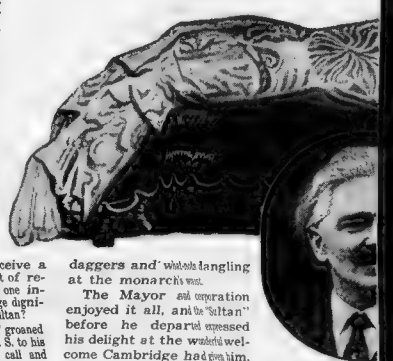
The potentate—no other than Mr. Cole, of course—arrived and greeted the deputation in a stately manner, while his black minion followed obsequiously in his wake. The "Sultan" only spoke broken English so that the civic crowd who met him was relieved to find he had brought an English "interpreter" with him.

They were entertained at a sumptuous lunch, shown round the town, and taken over the colleges. The "Sultan" expressed keen interest and appreciation of cultural life and the arts and sciences of England's university city. His remarks, when translated, were full of wisdom. They were once or twice extremely witty and to the point, sparkling as brilliantly as the resplendent jewels he wore.

"All real, you know," a group of students were remarking to one another. "These fuzzies put it all on, and snap their fingers at kidnapers."

"I'd be sorry for the kidnaper who tried to make off with that guy!" said one student, or words to that effect, noting the fearsome array of daggers and [illegible] dangling at the monarch's [illegible].

The Mayor and corporation enjoyed it all, and the "Sultan" before he departed expressed his delight at the wonderful welcome Cambridge had given him.



Mr. Horace de Probably the W est Living Prac

Soon afterwards Cambridge discovered how it had been hoaxed. All England laughed, though nobody has ever been able to record what the real Sultan of Zanzibar, who actually was on a visit to England, said when he heard of the masquerade.

For a while Mr. Horace de Vere Cole and his bunch of friends lay low and did nothing spectacular. They only paid a visit to Mr. Clarkson about five years later.

This time the hoax was even more daring. De Vere Cole and his friends did not take "Clarky" into their confidence entirely on that occasion, for the scheme was on such a bold scale that they feared even his love of good sport and an artistic joke would hesitate before he became a party to anything so audacious as they had planned, for this time they meant to play a prank on the British Navy itself.

There was a beautiful girl in the party too. There was a great mystery as to her identity at the time. Lately it was revealed that the fair lady who took part in the Great Naval Hoax was Virginia Woolf, now a famous English authoress.

Though a little more cautious than on the previous occasion Mr. Cole explained a bit of what he and his three men friends wanted in the way of disguises. The three men were transformed into Royal Abyssinian princes of the bluest blood and Mr. Cole into a natty French interpreter, with stop hat, triumphant moustache and a sleek, diplomatic manner.

lade The World Laugh

Reveals How His Genius for Costume and ing Hoaxes That Upset y of His Victims

One of Clarkson's Elaborate Costumes Showing Mrs. Wooley Hart, the Fashionable London Hostess, at a Fancy Dress Ball Representing "Cleopatra."

Everybody in England Knew the Lovely Face and Perfect Figure of Lily Langtry and Somebody Made a Bet with Her That It Would Be Impossible for Her to Disguise Herself So That Friends Would Not Quickly Recognize Her. But Clarkson, After Spending Several Hours Overcoming the Beauty of Her Features and Complexion and Dressing Her in the Ragged Costume of a Street Beggar, Fixed Her Up So That She Sold Flowers Out in Front of Her Theatre and Passed the Scrutiny of Those Who Knew Her Well Without Discovery.

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The Famous Beauty, Lily Langtry, Whose Face and Figure Were Known All Over London, but Clarkson Worked Out a Disguise So That Her Intimate Friends Were Unable to Recognize Her.

Vere Cole,
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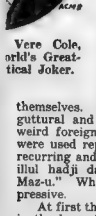


For a week, the jolly, irresponsible gang rehearsed, and tried on various costumes. Mr. Clarkson experimented on them with different make-ups until they expressed themselves satisfied. The party held several voice rehearsals between themselves. Their tones became more and more guttural and they seemed to be speaking some weird foreign language wherein certain syllables were used repeatedly. One or two sentences kept recurring and they sounded suspiciously like "Das illul hadji dam!" and "Hulla-balloo das Kal-a-Maz-u." Whatever they spoke it was most impressive.

At first the men would not let the girl take part in the hoax for there was an element of danger in the masquerade if they were discovered too soon, but she pleaded so hard finally their objections were overridden and she too was transformed into an Abyssinian prince, and a very handsome youth she made too.

When the party was all set they went by automobile to Paddington Station. As they alighted on the platform, they created a sensation, and made comments in the "Abyssinian" language on sightseers, strange "British" customs, the railway porters and various other things over which they seemed tickled to death. The interpreter took on an harassed, important air, and soon he had railway officials and train employes running round in circles to ensure the Royal Abyssinians' comfort on their journey down to Weymouth to inspect the British Navy.

The Commander-in-Chief at Portland, which is the naval base near Weymouth, had been prepared. He was "ready aye ready, Sir" to receive the famous potentates and show them Britain's pride. He never doubted for one moment that his visitors were genuine scions of Abyssinia's Royal House, for the same morning he had received an urgent cable signed "Hardinge," advising him of their visit. "Hardinge" was the name of the British statesman who was permanent Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

The Abyssinians' stately progress was attended by a gaping, awe-stricken crowd. They were greeted by the naval authorities with the dignity and respect accorded to those of Royal rank, and were taken out to sea by special tender to inspect Britain's latest and mightiest battleship.

Their ejaculations of wonder and admiration must have done good to the stout hearts of British Empire subjects standing at attention as the Royal princes inspected every nook and cranny of the giant dreadnought. They asked bright questions in a mixture of French and their native tongues which the suave interpreter translated with much gesticulation to officer and Jack Tar. They cried: "Das illul hadji dam!" in chorus and departed in state.

The greatest hoax of the century had succeeded without a hitch. Of course later on the prank was discovered and the authorities were gravely concerned though privately they must have laughed up their sleeves. Still this was very serious, don't you know. The British Navy, master of the seven seas, hoaxed by practical jokers and a mere schoolgirl.

For a whole week after the shattering discovery had been made, the public was laughing over the affair, and finally questions were asked in the House of Commons regarding the Great Naval Hoax.

The hoax in which Lily Langtry figures was not so elaborate, but convulsed society at the time.

Mrs. Langtry, "the Jersey Lily" as she was called, was one of those beauties who were always recognized, whatever they did to disguise their identity. Her beauty and complexion was so dazzling that people used to stand on chairs at "Church Parade" in Hyde Park to catch a glimpse of her as she drove past. She appeared on the stage in various parts, but whether she played barmaid or lady of leisure the audience came to see the "Beautiful Mrs. Langtry," and no one else.

She came to Willie Clarkson one day in great excitement asking to be made-up as a weather-beaten untidy flower-girl. She had a bet for quite a tidy sum with one of her many admirers. He had challenged her to disguise herself and speak with several of their mutual friends for a whole day without being recognized.

The disguise was perfect. After Clarkson had finished with her she was the blowsy, good-natured London flower girl to the life. Her skin was mottled and weather-beaten, her lovely teeth scarred and stained; there were typical lines round her mouth from raucously plying her trade.

She chose a stand in the fashionable West End. It was a real lion's jaw in the heart of clubland and the theatres, and she sold flower nosegays to twenty-five of her friends and acquaintances without being recognized once.

Some years ago a group of burly laborers appeared in Piccadilly with stakes and pick-axes, and little red flags. With many cockneyisms and appeals to "'old on a jiff, mate" they proceeded to rope off a portion of the road and dig it up. They were real, hard-bitten sons of toil with well-worn clay encrusted clothes and calloused hands. In between their cheery banter of the "Hi, Bill," "Hey, George" variety, they collected the usual admiring London crowd which can't see a road being torn up without stopping to stare at it. They ordered their pints of beer and steaks when it was time to knock off for lunch, and then picking up their tools walked away leaving Piccadilly in a mess.

The local authorities got good and mad over this achievement, which was only another hoax by Mr. Horace de Vere Cole and his gang—with wigs, costumes and make-up, by the inimitable Willie Clarkson, of course.

Some of Mr. Clarkson's funniest hoaxes were often the spontaneous unpremeditated ones occasioned by his liveliness and quickness of thought.

One day he had ordered a taxi to drive him to Drury Lane Theatre and he ran out of his shop in Wardour Street, hopped into the cab and said:

"Drury Lane, quick!"

Almost in the same breath he remembered some instructions he had forgotten to give and quick as lightning he jumped out of the taxi again and rushed back into the shop.

The driver never saw him hop out again so nimbly, and he slammed the door and drove his empty taxi full speed to Drury Lane.

"There y'are Guvnor—no traffic jams this time," he said, opening the taxi door for his fare to alight. Then puzzled, he looked inside the taxi and saw it was empty.

"Blimey!" he exclaimed, scratching his head and wondering if Mr. Clarkson was playing a prank on him and might suddenly pop out of the taxi roof or from under the seat.

But the tables were turned on Willie Clarkson this time, and he had to pay for his unconscious hoax, for the taxi-driver drove back to the shop to demand double fare, and he got caught in a traffic jam coming back!

Once "Clarky" made a wig for Sir Herbert Tree, who was playing Brutus in "Julius Caesar." Tree was a bit worried because his hair was going thin on top, and on a friend's advice, he called in a hair specialist, who came to see him in his dressing room.

Tree was already in costume and ready to go on. A mischievous impulse came over the great actor. He nodded to the hair prophet and looked very concerned as much as to say, "What about it, son? Shall I go bald?"

The specialist ran his fingers slickly through Sir Herbert Tree's hair and cried out: "Why there's nothing to worry about, Sir! You have a marvelous head of hair." And then Tree explained to the expert he had been hoaxed and that he was wearing one of Willie Clarkson's world-famous, detection-defying wigs.

Clarkson and his partner in gigantic hoaxes greatly admired the famous American practical joker Brian G. Hughes and laughed loud and often at the latter's pranks. Clarkson often recalled the American joker's exploit one mild December afternoon when the fashionable throng of Christmas shoppers crowded Fifth Avenue. An amiable gentleman with a merry smile strolled up to the corner and leaned against the lamp-post in front of Tiffany's great jewelry establishment.

A few moments later a monogrammed private carriage, drawn by two handsome horses in silver-embossed harnesses, drew up to the curb. On the box sat a colored coachman in conspicuous and resplendent livery, while a colored footman in similar uniform sat beside him.

As the carriage stopped the footman descended from the box, opened the carriage door and a woman, who might have been a dowager Astor or Vanderbilt, handed a tray to the footman. Turning from the carriage and facing the door of Tiffany's the footman held the tray in front of him with one hand and raising the other to attract attention said in a loud voice these five words:

"Pardon me, ladies and gentlemen."

The Christmas throng stood still and every eye took in the situation at a glance. Some millionaire resident was bringing a fortune in family jewels to the famous jewelers.

And in another moment, with a pitiful cry, the footman stumbled, fell and hundreds of sparkling gems of every color dropped from the tray and rolled about on the sidewalk.

Instantly the varying human impulses of that throng made themselves manifest. Some drew back, others rushed forward to grab what they could, while a few stood riveted with shocked surprise and one or two cried "Police."

And the amiable man leaning against the lamp-post shook his sides with merriment—he was Brian G. Hughes.

Some time before the Cat Show in 1895 Mr. Hughes had rescued an alley cat in Chatham Square. As the result of an injury to its spine the cat held its head in a fixed attitude of aristocratic hauteur; this attitude gave Hughes all that he needed. He entered the cat in the cat show as Nicodemus, a Dublin brindle, wrote a long pedigree for it, had a gilded cage specially constructed and shipped the cage, with the alley cat buried deep in hothouse flowers, to the cat show.

Each day of the show liveried footmen arrived with milk and breast of chicken for Nicodemus. On the cage was a sign reading: "Nicodemus, Dublin Brindle. Valde $2,000. Not for sale. Brian G. Hughes, America."

All the preparation had its effect. The blue ribbon was awarded to Nicodemus. The judges wanted to know where Nicodemus should be shipped.

"Turn him loose," advised Mr. Hughes. "He's an alley cat and knows how to take care of himself."

One of his jokes was played in a well-known New York restaurant. When the soup came on he dropped an old set of artificial teeth into it and then called the waiter.

"Here, waiter," he said, "do these go with the soup, or do you charge extra for 'em? Call the manager."

Up came the manager and there Hughes sat with the teeth held in the air.

"What do you call this?" asked Hughes. "This is a pretty thing to find in soup at a first class restaurant.

"For Heaven's sake, don't hold 'em up," the

(Continued on Page 24.)

The Girl Men Talked About

by Maysie Greig

A Little Chorus Girl Dreamed of Romance and Made Her Dreams Come True

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

OFELIA WAYNE leaves the home of a Chicago recluse to become a great success as a dancer in a Viennese cabaret. There she meets and is introduced to Prince Eric, cousin of Prince Regent Edward of England. Eric, a handsome, carefree young man, is in Vienna incognito during the reign of Boris, hunting outlaw. He finds Otelia there when he learns from her that the King will Count Bruno Brizi [illegible] Otelia [illegible] Prince Eric [illegible] Otelia [illegible] Prince Eric [illegible] Otelia [illegible] Prince Eric

THE SINGING LADY

Asks Your Co-operation

I AM SURE that every one who loves children will be interested in this unusual offer.

You see, the Singing Lady has been telling stories over the radio to children five days a week for the past five years. You can easily understand why I am eager and anxious to get new ideas for new story material. And I am sure that there are many wonderful stories that you tell your children, or have read, or know about that will bring joy and pleasure to little folks who listen to the Singing Lady. Won't you send those ideas to me?

My sponsor, the Kellogg Company, has very generously offered $9000 in cash prizes for the best letters that are sent in to me. Doesn't that make you want to get busy at once? And don't forget that your letter may not only win a large cash prize—but it will help make millions of children happier!

Please write me a letter telling the kind of stories you think children like best. Or give a brief suggestion for new story ideas—the kind your children—or children you know—enjoy most. It isn't necessary to write a complete story—just send in ideas—plots of stories—or even a letter containing suggestions for Singing Lady programs.

Your interest and help will be very sincerely appreciated.

Irene Wicker

THE SINGING LADY

NO TOPS TO SEND—NO LABELS—NO BOTHER!

$10,000 IN CASH PRIZES

The Kellogg Company is very happy to co-operate with the Singing Lady in her quest for new ideas by offering $10,000 in cash prizes.

Few radio programs have ever appealed to a larger and more loyal audience. The Singing Lady has been voted the best children's radio entertainment for the past two years in a poll of radio editors conducted by the *New York World-Telegram*. And this year the Singing Lady received the *Radio Stars' Award* for distinguished service to radio. In addition to this recognition, more than two million fan letters have been received, many from grateful mothers.

The Kellogg Company believes with the Singing Lady that the mothers and those who love children can help materially in making these programs even more interesting and enjoyable to little folks.

Three kinds of letters can win prizes:

1. A letter with ideas for new stories.
2. A letter telling what kind of stories children like best.
3. A letter giving constructive suggestions and ideas for the Singing Lady's program.

Make your letter any of these three types. And as there are 1033 cash prizes, there is a fine chance for you to win one of them.

You can hear the Singing Lady over the N. B. C. Basic Blue Network—also in Toronto and Montreal. See your newspaper for time and station. Also, you will find some of the Singing Lady stories in condensed version printed on the backs of Rice Krispies packages. These are very helpful in writing your letter.

Notice as you read and listen to the Singing Lady stories—the simplicity of language and plot—the important part the rhyme plays in each story—the pleasant ending—the freedom from exciting or frightening incidents—the absence of slang.

Let your children enjoy the stories on the packages. They are an *extra value* when you buy Kellogg's Rice Krispies—the popular cereal that snaps, crackles and pops in milk or cream. Everybody likes the crisp, crunchy bubbles of rice. Enjoy them as you write your letter. Your grocer sells Rice Krispies with the stories on the package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

HERE ARE THE PRIZES

$1000 for best letter	$1,000
600 for second best letter . . .	600
400 for third best letter	400
100 for next ten best letters . .	1,000
50 for next twenty best letters .	1,000
5 for next 1000 best letters . .	5,000
Plus $1000 in prizes for grocers . . .	1,000
Total	$10,000

HERE ARE THE RULES

1. Any one can submit a letter excepting employees, and members of employees' families, of the Kellogg Company and their advertising agents.
2. Put the name of your grocer or the store manager on your letter. If you win one of the big prizes, he will win one.
3. Prizes will be awarded for the letters that are the most helpful to the Singing Lady. Any one of three types can win: (1) a letter with ideas for new stories; (2) a letter telling what kind of stories children like best; (3) a letter giving constructive suggestions and ideas for the Singing Lady programs.
4. All suggestions submitted become the property of the Kellogg Company.
5. Contest closes October 26, 1935. Letters bearing a postmark later than this date will not be accepted for consideration.
6. Send your letter to the Singing Lady, Kellogg Company, Box 1, Battle Creek, Michigan.

$1000 IN PRIZES FOR GROCERS

In recognition of the co-operation of grocers in displaying Rice Krispies and explaining this offer, we will give the following prizes to the grocers whose customers win prizes:

First prize . . .	$300	Next ten—$25 each . .	$250
Second prize . .	200	Next twenty—$10 each .	200
Third prize . .	50	Total	$1000

The Girl Men Talked About

by Maysie Greig

(Continued from Page 16)

little comedy as much as I intended you should."

Otelia glanced up to see Boris standing over her.

"Enjoy it?" she echoed after him bitterly.

He shrugged. "Why not? It was a most heroic scene. I thought his final gesture in refusing the bandage over his eyes most noble. A lover to be proud of, my dear."

The obvious sarcasm in his voice infuriated Otelia. All her grief turned momentarily into mad rage against him. She sprang to her feet and faced him, her breasts heaving so that they fluttered the silver lace that veiled them, her color coming and going, white, then red.

"You!" she cried, beside herself with fury. "You, who are not even worthy to mention his name ...you murderer!"

A fierce red suffused Boris' countenance. He set his gleaming white teeth in a straight line. "Because I shot your lover?" he demanded tersely.

"Yes...and more than that!" Otelia cried in her rage. "There is another crime to your name."

"What do you mean?" he demanded hoarsely.

"I mean the assassination of your uncle, the King," Otelia shot back at him.

There was a tense silence. Boris' face had gone deathly white, his dark smouldering eyes stared out of it, as though they were on fire.

"You are mad," he said shortly, but there was a distinct quiver in his voice.

"Mad? Am I?" she answered. "No, it is you who are mad, Boris. Mad with the lust for power. That day in the hunting lodge I could see that you were waiting for some news, that the information of the death of your uncle came as no shock to you... I can see by your eyes now that you are guilty."

"Stop!" Boris had seized her by the wrists. "Stop!" he cried. "How dare you say this to me? Don't you know that I have but to raise my little finger and you will suffer the same fate as your lover?"

But at that Otelia only threw back her head and burst into wild hysterical laughter. "Have me shot, if you like. What do I care now that Robin is gone? I should be only too glad to follow him. But be sure that as I die I shall shout to the world: 'Boris is a murderer. He murdered your King...'"

"Be quiet, you idiot." Boris had seized her by the shoulders and was shaking her roughly. "Be quiet, I tell you. What you say is insanity. No one would believe you..."

"Wouldn't they?" she flung back at him, her amber eyes blazing fearlessly up into his. "Wouldn't they? They would be only too glad to believe me—these subjects over whom you tyrannize. They hate you so."

The last vestige of Boris' self-control had gone. He was like an infuriated beast. "You dare to talk to me like this, you—little devil," he shot out at her in his fury. "Hate me, do they? Well, they shall have reason to hate me as time goes on, and you shall have reason to hate me too! No, I shall not kill you. My revenge will be far more subtle. I shall chain you in a cell. Night and day you shall lie there, a living death. Your beauty will fade, your soft skin will wither, that lovely hair will lose its lustre and become drab, colorless. You shall never see the light by day, nor the stars by night... and I shall come down and gloat over your sufferings!"

But Otelia only smiled wanly. "Do you think that anything you can do can hurt me now?"

"We shall see!" he thundered. "We shall see. Before many weeks are past you will be cringing on your knees to me for mercy."

"Mercy," she laughed wildly. "I would rather die ten thousand deaths than beg mercy from you!"

They stared for a long moment into each other's eyes. Otelia was glorious in her rage. Her color blazed, her little body was tense and quivering. Where her dress had ripped, her shoulders gleamed mother-of-pearl.

Boris knew that he had never seen her more beautiful than she was in that moment, and, as he looked down at her, his old, almost insane desire for this girl was rekindled in his soul. Despite all she had done to defy him, despite the insults she had hurled at him, he knew he still wanted her.

It was a strange, insatiable passion she aroused in him. Even he could not understand it. He would risk his future, even his crown, if only she would love him.

But the insane chaos of his

With Fascinated, Fearful Eyes Otelia Gazed Down to Where Robin Stood Against the Wall Opposite the Firing Squad.

thought was suddenly interrupted by great shouting at the outer door. The next moment one of the palace guards had burst into the room. "The whole town has risen in revolt, Your Majesty," he shouted to Boris. "They are storming the palace gates. Rebel troops are pouring down from the North..."

Boris smothered an oath. "Is this true?" he demanded.

Josef had followed close upon the heels of the guard.

"Yes, it is true, Master," he cried. "Listen to them..."

From below came the steadily increasing rumble of voices, raised in angry shouting.

"The guards!" Boris cried. "Tell the guards to smother them down without mercy."

"Most of the guard have joined the rebels," Josef told him.

"I shall go myself and tell that my order is carried out!" Boris cried. "But," and here he paced to where Otelia was lying crushed on the divan, "I see there is trouble take their up to my mountain stronghold at once. See that she is garded, that she doesn't escape. Whatever happens, I shall join you both there tonight."

CHAPTER XXX.

Reprieve.

OTELIA had heard the first shot fired. She had seen Robin fall. But she hadn't heard the last words the priest muttered to him as he presumably gave him a last solemn blessing.

"When they fire fall down as though you are shot," the priest whispered. "The guns are loaded with blank cartridges. The men are all for you...but this fake must be gone through with, for the benefit of the King, who watches from a window."

At the priest's words Robin felt an extraordinary sensation creeping over him. Hitherto he had been quite calm, his will power forcing him to make a brave show at the end; but now that there seemed some hope he felt his nerves shattered. Could he trust the words of the priest? Was it true that he still had some hope of life...of Otelia?

As one in a dream he watched the commander give the order to fire. He heard the shots, and fell as the priest had told him, but he knew that the cartridges had been blank. As he lay there, stretched on the ground, it seemed extraordinary that he wasn't dead. What was the meaning of this reprieve?

He lay perfectly still as they carried him away out of sight of the royal palace, back into the prison. He scarcely moved or spoke until he was alone in a room with the friendly priest.

"It all went off splendidly," the holy father whispered. "It was the best plan we could think of to save you. Now King Boris will believe you dead. Your escape from Lavonia will be simple. Here I have the costume of a begging monk. In this way you can pass through the city streets with safety."

Robin gripped the priest's hands. His eyes shone with gratitude, his voice was hoarse with emotion.

"How can I ever thank you, Father? I'm sure it is to you I owe my life."

The man shook his head. "Not me, my son. Alone I wouldn't have had the power. It was another, one whom we all believed dead, but who lives...It was he who arranged that the firing squad should use blank cartridges when they shot you."

"You mean Prince Eric?" Robin said. "Otelia told me about him."

The priest placed a hand to his lips. "Hush!" he whispered. "Don't speak his name aloud, not yet. The time has not come. But it will come, and when it does all loyal citizens of Lavonia will be ready!" His voice was tense with suppressed feeling. He paused a moment, then continued: "But you must put on this costume and go. It is dangerous to linger."

Some minutes later Robin had left the prison after he had received the kindly priest's blessing. The voluminous robes of the friar were an excellent disguise. The hood covered his head and cast his face in shadow. It is doubtful whether Boris himself would have recognized him.

Robin drew the good fresh air deep into his lungs as he passed out of the grim prison gates. A wonderful, a glorious thing to be alive...to be free...to be going to Otelia.

What would she think when she saw him? He must hurry to put her out of her misery. He was sure that he would find her safely with his father at the Grand Hotel.

At the hotel he was shown straight up to his father's suite. The old man had not slept, nor had he taken off his clothes that night. He had paced the floor ceaselessly, his mind in torment.

His only son was to be put to death in the morning and he could not raise a hand to save him! Oh, if only he had been allowed to take his son's place and die in his stead! But Robin had come back last night.

Fearfully he had watched the dawn break in the East. Never had he hated so to watch the sun splash reds and oranges on the graying sky. Dawn meant the end. And now, believing it all over, he had sunk on the couch, half dead with despair.

"Someone to see you, sir," the lift-boy announced.

The old man raised his head listlessly. It didn't matter to him who it was. Nothing mattered any more. But he was surprised to see that his visitor was a monk. Perhaps, he reflected, the man might be bringing him some last message Robin had sent.

He rose wearily to his feet. "What do you want with me?"

But at that Robin threw back his hood and stretched out his arms to the old man. For a long moment his father stared at him with wide, incredulous eyes. The next moment, with a hoarse, gasping cry, father and son were

(Continued on Page 20)

Losing Your Hair?

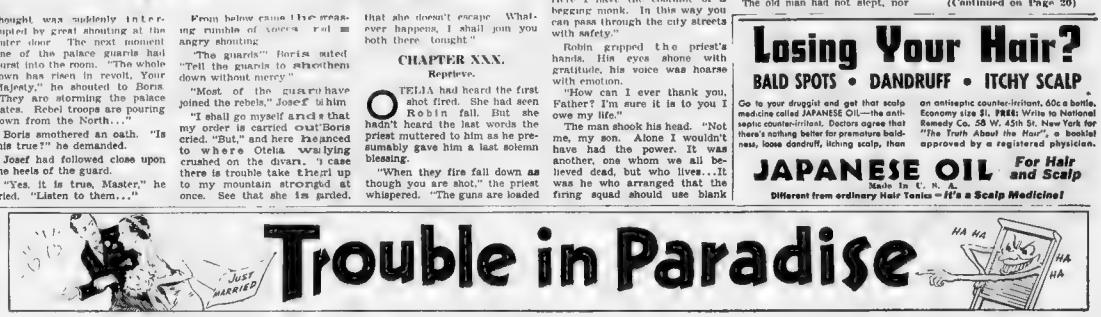
BALD SPOTS • DANDRUFF • ITCHY SCALP

Go to your druggist and get that scalp medicine called JAPANESE OIL—the antiseptic counter-irritant. Doctors agree that there's nothing better for premature baldness, loose dandruff, itching scalp, than an antiseptic counter-irritant, 60c a bottle. Economy size $1. FREE: Write to National Remedy Co., 58 W. 45th St., New York for "The Truth About the Hair", a booklet approved by a registered physician.

JAPANESE OIL For Hair and Scalp

Made in U. S. A.

Different from ordinary Hair Tonics — it's a Scalp Medicine!


Trouble in Paradise
JUST MARRIED
HA HA
HA HA
POOR LITTLE PEGGY—SHE'S ALL FAGGED OUT FROM SCRUBBING ALREADY!
HO! HO! AND SHE THOUGHT MARRIED LIFE WAS A CINCH!
HAT NIGHT
BUT DEAR—YOU CERTAINLY DON'T NEED TO SCRUB SO HARD YOU GET A BACKACHE LIKE THAT.
JOHN, YOU SIMPLY DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT IT IS TO DO A BIG WASH.
LINIMENT
ONE WEEK LATER
OH AUNTIE, I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE HERE. I QUARRELED WITH JOHN ABOUT—
YOU POOR DEAR!
WHAT! YOU'RE STILL SCRUBBING CLOTHES IN THIS NEW DAY OF "NO-SCRUB" SOAPS
BUT THOSE "NO-SCRUB" GRANULATED SOAPS ARE SO HARSH. THEY FADE—
BUT HAVEN'T YOU HEARD... THERE'S A NEW SAFE ONE NOW—OXYDOL—MADE BY THE IVORY PEOPLE. IT'S SO MILD—YET IT SOAKS OUT DIRT IN 15 MINUTES WITHOUT SCRUBBING OR BOILING AT ALL.
...AND YOU SAY IT GETS CLOTHES WHITER BY SOAKING THAN OTHER SOAPS DO WITH SCRUBBING AND BOILING?
ABSOLUTELY! MY WIFE SAYS IT'S ALMOST A MIRACLE HOW SUCH A MILD SOAP CAN SOAK CLOTHES WHITE SO FAST.
NEW SAFE "NO-SCRUB" SOAP OXYDOL
OXYDOL
LATER
I CAN SCARCELY BELIEVE IT—JUST 15 MINUTES' SOAKING AND THESE SHEETS ARE WHITER THAN EVER!
AND SEE HERE—THIS SHOWS HOW CLOTHES LAST TWICE AS LONG WHEN YOU USE OXYDOL AND DON'T SCRUB THEM TO PIECES.
TESTS SHOW HOW OXYDOL GETS CLOTHES CLEAN WITHOUT USUAL "HARSH" EFFECT
1 Photomicrograph of brand-new sheet washed 84 times with ordinary soap. Note fraying in weave due to scrubbing, boiling, and "harsh" action.
2 Photomicrograph of brand-new sheet washed 84 times the scrub less way in Oxydol. Note that weave is not frayed one bit.
Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute
THAT NIGHT
DIDN'T I TELL YOU I MARRIED THE SMARTEST GIRL IN THE WORLD!
YOU BET YOU DID!
NONSENSE! I'D BE TIRED AS A DOG TONIGHT IF IT WEREN'T FOR THAT GRAND NEW LAUNDRY SOAP AUNT ADA SHOWED ME. OXYDOL CERTAINLY DOES WORK MIRACLES!

YOU'LL NEVER BELIEVE TILL YOU TRY IT!

A Soap That SOAKS OUT Dirt in 15 Minutes—And Yet Is Safe and Mild!

● Unlike other "no-scrub" granulated soaps, OXYDOL works on an utterly new principle. It is the result of a patented process which makes mild, gentle soap *much faster acting*—a formula which makes it 2 to 3 times whiter washing.

Just 15 minutes' soaking to the tubful—no scrubbing, no boiling—and white clothes come so white it will amaze you!

Yet OXYDOL is safe and mild. Even sheerest cotton prints, soaked through 100 consecutive washings in OXYDOL suds, show no perceptible sign of fading. By comparison, it makes old-type "no-scrub" soaps seem harsh, hard on colors, unfit for hands.

With OXYDOL you get thick, 3-inch suds instantly—even in hardest water. Suds that go to work on grease, dirt, stains, 2 to 3 times faster than less modern soaps. White clothes come 4 to 5 shades whiter, by actual Tintometer tests. And colored things stay brilliant, fresh, like new.

No wonder women by thousands are quitting bars, flakes, chips, and old-type "no-scrub" soaps for this remarkable new invention.

OXYDOL is economical, too. One package often does *twice* the work—gives *twice* the suds—lasts *twice as* long as old-fashioned bars, flakes, or chips. Get OXYDOL from your dealer today.

Accept FREE Trial

Send your name and address to Procter & Gamble, Dept. K, Box 668, Cincinnati, Ohio, and we'll see you get a regular size package absolutely free. Or to avoid delay—get OXYDOL today from your own dealer.

NO MORE MONDAY BACKACHES

. . . Less Work, Whiter Washes!

"I'd always heard jokes about 'Blue Monday' but it was no joke when I started in to do my own washings! Those long, hot washdays just seemed to take all the pep out of me. But that was before I discovered OXYDOL. What a difference it made! Now my washings are done in so much less time, and those Monday backaches are a thing of the past.

"My clothes come out whiter than ever, too. And the best part of it is, OXYDOL really is mild. It soaks out the dirt, but leaves the colors like new! I've washed my best cotton print dresses again and again without a hint of fading."

Mrs. L. M. Knight, St. Joseph, Mo.

TESTED AND APPROVED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE

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Betty Crocker WILL GIVE $2,500 IN CASH FREE!

FOR WRITING LAST LINES FOR THIS LIMERICK

SIMPLY WRITE A LAST LINE
Use Entry Blank Below

Mary's cakes filled her heart with distress,
Some were good—some were simply a mess.
Then the Softasilk way,
She discovered one day—
.....

GRAND FIRST PRIZE
$1,500 CASH

568 CASH PRIZES IN ALL

2nd PRIZE	$250.00
3rd PRIZE	100.00
5 PRIZES	$10.00 Each
10 PRIZES	5.00 Each
550 PRIZES	1.00 Each

DUPLICATE PRIZES FOR GROCERS

CONTEST CLOSES MIDNIGHT, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1935—ACT NOW—USE ENTRY BLANK BELOW

A Contest For Housewives Who Want Cash Quick!

Purpose of Contest to Acquaint More Women With This New and Amazing Cake Flour—Softasilk—Regarding Which Betty Crocker Says: *"If you try my Softasilk method I will make you a better cake maker, according to the 8 contest-winning points, or I'll refund you DOUBLE the money you paid for Softasilk."*

BY Betty Crocker

DEAR FRIEND: The minute or so it takes to write a last line for this simple Limerick *may bring you $1,500 cash*, or one of 567 other cash prizes.

You see, the reason I'm offering this big cash prize money is to get more women to accept my amazing challenge on Softasilk Cake Flour. Here it is:

If you'll try my Softasilk method, I guarantee to make you a better cake maker on the 8 contest-winning points, or I'll refund you DOUBLE the money you spent for Softasilk Cake Flour.

You can't lose—and the chances are you'll improve your cake baking amazingly!

For my Softasilk method not only overcomes the faults of cake made with ordinary flour—*toughness, coarseness, heaviness*—but also overcomes the faults of less modern cake flours—*loss of moisture, lack of flavor.*

The Softasilk method is scientifically designed to win the 8 usual State and County Fair Contest-Judging Points for cakes. These points are: 1. Appearance; 2 Volume in proportion to ingredients used; 3 Evenly browned crust; 4. Symmetry in shape; 5. Texture; 6. Flavor; 7. Lightness and tenderness; 8 Retention of moisture

So I urge you to act at once! *First*, get a package of Softasilk Cake Flour from your grocer, and enter this amazingly easy contest as explained in the entry blank at the right. *Second*, follow my Softasilk method by making any cake listed on the Softasilk package, with Softasilk and according to the recipe given on the box. Compare it with any other similar cake made with your own recipe and any other brand of cake flour. Then, if you are not 100% convinced my new way is better, simply tear off the top of the Softasilk package, write on the back of it what you paid for Softasilk, together with your name and address, and mail it to me personally at the address below. I will send you exactly *twice the amount you spent for Softasilk.*

Don't delay! Act at once before contest closes!

GOLD MEDAL FOODS, INCORPORATED
(A subsidiary of)
GENERAL MILLS, INC., MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

HOW TO WRITE LAST LINES THAT WIN PRIZES

As the first four lines of the limerick point out, Mary was having trouble making cakes. Some of her cakes were good, but others were bad. Presumably she was using some other cake flour than Softasilk, and although the cake flour had some good points, it could not guarantee her a perfect cake every time.

Then she tried Softasilk. What did she discover? Did her cakes turn out the same as before? Did her husband note any difference? Was she surprised? Make the *last word in your last line rime with the last word in the first two lines.* For example: "Now her cakes are prize winners—no less."

The main point to keep in mind is to try and make the last line keep the sense of the limerick. One good way is to write down all the words you can think of that rime with "distress," such as "impress," or "happiness." And then pick out the one or ones which seem to make sense, and build your last line around them.

You don't have to be a "poet" to win the $1,500 grand first prize. Just write a plain, commonsense last line, and you have just as good an opportunity to win as the greatest poet alive.

Take 5 minutes now—write your last line in the entry blank below—*and don't fail to send it in!*

ALMOST THREW $1,000 AWAY BY THINKING SHE COULDN'T WIN

Mrs. J. F. McKay, Winner of Betty Crocker's Last Limerick Contest

Dear Betty Crocker:
I was the most astonished person in the world when I got my check for $1,000 in your wonderful Limerick Contest. I was just on the point of not sending in my last line at all, because I thought it was so simple it couldn't possibly win. Just think, I almost threw $1,000 away! But I sent it in anyway, and you can imagine how surprised I was when I really did win and got the money. Thanking you again, I am,

Very truly yours,
Mrs. J. F. McKay, 3300 Beechwood Ave., Cleveland Heights, Ohio

ENTRY BLANK

Must Be Postmarked On Or Before Midnight, Monday, September 30, 1935

CONTEST RULES:

1. Write clearly or print the last line for the limerick printed in the entry blank below, together with your name and address.
2. A box-top from a package of Softasilk must be sent with the last line you enter to make it eligible to win. Write on the back of the box-top the name and address of your grocer. You may enter as many last lines as you want to. Get extra entry blanks at your grocer's, or write each last line on one side of a plain sheet of paper. Write a set on each of these pieces of paper your name and full address. *Important:* Each additional last line you enter must be accompanied by a separate box-top from a Softasilk Cake Flour package, with your grocer's name and address on it on the back.
3. The envelope containing your entry must be postmarked on or before midnight, Monday, September 30, 1935. Send immediately to facilitate early judging.
4. Originality, uniqueness and aptness will be considered by the judges in reaching their decision. The judges shall determine the procedure to be followed in making their decision and the decision of the judges or a majority of them on all matters pertaining to the contest shall be final and binding. Judges are: Mrs. Christine Frederick, Household Editor, American Weekly; Mr. Frank W. McDonough, Associate Editor, Better Homes & Gardens; Miss Eleanor Howe, Director, S.M. Home Forum.
5. Prize winners will be notified as soon as possible after the judging is completed. No entries returned. Sponsor reserves the right to use or not to use any last line submitted in this contest, whether it wins a prize or not. In case of more than one entry containing the winning last line, duplicate prizes will be awarded to all persons duly entitled. In order to have properly entered each of as many last lines as the same identical form is to be used.
6. Contest limited to the United States and its possessions. No employees of General Mills, nor members of their families, nor their advertising agencies are eligible to enter.
7. The last line used for an example and quoted in the above limerick is not to be accepted. However, he himself may enter one or more such last lines from those given in the examples and be permitted

MAIL PROMPTLY TO BETTY CROCKER

BETTY CROCKER, Dept. AW-9 15, General Mills, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn.

Mary's cakes filled her heart with distress,
Some were good—some were simply a mess.
Then the Softasilk way,
She discovered one day—

..... (Print the last line which you want to enter, above) .....

I have printed above the last line I want to enter in your Softasilk Cake Flour Limerick Contest. Below is my own name and address. Also, attached is a box-top from a package of Softasilk Cake Flour, on the back of which I have written the name and address of my grocer.

Please check ☐ Are you a new user? ☐ Are you an old user? of Softasilk Cake Flour?

If a new user, what brand did you use before? .....

Name .....

Street or R. F. D. No. .....

City or Town ..... *State* .....

(Important: Be sure your entry blank is completely filled out, is legible, and is mailed so as to be postmarked on or before midnight, Monday, September 30, 1935.)

WHEN YOU BAKE CAKE AT HOME, USE SOFTASILK . . . BUT REMEMBER, THE EASIEST WAY TO GET A DELICIOUS CAKE FOR YOUR FAMILY IS TO ORDER ONE FROM YOUR BAKER DIRECT, OR THROUGH YOUR GROCER. YOUR BAKER, WITH TRULY PROFESSIONAL SKILL, MAGICALLY TRANSFORMS WHEAT, THE "STAFF OF LIFE," INTO TASTY, APPETIZING, WHOLESOME, MEALTIME DELIGHTS

The Girl Men Talked About

by Maysie Greig

(Continued from Page 16)

locked in each other's embrace.

"My boy . . . my boy . . ." the old man whispered brokenly. The tears streaming down his wrinkled cheeks . . .

In a few scattered sentences Robin explained how his life had been saved, and of his escape from the prison.

"I can hardly believe it . . . it seems too wonderful."

But there was only one thing in Robin's head. To find Otelia . . . to feel her in his arms once more . . . to kiss the tears from her eyes, to wipe away the misery and anguish from her face.

"Where is Otelia?" he asked. "Isn't she here with you?"

The old man shook his head. Delia was to look after her. But she was [illegible] . . . he didn't know where.

Robin put a hand to his head. "Not here with you?" he cried. "Oh then, where is she?"

Where was Otelia, his darling, his wife? He had visioned her as being safely here with his father, but since she wasn't . . . it seemed suddenly to take the joy out of everything, this uncertainty of not knowing where Otelia was, what might have happened to her.

"Why didn't you go for her yourself?" he asked. "I don't trust Delia."

"How can you say that," cried the old man, "when Delia has been so splendid through everything . . ."

"Ask her to come down here," urged Robin. "I must question her."

His father rang but none on the telephone. "Come down at once, Delia!" he cried. "Something wonderful has happened. Robin is alive!"

Delia kept them waiting some little time before she finally appeared. The ordeal of waiting was agony for Robin with the uncertainty of Otelia's whereabouts gnawing at his mind.

It was obvious when at last she came into the room that Delia had made a wonderful toilet. Her negligee of scarlet satin was a striking affair, it intensified the rich color of her hair, the gleam in her great dark eyes . . . but Robin scarcely looked at her.

"Oh Robin dear, I'm so glad . . ." she began, stretching out both her hands to him.

"Where is Otelia?" Robin interrupted sharply. "When did you last see her?"

At his words a change came over Delia's countenance. Her eyes flashed furiously. So all he could think of was the little dancing girl he had married. He took no notice of her at all. All her fervent love for Robin turned into blazing hatred. She wanted to strike him, to hurt him as much as she was able.

"I told you, Robin," his father was explaining, "Delia said that when she went down into the Summerhouse to bring her back to the hotel Otelia wasn't . . ."

But here Delia interrupted him with a cruel, malicious laugh.

"Yes, I told you that," she cried. "But if you want to know the truth I never went near the Summerhouse!"

Both men swung round simultaneously and stared at her. Her head was thrown back, her eyes blazed dangerously out of her small, pale face.

"Delia, what are you saying?" Mr. Westover murmured. "I don't understand."

"Don't you?" Delia smiled scornfully back at him. "I thought the explanation would be quite simple. Why should I have gone to help the girl who stole the man whom I once loved, but whom now I hate from the very bottom of my soul?"

"You must be mad," the old man said weakly. This was a new Delia. He couldn't think what had come over her.

But neither Robin nor Delia heard his words. They were staring at each other, their eyes hard and challenging.

Suddenly Robin strode across the room and grasped Delia by the wrists. "Where is my wife now?" he demanded roughly. "Somehow I think that you know."

At that Delia laughed again. It was not pleasant to hear that laughter of hers. "Oh yes, I know very well," she exclaimed. "And I'm sure that the news will be very pleasant hearing for you, Robin," Her lips curled sarcastically.

"Where is she?" Robin asked through set teeth. "Where has she been all night?"

Where has she been all night? Delia asked with a certain slow deliberation that was maddening to Robin. "Why, she has been celebrating her marriage to you in the arms of King Boris of Lavonia!"

A tense silence followed her words. Then Robin sprang forward and shook her by the shoulders. "You must be insane," he shouted, his voice hoarse with horror. "You do not know what you are saying!"

"Don't I?" she smiled insolently up into his eyes. "I think I should know since it was I who sent King Boris to find her!"

"Oh, why did you do that?" cried Robin, in torment.

Delia shook herself free of him. She faced him with blazing eyes. She was like a superb wild tigress in her rage.

"Why shouldn't I?" she cried. "Why shouldn't I make her suffer as you have made me suffer by the repeated snubs that you have given the love I offered you? Do you think I could stand that without doing anything to achieve revenge? If you do, then you do not know me, Robin. Today I am going away, you will never see me again. But at least I have given you something to remember me by!" her lips curled scornfully. "Whenever you think of me you will also think of the night your wife spent in the arms of Boris of Lavonia." And with an arrogant smile, a toss of her head, she swept out of the room.

Robin and his father stared at each other in horrified amazement. The sweat was standing out on Robin's brow. Fear was in his eyes, the awful dread in his soul kept him silent.

"I can hardly believe that Delia can have done that," the old man stuttered. "It's incredible! I would never have suspected her . . ."

"It doesn't matter about Delia," Robin interrupted sharply. "Only Otelia counts. To think what she must have passed through . . . I must find her at once!"

He was about to dash out of the room, when his father caught him by the arm. "Robin, are you mad?" he cried fearfully. "If you go to the palace, Boris will recognize you . . . he will have you put in prison again. You will be shot . . ."

"What do I care?" Robin shook himself free. "What do I care about anything except Otelia? Do you think I can leave her to the mercy of that arch fiend?"

The old man shook his head sadly. "I suppose you are right, my boy. And yet, I find it hard, just when I have found you, to lose you again. God bless you, Robin."

A few minutes later Robin was outside in the streets again. But he hadn't gone very far when he noticed that a change had come over the town.

It seemed as though everyone must have gone mad, for all the townspeople were rushing through the streets calling: "Down with Boris, the tyrant! Long live Prince Eric!"

Robin found himself pushed hither and thither by the crowd who swarmed towards the Royal Palace. Each man was waving a firearm or some other weapon which he had hastily collected.

"Death to the traitor Boris! We'll have Eric for our King."

The cry seemed to come from every throat. Robin joined them and swept on towards the Palace. Boris' hour had struck! The people of Lavonia had revolted. The news had been passed round that the son of their late King was alive and the crowd was determined on wreaking their vengeance on the usurper.

A larger crowd still had collected outside the Royal Palace. They were battering on the gates, demanding admission. Robin found himself wedged in among them. He couldn't move. But even if he had, it is doubtful whether he could have gained admission to the Palace. The gates were barred and bolted.

Hours seemed to pass as he stood there in a fever of impatience. Then, at last, some friend inside must have loosened the bolts, for with a great surge, the crowd swept forward, into the gardens.

Robin was at their head as they finally swept up the Palace steps. He would brook no obstacle in his eagerness to find Otelia. Into the Palace he rushed, mad with fear that something might have happened to his beloved.

As he searched desperately through the rooms, the cry rang out from the infuriated mob: "Boris has escaped. The tyrant has escaped us!"

Soon it became obvious that

(Continued on Page 22)

BEGINNING NEXT SUNDAY

THE LOVE DEATH

By Josephine Knight

A Gripping Story of the Almost Perfect Crime

Ends Dandruff worries, assures lovely hair

Try this Fitch Scalp Treatment

HERE is a new *complete* treatment that leaves your hair gloriously beautiful and radiant with health—a treatment that eases your tight, dry, itching scalp and removes all annoying dandruff instantly!

First apply Fitch's famous Dandruff Remover Shampoo. Then, briskly massage it into your hair and scalp with Fitch's new scientifically designed Massage Brush. You can actually *feel* your scalp pulsating with new life after this invigorating Fitch scalp treatment.

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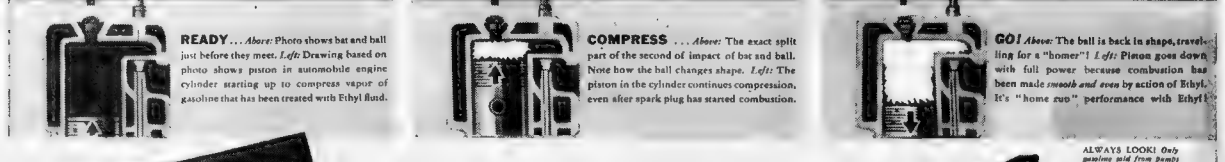
Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS of families use The American Weekly Patterns every year. Do you? They are on next to the last page of this issue.

READY... COMPRESS... *GO!*

SNAPPED IN 1/100,000TH OF A SECOND

Unretouched stop-motion pictures, taken at the almost incredible speed of one one-hundredth-thousandth of a second, by Dr. H. E. Edgerton and Mr. K. J. Germeshausen of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology



READY . . . *Above:* Photo shows bat and ball just before they meet. *Left:* Drawing based on photo shows piston in automobile engine cylinder starting up to compress vapor of gasoline that has been treated with Ethyl fluid.

COMPRESS . . . *Above:* The exact split part of the second of impact of bat and ball. Note how the ball changes shape. *Left:* The piston in the cylinder continues compression, even after spark plug has started combustion.

GO! *Above:* The ball is back in shape, traveling for a "homer"! *Left:* Piston goes down with full power because combustion has been made *smooth and even* by action of Ethyl. It's "home run" performance with Ethyl!

COMPRESSIBILITY

That's the secret of a long hit... and of Ethyl's action in your car's engine!

CRACK! The ball sails up and on . . . into the bleachers! The crowd roars. It has seen a "homer"!

But what the crowd hasn't seen—what no human eye *ever* will see—is what happened in that split part of a second when bat and ball met.

Look at the photographs above. See how the bat sinks into the ball at the instant of impact; how the ball takes shape again as it springs away! That is *compressibility.* The harder the ball is hit, the more it compresses and the faster and farther it goes.

The "cut-away" drawings below the photographs show how this principle applies in your car's engine. The tighter the pistons compress gasoline in the cylinders, the more power you get. That's why modern cars have high compression engines. But only gasoline of Ethyl quality has enough *compressibility* to stand the terrific squeezing of modern high compression engines without breaking down, knocking, and wasting power. Instead, the tighter Ethyl is compressed, the more power it delivers—and the livelier and more responsive is your car's performance.

That's why 95% of all premium gasoline sold in the United States and Canada now contains Ethyl fluid. That's why car dealers advise: "Modern cars, because of their high compression engines, *need* Ethyl to deliver their full performance." To get *all* the power and pleasure from your car investment, always stop at the Ethyl pump! Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.

ALWAYS LOOK! *Only gasoline sold from pumps bearing the Ethyl trademark on globe or body has sufficient Ethyl fluid (containing tetraethyl lead) to bring out the full performance of modern high compression cars.*

To get ALL *the power of your car...* NEXT TIME GET ETHYL!

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SOMETHING NEW HAS HAPPENED TO HEATING, TOO!

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Radiator Heat—An adequate, properly located source of healthful heat in each room.
Controlled Distribution of heat—constant, plentiful and prompt comfort in every room.
Inexpensive Domestic Hot Water—plentiful hot water for bathing, laundry and housework.

IT MEANS A NEW FREEDOM FOR YOUR HOME!

NOW you can buy heating—just as you bought your automobile—delivered complete, ready for operation, backed by the undivided responsibility of American Radiator Company for every component part. You can have the three essentials to modern comfort—radiator heat, controlled heat distribution and inexpensive domestic hot water supply—all in one complete scientific installation with the New American Radiator Heating System. And the cost, in most cases, will be less than you would pay for even a low-priced car.

Old homes, new homes, large homes and small homes all can enjoy this new freedom from the drudgery of old-fashioned heating, dangers of drafty rooms, discomforts of inefficient heating because there is a correct size for your home priced within your budget. You can have radiator heating—the only kind that uses all three methods of transferring heat into comfort: radiation, conduction and convection. You can have controlled heat distribution—even, healthful temperature in every room, regardless of location, size, wind or weather. And you can have abundant hot water always on tap for domestic use.

SPECIAL FINANCE PLAN FOR MODERNIZATION

Modernize the heating in your present home now and be certain of positive, constant warmth in every room with a source of heat in every room—the radiator. Whether rooms are large or small, sheltered or exposed, all can have the same delightful clean, even heat. You can enjoy really modern comfort designed to suit the individual you, the individual room, the individual home, even the individual pocketbook.

Right now you can have the complete installation made in your present home—without down payment—with as long as three years to pay at government-approved low rates. Act now to enjoy a lifetime of freedom from discomfort and high fuel bills. Ask your Heating or Plumbing Contractor to tell you how little it costs to install a New American Radiator Heating System; or write today for booklet.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

DIVISION OF AMERICAN RADIATOR & STANDARD SANITARY CORPORATION

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TUNE IN ON THE FIRESIDE RECITAL EVERY SUNDAY NIGHT AT 7:30 P. M.—E.D.S.T.—WEAF—NBC NETWORK

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free $750 prize

AN AMERICAN RADIATOR HEATING SYSTEM UP TO THE VALUE OF $750 GIVEN AWAY EACH WEEK UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE

Just write a letter on the subject— "Why I want an American Radiator Heating System"

● To introduce the New AMERICAN RADIATOR HEATING SYSTEM to home owners we will give away absolutely free each week until further notice, one completely installed system up to the value of $750.*

PRIZES AWARDED EACH WEEK

Prize winners will be announced each Sunday night on the Fireside Recital on the WEAF-NBC Red Network. Entries for the week's prize must be received by noon on Thursday.

**The $750. American Radiator Heating System is suitable for even large homes. An adequate American Radiator Heating System for smaller homes can be installed for considerably less than half that.*

NO OBLIGATION TO BUY • NO ENTRY BLANKS • NO RED TAPE •

READ THESE EASY RULES

1. This contest is open to every home owner or person planning to build within one year except employees of American Radiator Company, their advertising agents, and their families
2. Write a letter of 200 words or less on the subject, "Why I Want An American Radiator Heating System." Sign it with your name and address.
3. Letters will be judged solely on their clearness, sincerity and interest. Literary ability is of no value. Just write simply in ordinary every day language.
4. Mail your letter to the Contest Editor, American Radiator Company, 42 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.
5. Your letter must be in the offices of American Radiator Company, 42 West 40th Street, New York N. Y., before 12 noon Thursday to be eligible for the prize the same week. Letters received after this time are automatically entered for the following week's prize. Only one letter from each home owner will be eligible for the prize
6. The decision of the judges will be final. In case of a tie duplicate prizes will be awarded.
7. All letters submitted become the property of American Radiator Company for such use as may be determined by it

NOTE: If possible give the name of the Heating Contractor you would want to make the installation in case you win

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Used and approved for over three years by thousands of women. Brownatone is also Guaranteed harmless for tinting eyelash and not affect waving of hair. It is a clean, odorless and lasting, will not wash off in swimming or in the new gray aprons. Imparts that youthful charm with amazing quickness. Full directions and Dark Brown in Black. Obtainable at most drug and toilet goods counters. Brownatone is only one of many high-class products. Always buy a known, hard to substitute.

SEND FOR TEST BOTTLE

The Kenton Pharmacal Co.
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ENDS CORN PAIN

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STANDARD WHITE, *now* 25c
New DE LUXE *flesh color* 35c

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Put one on—the pain is gone!

Mercolized Wax

Keeps Skin Young

A beautiful blemishes and discolorations and make your skin smooth, soft and healthy with the daily use of pure Mercolized Wax. This single, all-purpose beauty aid is the only cream necessary for the proper care of your skin. Mercolized Wax cleanses, softens, lubricates, bleaches and protects. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed, clearing away freckles, tan and other blemishes. Your complexion becomes so beautifully clear and velvety soft, your face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of your skin.

Phelactine removes hairy growths—takes them out—easily, quickly and gently. Leaves the hair but free. The action is the modern odorless facial depilatory that fastidious women prefer.

Powdered Saxolite—is a refreshing stimulating astringent lotion which dissolves those half dozen small barrel to reduce wrinkles and other age lines. When used daily, soothes redness coarse textured pain eliminates excessive oiliness so it is not threatening with tired, warm, youthful color

2 DOG WORM CAPSULES
Now Combined in PULVEX

Protect your dog's health, give him a new pep—free him of worms—the easy-to-do way of all dog owners. It costs now no more to give him the best. Ask for your dog the new Pulvex Worm Capsules and Tape, Round and Hook Worms in one dosing. No guessing, feeding of harmful fleets. Worm above drug stores 75c or write Pulvex, Inc., 92 Lief Williams Corp. & Brothers Inc. 1930 Clifton Ave., Chicago. *Experience*

PULVEX *Combination* WORM CAPSULES

O-OOF!! BACKACHE

"BEN-GAY" QUICKLY RELIEVES THOSE STABBING PAINS

Want to lift that heavy load of pain right off your back? Want to straighten up quickly without feeling that pain flash through you? Then treat your backaches and pains to a generous application of "Ben-Gay."

Feel how quickly the pain is driven out, feel a glow of comfort as "Ben-Gay's" medication penetrates right through your skin and is actually taken up by the blood streams and carried to the congested, aching area.

Just one warning—get the genuine "Ben-Gay"—none of its inferior imitators has its same properties. It is the only true Baume Analgesique.

RUB PAIN AWAY WITH BAUME "BEN-GAY"

The Girl Men Talked About

by Maysie Greig

(Continued from Page 39)

Boris had escaped. But Otelia?

Robin rushed about, questioning everyone desperately. But no one could give any news of her.

At last he found the little maid. "Yes, the lady was here last night, but this morning she was taken away by the King's servant, Josef."

Robin gripped her by the shoulders. "Where have they taken her?" he shouted. "You must tell me!"

The maid shook her head. "I don't know," she stammered in fear at the wild look in his eyes.

Where had they taken Otelia? It was terrible to know that somewhere she was in danger, while he was here, useless, unable to trace her.

For hours he wandered about the Palace, asking everyone the same question, receiving always the same answer. Boris had gone, no one knew where, and with him Otelia had disappeared.

And then, some time later, he suddenly remembered the hunting lodge high up in the mountains. Wasn't it likely that Boris might have taken refuge there? No sooner had the thought entered his head than he determined to go there at once. It might prove to be a wild goose chase, but it was better than waiting here in this torment of suspense.

Otelia Had Not Got More Than Half Way Down the Path When Josef Caught Up With Her.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Hour of Reckoning.

EVER afterwards that hurried journey up into the mountains was a nightmare to Otelia. She was driven up in a closed car with the servant Josef guarding her. She had been smuggled out of the Palace by a side entrance, gagged so that she shouldn't attract attention by shouting.

Up, up the tortuous mountain path the great car took them, up to the very same hunting lodge where Otelia had spent that one night of incredible horror as Boris' wife.

The Master will await us there," Josef told her. "You and he will escape over the border. Boris' days as King of Lavonia are numbered."

Otelia did not wait to be brought before Boris when she arrived. She walked straight into the commonroom and faced him resolutely. She held her little body tense and erect. Somehow she had lost all fear of him. There was only a fierce hatred in her soul for the man who had caused the death of her lover.

"I am glad that you, too, are being made to suffer," she told him in low cutting tones. "There is some justice in the world, after all. Men like you are occasionally called upon to pay the price of their crimes!"

Boris stared at her in surprise. This was a new Otelia. So different from the clinging, trustful girl he had first brought here. Different too, from the girl of flaming wrath she had been that very morning. Now there was something cold and relentless about her. She was like a creature turned to marble, cold, white marble. It was as though all the warmth and color had been crushed out of her.

Boris bowed to her with a semblance of his old, mocking, arrogant self. "Sweet of you to have such kind wishes for me in your heart, my dear Otelia. But your bravado will not help you. I may have lost a kingdom, but I have not lost you. You see, you are here in my power, all that is left to me out of the wreckage. Be very sure that I shall not lose you, my dear."

A peculiar smile crossed Otelia's pale face. She had ceased to be a girl. She was a woman in that moment, and she had a woman's wisdom.

"Yes, you still have me," she answered coldly. "But my heart is dead. All passion and warmth was killed in me this morning when you had my husband murdered. There is nothing left to me now but one thought, one emotion: hatred for you—the man who has taken from me everything I value in the world."

The cold relentlessness of her words cast a certain chill over Boris. She was beautiful still—beautiful in a cold, statuesque way; but the throbbing warmth that he loved seemed to have gone. He stared at her for a few minutes, trying to tell himself that it was his imagination. She might be grieving over her lover's death; but she would get over that. Then she would come to him, the glad care-free girl she had been when he first met her. He refused to believe this girl still had the power to vanquish him.

"You will change," he insisted, his arms tightening about her.

She only shook her head and smiled that curious smile she had been smiling since she had arrived. "No, I will never change. You have no longer the power to hurt me."

Boris' arms fell to his sides. It had been like embracing the ghost of a woman. It made him shiver.

"Bring wine," he ordered Josef. "You will drink with me, Otelia. That will bring the color back into your cheeks. Then you will respond to my caresses, as you did that night we spent here before, that night of love...."

"And of horror," Otelia amended in a low, contemptuous voice.

Josef had brought in the meal and spread it on a low table before the great open blazing fire. Boris sat down and started eating hungrily. He had not touched food since early that morning.

A message had come down from the North telling him that his supporters had been vanquished, most of them having willingly surrendered their arms to the enemy. Gracia, the capital, was against him. The townspeople were fierce in their insistence that he should be driven from the country. Indeed, he counted himself fortunate to have escaped with his life. But, as yet, he didn't know who was behind this sudden uprising against his tyranny. He had not learned yet that Eric was still alive.

Otelia touched neither the food nor the wine.

The daylight had died outside. Josef had silently drawn the curtains and lit the brass hanging-lamp overhead. The soft light shone down on Otelia's small face, her milk-white throat, her gleaming shoulders.

At the sight of her delicate beauty the old mad flame leapt into Boris' eyes. She was so beautiful.

"I shall kiss you until I make you love me again," he whispered. "Few women can resist me, and you cannot resist me for long, my Otelia...."

His arms crept round her once more, but before he could force his lips down upon hers there came an abrupt interruption. Heavy pounding was heard on the door. The next moment the door was forced open and a man dashed into the room. He held a drawn sword in his hands, his eyes flashed, his breath was uneven.

"Stand up, murderer!" he shouted contemptuously to Boris. "Stand up and fight for your life!"

With a muttered oath Boris started to his feet. But at the sight of the man before him he staggered back, while all the color drained from his cheeks. He stared as though he were staring at a ghost.

"Eric!" he gasped.

Prince Eric smiled grimly. "Yes, it is I, Boris," he said coldly. "The hour has come for our reckoning. You thought I was killed when you had that bomb thrown at my father's carriage, didn't you? Well, I escaped, and I have come for retribution. Already the capital has yielded to me; they have proclaimed me King. If I had let them have their way they would have followed you here and torn you limb from limb like the dog that you are...but I spared you that. It is I who should avenge the murder of my father. Draw your sword, Boris, I am going to give you a chance to fight for your life."

Despite the vileness of his character, Boris was no coward. He instantly drew his sword and faced Eric.

"You will be sorry for this," he snarled. "You forget that I am the best swordsman in this country. You will rue the day you ever dared swords with me!"

"I have justice on my side," Prince Eric answered calmly. "And I think you will find that that counts for more than mere skill in the end, Boris."

Otelia, sunk back in the chair, watched with wide, fascinated eyes as the swords of the two men clashed. There was a wild prayer in her heart that Eric should come through safely. So much depended upon him; the future of Lavonia, the happiness of the sweet Princess.

Yet she had to admit that Boris faced his opponent bravely. His movements were quick and agile, like those of a cat. Obviously he was an accomplished swordsman.

As the two men parried and thrust at each other, Otelia sat tense, scarcely breathing. Hatred blazed in both men's eyes. She knew that this was no mere sword play; but a duel that would be fought to the death.

Soon she realized that Boris was beginning to lose power. Evidently the long, hard ride into the mountains had tired him. His sword moved less quickly, and, as he grew more weary bodily, his rage against his opponent increased. It made him careless. She saw him make a savage thrust at Eric, but the Prince nimbly stepped aside, and returning the thrust, his sword penetrated through Boris' jacket into his very heart.

With a sharp groan, Boris sank to the floor. He moved once, convulsively, then he lay very still. A dark stain showed on his jacket. He was dead.

"My father is avenged," Eric said quietly.

When Boris' body had been finally taken out of the room Otelia moved shakily out of the armchair. Prince Eric stared at her in amazement.

"Otelia—you here!"

She nodded. "Boris' servant brought me up here this morning. I spent the night at the Palace."

"But I don't understand it," Eric muttered. "When I returned to the Summerhouse I couldn't find you...what happened to you?"

"Josef found me. He drugged me and took me inside," Otelia said.

"Thank heaven you are found at last!" Prince Eric exclaimed. "You must come back and be the guest of the Princess and myself for the coronation."

Otelia shook her head.

"Oh, but I insist!" the Prince urged. "The Princess and I wish to express our gratitude...Just think what happiness we shall have, all four of us there, in the Royal Palace together!"

"Happiness?" Otelia echoed bitterly, her feelings momentarily getting the better of her. "How can you talk to me of happiness when the man I love is dead?"

Eric stared at her in surprise. "Dead? Your husband isn't dead! He is alive, searching for you!"

"Robin is dead," she whispered through tense, trembling lips. "I know. I saw him shot at daybreak from the Palace window."

Prince Eric came towards her and gently gripped her shaking hands in his. "You are mistaken," he said softly. "Robin is alive. I spoke with him at noon. What you saw this morning was only sham. The shots were blank cartridges. It was a show put on to satisfy Boris for the moment. I assure you, my dear, that he is very much alive." He smiled down into her great, incredulous eyes.

But, even as he said it, they both heard the low hum of a car driven at a reckless pace up the mountain.

"Perhaps this is Robin now," whispered Prince Eric.

Otelia waited, tense, breathless, while the car came to a standstill outside the hunting lodge. She heard a man's footsteps outside, crossing the veranda. Her heart was throbbing so wildly in her throat that it almost suffocated her. She could scarcely bear the suspense.

The next moment a man's tall figure appeared in the doorway. With a little choking cry, Otelia swayed towards him.

"Robin!" she gasped. The next moment she would have fallen, had he not caught her in his arms, holding her tenderly to him.

"Oh, my darling, my darling!" he breathed.

Minutes passed, glorious minutes as they clung together, obvious to everything and everyone except themselves.

"Robin, I can hardly believe it's you, even yet," she murmured, cuddled close against him, tears of happiness shining in her wide, amber eyes. "Oh, my dear one, if you but knew what I suffered when I thought you dead!"

"And what I suffered, too, sweetheart, when I knew you were in that fiend's power... Where is he? He shall pay—"

"Hush!" Otelia whispered, placing a soft palm over his lips. "Boris is dead..."

Some time later Eric, Otelia and Robin left for the capital. Otelia was held fast in Robin's arms throughout the greater part of the journey. They didn't speak much. Just to be together was enough, just to know the joy of touching each other, to feel unquestioningly that the other was near.

Later, Robin and Otelia came together into the intimacy of their suite. They were tired, both of them, tired and gloriously happy at the same time.

They smiled at each other, faintly, tremulously. An armchair had been placed beside the glass doors that led out onto a minute balcony. Robin sank down into it. Otelia curled up on his knees, like a sleepy kitten, burying her face against his shoulder.

"Happy, darling?" he whispered. A kiss fell on her hair.

A soft, white arm stole around his neck, holding him very tight.

"Yes, Robin...you will always love me?" She raised her face; there was star-dust in her eyes.

"Always, sweetheart," he said shockingly, and drew her more tightly into his arms. Presently, when he arose to close the glass doors, the white moon was gleaming down upon them, and the soft, whispering breeze seemed to steal into the little room with a tender good-night caress.

The End.

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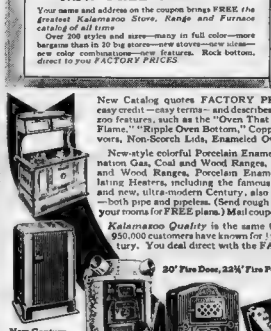

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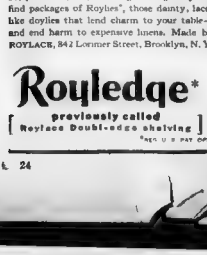

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The New Housekeeper With a Young Baby

By Mrs. Christine Frederick, The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

RECENTLY I visited a new and model housing project designed especially for young people of the college type and those of moderate incomes in the professional class. Beautifully landscaped, the houses stood as on an old-fashioned village green, and the whole area had the free spirit and gayety of an overgrown dormitory.

Every young wife knew every other, and it was all in the course of the day to borrow a can-opener or a few slices of bread, to drop in for a friendly hello, or to discuss the prevailing and personal problems which ranged all the way from whether to feed the baby this or that, or how to make a good cheese sauce for fish.

Babies! They were everywhere—overflowing at every doorstep, and it seemed the exceptional porch which did not boast a small child in its protecting pen or a baby bassing in its pram. Babies in this community seemed as much a part of standard equipment as were bathtubs or refrigerators.

Many of the young mothers had been college girls, while others had followed some kind of professional work before marriage. Husbands ranged from young newspaper men to struggling young chemists or students working for various degrees. Possibly the average age for the girl was 26 while that for the man was 27 or 28. And the babies—most of those appeared to be toddlers of a year, while a few were children in their 3s, 5s, or older.

Seated around me in a circle were the eager faces of these young women, now wives, mothers and housekeepers. Problems? Yes indeed and how. But since we could not cover them all in a short chat—what was perhaps, the one most difficult problem of the young housekeeper with a small baby?

One of them, a serious blonde, with wide intelligent eyes, remarked: "Well, if you could help us with our meals, I mean, getting all the dishes on the table on time, you know. Either the biscuits are cold, or the peas overcooked, or the meat too rare. For me anyway, that is the worst trouble—especially with a baby. All of us want to be rested and appear fresh when our husbands come home in the evening, but getting that evening meal all ready and being without nerves at the end of the day is my problem, anyway."

And the others agreed with her. That was it—they said that it took a whole year to get used to having everything in the dinner all on the table at once, and cooked to the same right point. In short, their problem was what we might call that of "coordinated cooking."

Coordinated cooking is a feat of skill, even uncomplicated by the presence of a baby or young child. It is a piece of real management to synchronize meals a baby, and the usual housekeeping tasks or daily work schedule. Now how may cooking be thus done on time—so that every dish is equally hot, equally cooked, and not either too much done or slightly raw or underdone?

In the first place it is wisest to choose a menu where the cooking time or period is about the same for all foods. Thus, if a steak or chops be the meat, it is better to select quick-cooking vegetables such as tomatoes or peas or carrots, rather than those like beets or cabbage or cauliflower, which take longer. On the other hand, with a piece of meat such as a rolled stuffed flank or a small pot-roast, one may choose cabbage or sauerkraut, parsnips or squash, which require more time.

Again, plan the same cooking method for as many of the foods as possible, thus it is better to fry one food and boil one than it is to bake one, fry one and boil a third. This brings up the important point of the use of the oven, or casserole method of slow cooking in advance, against the quick last-minute frying process.

In talking with these young mothers, naturally they mentioned the fact that the main meal for their child or year-old tot must be given at noon. They one and all bewailed the need for a 40 minutes' baked potato and lighting the entire oven for this purpose. When they themselves would perhaps have been satisfied with a salad meal, they had to cook an entire hot meal at noon for the child, and a second hot meal again at night when the husbands came home.

But that noon meal for the child should be taken advantage of for general cooking needs. Thus if the oven must be on for a baked potato, why not plan to cook a casserole dish of chops, a small rolled roast, a pot-roast, or at least one of the many scalloped or au gratin dishes?

Practically 75 per cent of vegetables cook in the oven as well or better than they do on the top burners carrots and peas, cabbage, string beans, etc., may be prepared, placed in a small amount of water, covered with a tight lid, and oven-baked slowly with great increase of flavor. So, too, may many fruits, such as the delicious harvest pears and quinces now to be bought, or the usual apples, prunes, apricots and other dried fruits.

A small electric casserole with an insert and glass lid so that one may be watched while cooking is a boon to the young housewife with a baby. This baked potatoes, casseroles any foods to a slow delicious perfection, and does not heat up a too-small kitchen another complaint of this group, that "with the oven on, the heat was unbearable." Or one may buy in the hardware stores a small ovenette which fits over any top burner and which will likewise bake potatoes or any single dish easily with little gas and great cooking comfort.

Another suggestion is...that many more foods than usually imagined may be advance cooked, even vegetables. These young women who tried to get four or five dishes all cooked on time thought that they had to cook the peas, let us say, just before they were eaten. Not at all. If the vegetables are properly cooked, and given a quick parboiling, they may then be put aside with butter, seasoning or sauce and will have an even better taste than when eaten immediately after they are boiled.

How many hotel chefs are able to boil or cook each food to order? However, they are equipped with some type of warming oven and warming baths or pots. Here again is another thought for the young housewife has she a warming oven on or over her range? Has she a range such as permits "setting on the back" as was the habit of the old-time coal range?

The refrigerator, too, may serve to wider usefulness if it is regarded as a storage for the partially completed food. That is, as has been said repeatedly cook in your refrigerator. Many dishes of the meat loaf, aspic and salad type, as well as the popular chilled desserts, may be made many hours in advance and left in readiness. Or, much of a dish such as a fish steak or an au gratin dish, etc., can be completely prepared, seasoned, and placed aside in the refrigerator coarsely, with a moment's notice for its final cooking.

When the baby or child is eating its 5 P M meal is the time to give the last stick to the kitchen, and to wash up every possible cooking pot or utensil with the baby's supper dishes. That leaves the kitchen free for only the essentials of the last minute cooking and serving.

A final admonition—and that is to see that purchasing is so wisely planned that there is no need for last minute changes or rushing to the grocer for some forgotten ingredient. Naturally the inexperienced person is the poorest at planning—it takes time and practice to have enough on hand, and not to start to make a cake or pudding only to find that some chief ingredient is completely out.

Coordinated cooking or housework, like all other arts or even sciences, comes with practice and attention to points. In any sport or activity even tennis or driving a car or playing the piano the brain and the arms and the feet all have to function together! So too in cooking or housework at its highest—there is a thinking brain behind and working with the capable hand or the agile feet!

If the baby is on a feeding schedule, so, too, must he even more truly the young housewife herself; a schedule of planned work, of intelligently thought-out meals and foods and cooking processes. A schedule which has not only hours of work but periods of leisure, time out, and sufficient flexibility so that the housewife is "planning her work and working her plan," and not being the slave to a system.

This visit to these young people, each trying her best to be wife, mother and housekeeper, only makes more forceful my old contention that homemaking is at once a job, a work, a profession—and a career.

Here are a few Autumn suggestions that may prove helpful to the young housewife:

Onions Stuffed with Lima Beans: Six large white or Bermuda onions, 1½ cups cooked green lima beans, ½ cup grated sharp cheese, salt, pepper, 2 cups thin white sauce, buttered crumbs. Parboil onions in salted water until partially tender, but not shapeless. Remove considerable of center leaving a cup. Fill cups with cooked limas. Arrange stuffed onions in shallow well buttered casserole. Pour over cream sauce which has been well seasoned and combined with the grated cheese. Sprinkle top of each onion with crumbs. Bake moderate oven, covered, about 40 minutes. Sprinkle with paprika. Serves 6. Tomato soup or puree may replace the white sauce, and any kind of cooked beans the filling).

Minted Peas and Carrots: Six medium thick carrots, 2 cups fresh cooked peas, ½ cup butter ½ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon mint leaves finely chopped, salt, white pepper. Cut carrots lengthwise into strips and cook until tender. Drain. Melt butter in skillet, add sugar, then lay in carrots and chopped mint. Cook slowly, turning often, until each strip is glazed be careful not to scorch!. Remove carrots and arrange in ring on round plate. Lay peas in skillet and heat in remaining syrup. Season. Serve peas in center of carrot ring. Serves 6. Hot buttered crumbs may be sprinkled lightly over this dish, just before serving.

Celery Stuffed and Baked: Make a stuffing of minced cooked ham, breadcrumbs, and enough brown or tomato sauce to bind the dressing. Use large or root bunches of celery. Cut off stems, leaving the entire bunch about 12 inches long. Wash, then boil these bunches until tender. Cool. Remove some of the inner heart of each bunch and fill with as much dressing as possible, allowing the dressing to cover the top of the bunch thickly. Arrange the stuffed bunches in a rectangular shallow pan which has been well greased with bacon or ham fat. Add enough of the cooking liquor to moisten. Bake moderate oven for 40 minutes. Serve two bunches to a person as the main dish. This is very excellent as the minced stuffing of any baked celery dish. Any left-overs or inexpensive cut may be cooked and minced for this use.

Stuffed Russian Red Cabbage: One medium red cabbage, 1 pound any ground meat, pork or veal preferred; 1 cup fine breadcrumbs, 1 beaten egg, salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon onion juice, 1 teaspoon caraway seeds, 2 cooking apples pared and diced coarsely. Wash cabbage and remove section from center, leaving a large cup for stuffing. (Mince removed heart cabbage finely.) Make a stuffing of the ground meat, the crumbs, beaten eggs and seasonings, with the chopped apple and caraway seeds. Blend well. Parboil the cabbage cup, being careful that it does not lose its shape. Drain. Remove to large oval or round casserole, well greased. Fill center with dressing and pour around enough cooking liquor to moisten. (Add minced extra cabbage to liquid). Cover. Bake moderate oven 1 hour. Serve from casserole. Serves 6 to 8.

Baked Squares with Meat: Select a medium dark green Hubbard Winter baking squash. Cut in half, remove the web of large seeds, then cut into large squares or wedges. Sprinkle each with a blend of salt and pepper, and butter generously. Lay on oven racks and bake slowly in moderate oven 40 minutes. Have ready separately any kind of minced left-over meat, such as beef or pork, well seasoned and blended. When the squash squares are tender, scrape up the pulp and mash well with a fork. On each pulp or square lay a large spoon of the seasoned chopped meat. Return the squares to the oven or place under the broiler to brown. Serve very hot. (Minced and cooked mushrooms and their gravy is another suggestion with which to top such cooked squash squares). Serves 6 to 8.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Orange Juice	Grapefruit,	Prune Juice,	Unsweetened	Ripe Peas,	Stewed	Tomato Juice,
Prepared	Cereal,	Oatmeal,	Pineapple	Scrambled	Apricots	Whole Grain
Cereal	Broiled	Poached Eggs,	Juice,	Eggs,	Cereal,	Cereal
Graham	Salt Fish	Toasted	Cereal	Baking	Soft Cooked	Rolled Omelet,
Muffins	Fillets,	Muffins,	French Toast,	Powder	Eggs	Melba Toast,
Baked	Hominy	Coffee	Marmalade,	Biscuits,	Toasted	Coffee
Bacon	Grits	*Luncheon*	Coffee.	Coffee	Biscuits,	*Dinner*
Marmalade,	Melba Toast,	Banana,	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	Melba Toast,	Breaded
Coffee	Coffee.	Raisin and	Lima Beans in	Squash	Coffee	Chicken.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	Grapefruit	Casserole or	Pudding with	*Luncheon*	Steamed Rice,
Spaghetti	Bean Soup,	Salad.	Baked	Minced	*Company*	Corn Fritters,
with	Toast Fingers.	Apple	Macaroni,	Bacon,	Mushroom	Wild Grape
Tomato	Fresh Fruit	Pancakes,	Berry Muffins.	Syrup.	Casserole	Jelly,
Sauce,	Compote,	Golden Sugar	Grapefruit and	Tomatoes,	Ice Box Rolls	Green Bouquet
Fruit Salad	Cookies.	Syrup,	Celery Salad,	Corn Sticks	Vegetable Salad,	Salad,
Brown	Cocoa	Tea	Milk or Tea.	Home Made	French Dressing	Savory
Bread	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	Cream Puffs,	with Chives,	Dressing,
Sandwiches,	Veal Roll	*(Company)*	*(Company)*	Milk or	Chocolate	Apple Pie with
Tea	with	Baked	Economy	Tea.	Snow Balls,	Frozen Cream,
Dinner	Glazed	Stuffed	Appetizers,	*Dinner*	Tea	Half Cups
Grape	of Fried	Eggplant,	Duck and	Salmon Loaf	*Dinner*	Coffee.
Cocktail	Apples,	Buttered	Oyster Ragout,	with	Sausage Balls	*Supper*
Swiss Steak,	Brown	String Beans,	Riced Paprika	Green Pea	Baked with	Creamed
Brown Gravy,	Cream	Jellied Fruit	Potatoes,	Sauce,	Apples,	Asparagus
Stuffed	Gravy,	Relish,	Spinach	Scalloped	Baked Potatoes	on Toast
Baked	Creamed	Cream	au Gratin,	Potatoes,	or Noodles,	Economy
Potatoes,	Potatoes,	Cheese	Macedoine	Cold Slaw,	String Beans,	Fruit Salad
Glazed	Cucumber	Dressing,	Salad with	Delicious	Spiced Beets,	(Bargain Fruit)
Onions,	Salad,	Creamy Rice	Watercress,	Lemon	Frozen Bread	Prune Whip
Green	Quince	Pudding	Orange Sherbet,	Pudding.	Pudding with	with Custard
Tomato Pie.	Brown Betty	(Genesan).	Cookies.		Cream.	Sauce.

Practical Jokes That Made the World Laugh

(Continued from Double Page)

manager whispered, as he looked at them with his eyes sticking out. "Nothing like this has ever happened before. I will sift this thing myself." And he went into the kitchen and examined every one and after a while he came back.

"Well," he said, "this is a mystery. I swear there is *a shy of* teeth in the kitchen!"

So Mr. Hughes replied, "Oh, well, let it go—only I'd strain my consomme in future if I were you," and he left about five dollars' worth and called for the check.

"Oh, that's all right," said the manager, "come again—but keep quiet about those feeds, won't you—no house could stand that."

One of his jokes was a bit of Burbanking," imposed upon an English visitor. Up at Brightside Park, Hughes' Summer home, he had a man tie upon the branches of a small tree a varied assortment of fruits and vegetables. When the English visitor called he led the conversation to Burbank's achievements in modifying fruits and vegetables and met the Englishman's incredulity with the statement that he had achieved similar feats in his garden. It was in the dusk of the evening and the visitor could not see how the fruit was attached to the tree.

Brian called his man Sam and bade him take a stepladder and pick a choice apple from the tree. The apple was produced.

"Oh, I didn't mean that," said Brian. "I meant a pineapple!"

"All right, Mistah Hughes, sah!" responded Sam, and brought down a pineapple.

"My word!" gasped the visitor. "Oh, that's nothing!" said Brian; "Sam, let's have some grapes!" and down came a fine cluster of Tokays, to be followed by a head of lettuce, a lemon, a banana, some plums and a mushroom or two.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the Englishman, "that's really rippin', you know!"

"But my best tree," remarked Brian, sadly, "is dead."

"Dead?"

"Yes, its bark was so loud that it kept the neighbors awake and somebody shot it!"

At one time he played a joke on the City of New York. He offered to the Board of Aldermen the free gift of a parcel of land in Brooklyn on condition that it be maintained as a public park forever, reserving revelation of its size and location until it should be accepted, for business reasons. The Board considered the matter for several months and finally appointed a committee to look into the matter and accept the land; only to find it, after acceptance, a tract eight feet long and two feet wide about the size of a bed mattress.

Another of his stunts was to buy umbrellas and hang them carelessly over the parapet of the bars in the old-time saloons. He would stand by casually and watch the look of amazement spread over the face of the man taking it when he opened it and a large white flag would flutter loose on which was emblazoned in huge letters: "Stolen from Brian G. Hughes."

At another time he offered two hoboes $5 apiece if they would pump the water out of the cellar of a house of his at Yonkers. There was only a foot of water in it and they reckoned that they could do the job in an hour, but at the end of the day the water had not fallen an inch—because it was an underground branch of the Sawmill River.

All these jokes of the famous American hoaxer were enjoyed by Clarkson and his friend Cole but none of them quite equalled the daring and elaborateness of their own joke that hoaxed the British Navy.

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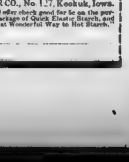

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Must you favor yourself and save yourself, on certain days of every month? Midol might change all this. Might have you playing golf. And even if it didn't make you completely comfortable you would receive a measure of relief well worth while! Midol is effective even when the pain has caught you unaware and has reached its height. It's effective for hours, so two tablets should see you through your worst day. And they do *not* contain any narcotic.

You'll find Midol in any drug store —usually right out on the toilet goods counter. Or, a card to Midol, 170 Varick St., New York, will bring a trial box postpaid, plainly wrapped.

ALWAYS HERSELF—Nature doesn't keep the eighth woman off the links—or from other activities. Midol ends the old martyrdom to "regular" pain.

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Be Smart—Touch Up First Gray Hairs

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FREE SAMPLE

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79 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.
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Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....
State Original Color of Hair .....

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Save Money With New Dishes

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking

Luncheon Pea Patties.

MELT 3 tablespoons butter, add 3 tablespoons flour and blend well. Add 1½ cups milk and stir constantly until smooth and creamy. Add 1 teaspoon salt, a few grains paprika 1½ tablespoons lemon juice and 2 well beaten egg yolks. Blend well and add 1 cup cooked and drained peas. Chill. Shape like cutlets or in small rounds. Dip first in flour, then with 1 slightly beaten egg, then with 1 tablespoon water and roll in fine bread crumbs. Place on a greased baking sheet and bake until delicately browned. Add 1 cup strained tomato juice, a few grains pepper and 1 teaspoon salt. Cover and simmer 8 or 10 minutes. Cook 1 cup white or brown rice in boiling salted water until tender but not mushy. Drain and rinse quickly with cold water. Place a layer of the rice in a baking dish, sprinkle with grated American or Parmesan cheese, then a layer of the cooked fish. Add another layer of rice and repeat until the dish is nearly full. There should be a layer of the cheese on top. Bake in a moderate oven until the cheese is delicately browned. Serve immediately.

Risotto.

MELT 1 tablespoon butter and in it cook 1 finely chopped onion, ½ cup minced mushrooms and 1 finely chopped pimiento until delicately browned. Add 1 cup strained tomato juice, a few grains pepper and 1 teaspoon salt. Cover and simmer 8 or 10 minutes. Cook 1 cup white or brown rice in boiling salted water until tender but not mushy. Drain and rinse quickly with cold water. Place a layer of the rice in a baking dish, sprinkle with grated American or Parmesan cheese, then a layer of the cooked fish. Add another layer of rice and repeat until the dish is nearly full. There should be a layer of the cheese on top. Bake in a moderate oven until the cheese is delicately browned. Serve immediately.

Lemon Juice.

THE characteristic flavor of nearly all varieties of fruit juice is brought out by the use of a little lemon juice. The juice of 1 lemon is usually added to each pint of fruit juice in making beverages or fruit punches.

Quick Rarebit

HEAT 1 can fondu soup in top of double boiler. Add 1 pound of thinly sliced American cheese. Stir frequently until cheese is melted. Pour over small rounds of toast or on small toasted crackers and serve immediately.

Luncheon Corn.

COOK 1 cup of broken macaroni in boiling salted water until tender. Drain and rinse quickly with cold water. Place the drained macaroni in a baking dish. Beat 1 egg add 1 cup corn, 1 cup rich milk, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt and 1 or 2 tablespoons melted butter and pour over the macaroni. Bake in a moderate oven about 20 minutes. Garnish with crisp parsley or watercress.

Delmonico Onions.

PEEL 1 quart small onions (Keep the hands under water while peeling them.) Cook in boiling salted water until very tender. Drain onions and place them in a greased baking dish. Pour 2 cups of well seasoned white sauce over them, sprinkle with ½ pound grated cheese and then with 1 cup fine bread crumbs mixed with 1 tablespoon melted butter. Bake in a moderate oven just long enough to melt cheese and brown crumbs.

Mixed Fruit Sherbet.

BOIL 1 pound sugar with 1 quart water 20 minutes. Cool, add the juice of 3 oranges, 3 lemons and 3 bananas that have been pressed through a sieve. Freeze to a mush, add 2 stiffly beaten egg whites mixed with ¼ cup sugar and finish freezing.

Ripe Pear Salad (Delicious).

PEEL 3 or 4 ripe pears and cut them in pieces for serving. Wash, skin and seed Tokay grapes. Mix grapes and pears. Arrange on crisp lettuce or romaine and serve with Pineapple Salad Dressing.

Pineapple Salad Dressing.

MELT 2 tablespoons butter without allowing it to brown. Add 1 tablespoon flour and blend well without browning. Add ½ cup pineapple juice and cook constantly until smooth and creamy. Beat 2 egg yolks with ¼ cup sugar until smooth. Combine with pineapple sauce mixture. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and fold in 2 stiffly beaten egg whites. Chill and add ½ cup cream, beaten until stiff. Serve immediately.

Honey Salad Dressing

MIX 5 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 tablespoon orange juice, 6 tablespoons salad oil, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon paprika and 2 tablespoons honey and beat well or shake until well emulsified.

Steamed Molasses Pudding

BEAT 1 egg until light and add 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ cup molasses. Mix and sift 1½ cups sifted flour and 1 teaspoon soda and 1 teaspoon salt. Beat into the first mixture. Add ½ cup boiling water and beat well. Turn into a buttered mold and steam for 1 hour. Serve with cream or Vanilla Sauce.

Vanilla Sauce.

BEAT 2 egg yolks until very light, add 1 cup sifted powdered sugar and beat well. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla and 1 cup cream, beaten stiff, and serve immediately.

Cold Water Chocolate Cake

CREAM 1 cup butter or other shortening thoroughly adding 1½ cups sifted brown sugar (firmly packed in cup), and beat until light and fluffy. Mix and sift 2 cups sifted cake flour with 1 teaspoon soda and ½ teaspoon salt and sift again. To the butter and sugar mixture add 3 well beaten eggs. Add 4 ounces unsweetened chocolate melted over hot water. Add sifted flour mixture alternately with ⅔ cup cold water and beat well. Turn into two buttered and floured layer cake pans or pans lined with waxed paper and bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees F. for 20 minutes. Put together and cover with Miracle Chocolate Frosting.

Miracle Chocolate Frosting.

PUT 2 egg whites, 1½ cups sugar, 5 tablespoons hot water and 1½ tablespoons light corn syrup in top of small double boiler. Mix well. Place over rapidly boiling water and beat constantly with a rotary egg beater for 5 minutes or until frosting stands in a peak. Remove from heat and continue beating over hot water for about 2 minutes. Add 4 ounces chocolate, melted over hot water, and mix well. Flavor with a few drops vanilla. Spread quickly. Decorate with a few swirls of the melted chocolate.

Cheese Souffle

MELT 2 tablespoons butter, add 2 tablespoons flour and blend well. Add ½ cup milk and 1 teaspoon salt and stir constantly until smooth and creamy. Add ¼ cup grated cheese. Remove from heat. Add well beaten egg yolks. Cool slightly and fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into a buttered baking dish and set in a pan of hot water. Bake in a moderate oven for about 20 minutes.

Easy Chocolate Icing.

CREAM 3 tablespoons butter and add 3 tablespoons boiling water or coffee a few grains salt and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Add 3 tablespoons cocoa and beat well. Gradually add 1½ cups powdered sugar beating until smooth and creamy.

American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3298—DIVIDED COLLAR AND YOKE AND PERKY PLEATS "MAKE" A YOUTHFUL BLOOMER FROCK. Designed for sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch fabric and ¼ yard contrasting.

Pattern 3299—MAKE THESE SMART VELVETEEN PULLONS AND MATCHING BERET IF YOU'D BE "HAND IN GLOVE" WITH FALL MODE. Head sizes, 21½, 22 and 22½. For individual yardages see pattern.

Pattern 3300—COTTON HOUSE FROCK HAS ALL THE FINE DETAILS OF A "BETTER" DRESS. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3064—JUNIOR "CHECKS OFF" A WOOL JUMPER TO WEAR WITH DIFFERENT BLOUSES. Designed for sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 14 requires 1¾ yards 54-inch fabric and 1¾ yards 39-inch contrasting for blouse.

Pattern 3297—SLENDERIZING WRAP-AROUND WITH WIDE LAP IS ONE HOUSE FROCK THAT'S REALLY SHADOW-PROOF. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 36-inch fabric and ½ yard contrasting.

Pattern 3296—SHIRRED TOUCHES ADD RICHNESS TO AN AFTERNOON FROCK WHOSE PETAL-LIKE COLLAR MAY HAVE TWO "PETALS" OR FOUR. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3258—SMARTLY TAILORED RUN-ABOUT FROCK IS A TWO-PIECER WITH BLOUSE THAT TUCKS IN OR MAY BE WORN OVER THE SKIRT. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch fabric.

PRICE OF PATTERNS, 15 CENTS EACH.

Every pattern contains a large, complete, easily-followed sewing guide. To order these easy-to-make patterns, write plainly PATTERN NUMBERS AND SIZES DESIRED, YOUR NAME, YOUR STREET ADDRESS, CITY AND STATE. Enclose 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for each pattern, and address your envelope to

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERN DEPT.,
635 SIXTH AVENUE,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Recipes Readers Request

Swiss Steak.

MIX and sift 2 tablespoons flour, a few grains pepper and ½ teaspoon salt and pound into 1 pound lean beef. Brown steak on both sides in 1 tablespoon hot beef drippings in a frying pan. Add 1 cup hot, strained tomato pulp. Cover closely and simmer gently for 2 hours or until tender. A little water may be needed during the cooking.

Creamed String Beans.

COOK about 1 quart string beans until tender. Drain. Combine with a sauce made as follows: Beat 1 egg yolk until light. Add ¾ cup thick sweet cream and cook over hot water until egg is set. Add 1 teaspoon lemon juice, a few grains paprika and ½ teaspoon salt. Serve immediately.

Pecan Sweet Potato Surprise.

BAKE 4 or 5 uniformly shaped sweet potatoes in a hot oven. When soft, cut in halves, lengthwise, remove the inside of the potatoes, leaving shells unbroken. Press the pulp through potato ricer and to about each pint of the pulp add 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 or 3 tablespoons butter, and 2 tablespoons thick sweet cream. Heat until smooth. Add ½ cup chopped pecan or walnut meats. Pile lightly into the potato shells and brown in a moderate oven.

Luncheon Asparagus.

PREPARE asparagus as usual. Fresh, canned or frozen asparagus may be used. Drain and serve with Hollandaise sauce or with scalded cream seasoned to taste with salt, paprika and a suggestion of celery salt.

Easy Cream Cheese Icing.

CREAM 3 tablespoons butter and add 3 tablespoons boiling water or coffee a few grains salt and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Add 3 tablespoons cocoa and beat well. Gradually add 1½ cups powdered sugar beating until smooth and creamy.

HOW MUCH SKIN DIRT ON YOUR FACE ?

In this picture you see a hand holding a pad of cotton. The dirt on the pad was removed from the face of a woman who thought her face was clean. It was removed by Ambrosia, the pore-deep liquid cleanser that gets out clogging dirt left by ordinary cleansing methods.

Get Ambrosia today. Test it once by using it after your regular method of cleansing. See what dirt it removes from your skin. You feel Ambrosia long as you know it is cleansing as nothing has done before.

You can get a trial size at your 10¢ store. Large size, 75¢ at drug or department stores.

AMBROSIA
THE PORE-DEEP CLEANSER

Keep your Ringlets and Curls in place with STA-RITE RINGLET Curl Pins

You'll never go back to plain old style bob pins, once you've used these dainty "midget size" pins. You'll find they're useful, too, for holding loose ends and stray locks in place. Made in black, brown, gold or silver color to match your hair.

15 stores, or send ten cents for trial package—specify color. The Sta-Rite Co. Dept. A8 Shelbyville, Ill.

BELLA DONNA

When a cavalry won't fancy, it's temperamental. The powder-puff in your purse, we presume, is a P. B. F. Bird Manna Dear, for in a pound can is strength powerful enough to make a whole regiment prance. Sprinkle it through your pet cage or nest—and P. B. F. Manna 250 pages book on cage birds FREE.

P.B.F. BIRD MANNA 15¢
PHILADELPHIA BIRD FOOD CO.
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Purifies!

The highly antiseptic and astringent action guards your skin from infection and exerts a healing effect this aids maintaining a pure, youthful appearance.

ORIENTAL CREAM Gouraud
Flesh - Rachel and Oriental-Tan

WEDDING STATIONERY
SMART • BEAUTIFUL
NO ENGRAVINGS TO BUY!
Handsome wedding invitations and announcements in Relief Process—the latest vogue. An expert and lovely engraved stationery AT HALF THE COST. Wide choice latest papers, styles and wording. Why pay more?
FREE Send for samples of invitations and announcements, complete with prices, in Private or Write today.
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SAVE 50% OR MORE

END UGLY CLOGGED PORES
LABLACHE is an amazingly fine-textured face powder that clings without clogging, and eliminates the unsightly clogged pores which LABLACHE blends beautifully. LABLACHE is always fresh, delicately scented, 4 exquisite shades—flesh, dark rachel, brunette, rachel, or old dress rose. Liberal size for all drug counters.
FREE Send postcard for liberal sample of LABLACHE (all shades) and booklet on FACE POWDER
LABLACHE
Dept. 8 BROOKLYN, N.Y.

MORE THAN 5,000 DISHWASHINGS...AND STILL
Her Hands Stay so Beautiful!

Mrs. George Werdann, 43-09 47th Street, Queens, N. Y.

Only Super Suds could protect Mrs. Werdann's hands, keep them smooth and soft through 5 years of daily dishwashing. Read here why.

"THERE'S nothing like Super Suds for keeping your hands lovely in spite of daily dishwashing." That is the advice of Mrs. Werdann and the millions of other women who have used this remarkably different soap for as many as 7 years.

For Super Suds is a new form of soap—created specially for dishwashing. Made in tiny hollow beads, it dissolves instantly, completely! Unlike the average, slow-dissolving soaps, it leaves no undissolved particles . . . no impurities that irritate tender skin and give hands that red, ugly, "dishwashing" look!

And because Super Suds dissolves so quickly, so completely, it makes dishwashing far quicker and easier. It leaves no gummy, undissolved particles to streak or mar dishes or glasses. Just a quick rinse and they come sparkling clean in a jiffy.

Giant Laundry Size—20¢
Get the money-saving Giant-Size Super Suds that holds over twice as much as the ten-cent package.

Lengthens the Life of Lingerie, Silk Stockings, Too.

(greatly enlarged)

Made in Hollow Beads
THE ONLY SOAP CREATED SPECIALLY FOR DISHWASHING . . . to keep hands lovely

Only 10¢ the big red box

Super Suds
Beads of Soap

TWO-WAY Portable LAMP
Only $1.00 POSTPAID
Direct from factory
Plug it in. Start it up!
Steel enamel in contrast ivory shade and black. Adjustable socket. 7-inch gooseneck and shade. Overall height 11 inches. Push-pin pins and no bulb. For students, party prizes, gifts and novelties always in every home. One Dollar each. Postage prepaid for cash, or send C.O.D. Immediate or prompt guaranteed MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
ARTALIC MFG. CO.

KNITTING WOOL
41 Skeins $1.00
For mild superfine zephyr, 8-4 yards each of 41 different colors
Send postpaid upon receipt of price.
Novelty Yarns for both, VEL-CREPE, Cashmere, Zephyrs, Boucle, Saxony, Tweeds, Floss, Rug Yarns, etc. Priced Card of 400 Samples FREE
Prompt Mail Service
COLONIAL YARN HOUSE
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The easy way to make delicious, old-fashioned pie crust.
FLAKO PIE CRUST

Prompt Relief
For sufferers from the itching, burning and irritation of eczema, pimples, rashes, red, rough skin, itching, burning feet, chafings, chappings, cuts, burns and disfiguring blotches, may be found by anointing with
Cuticura OINTMENT
Sample free. Address, "Cuticura," Dept. L, Malden, Mass.

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See if you don't like HEINZ SOUPS best!

...The makers of the 57 Varieties offer a sporting proposition to American Housewives

THERE'S the very first soup ever made to please you, Mr. Husband, and you, Mrs. Housewife—good food!

Now you can be *sure* that soup served in *your* home is uniformly delicious, rich and nourishing—equal to the finest home-made soups.

Tomorrow—soon—make this test: BUY ANY HEINZ HOME STYLE SOUP. BUY THE SAME VARIETY OF ANY OTHER BRAND. IF YOU DO NOT LIKE HEINZ SOUP *BETTER*, WE PAY YOU BACK THE FULL COST OF *BOTH* SOUPS!

The [illegible] of Heinz Soups—the [illegible] of mushroom soup, [illegible] Oxtail with [illegible] soup, Heinz Cream of Split Pea Soup—are [illegible] both delightful [illegible] and [illegible] Heinz [illegible] and lots of others.

Heinz Soups are [illegible] the best home-made kind, because they are [illegible] the same way your own are!

We take the finest and freshest ingredients—[illegible] choice, tender meats and crisp young vegetables—and simmer them slowly—in small batches—just as you do at home.

Remember, Heinz Soups are fully-prepared—not "condensed". No addition of milk, cream or water is necessary. Each soup is a special creation. Whether your need is for a rich, cream soup, or for a hearty one-dish soup such as Beef Broth or Bean Soup, you are saved all the work, worry and expense of making soup at home.

Your grocer sells the 19 tempting Heinz Soups listed below. Make your comparison with any similar kind of soup on the market. Then let your own taste be the judge of which is the finest soup for your home.

Chicken Noodle Soup.—[illegible]

Chicken Gumbo.—[illegible]

Clam Chowder.—[illegible]

Consommé Madrilene.—[illegible]

Bean Soup.—[illegible]

Onion Soup.—[illegible]

Consommé.—[illegible]

Pepper Pot.—[illegible]

Beef Broth.—[illegible]

Scotch Broth.—[illegible]

Mock Turtle.—[illegible]

Vegetable Soup.—[illegible]

Cream of Spinach.—[illegible]

Cream of Mushroom.—[illegible]

Cream of Oyster.—[illegible]

Cream of Asparagus.—[illegible]

Cream of Green Pea.—[illegible]

Cream of Celery.—[illegible]

Cream of Tomato.—[illegible]

HEINZ "DIRECT TEST"

Money-Back Offer!

Ask your grocer for any variety of Heinz soup you prefer. Then order the same kind of soup of any other brand. Heat and taste both brands.

If Heinz Soup does not taste *better*—mail both labels to us (with your written criticism) and receive from us the full price of both soups. H. J. Heinz Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

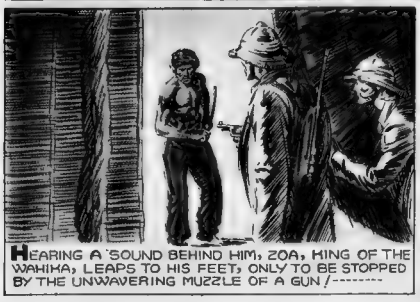
57

The Fairest Offer Ever Made to People Who Like Good Food.

JUNGLE JIM BY ALEX RAYMOND

HAWK BRUDER, HAVING KIDNAPED PATRICIA'S BABY, BRINGS HIM TO A NATIVE CHIEFTAIN AND ORDERS THAT HE BE BROUGHT UP AS A NATIVE WARRIOR, NEVER TO SEE HIS MOTHER AGAIN------ JUNGLE JIM, FOREWARNED BY KOLU, IS ON HIS WAY TO THE VILLAGE-----

OH, JIM, WE'RE TOO LATE--THERE GOES BRUDER BACK UP THE RIVER--AND HE HASN'T GOT THE BABY/
WE'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM LATER--BUT MAYBE WE CAN STILL SAVE THE BABY--COME ON



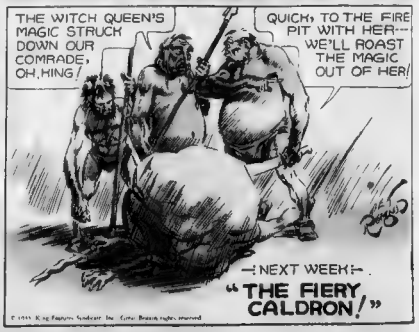
HEARING A SOUND BEHIND HIM, ZOA, KING OF THE WAHIKA, LEAPS TO HIS FEET, ONLY TO BE STOPPED BY THE UNWAVERING MUZZLE OF A GUN/--------

YES, JIM, BRUDER IS ALL-POWERFUL HERE--WHEN HE TOLD ME TO KEEP THIS INFANT AND BRING IT UP AS A MEMBER OF MY TRIBE I DARED NOT REFUSE--I FEARED, NOT FOR MY LIFE, BUT FOR THE LIVES OF MY PEOPLE---
I'M GOING TO LEAVE MISS PETERS TO CARE FOR THE BABY--I'LL GO BACK AND SEE IF I CAN'T SAVE THE CHILD'S MOTHER
9-15
NEXT WEEK "THE SWAMPS"!

Flash Gordon

FLASH, PARTLY INVISIBLE, AND THE WITCH QUEEN, AZURA, ARE TRAPPED IN THE TUNNELS OF THE DEATH DWARFS--WITH CRIES OF HATE AND VENGEANCE THEY SWARM TOWARD HER/----------

THE HAUGHTY QUEEN IS BROUGHT BEFORE KING HOK-KO, WHO SITS ENTHRONED BETWEEN THE ROOTS OF A MIGHTY TREE--HE TURNS LIVID AT THE SIGHT OF HER AND BELLOWS A SINGLE COMMAND "THE KNIFE DEATH!"----------


THE WITCH QUEEN'S MAGIC STRUCK DOWN OUR COMRADE, OH, KING/
QUICK, TO THE FIRE PIT WITH HER--- WE'LL ROAST THE MAGIC OUT OF HER/
—NEXT WEEK—
"THE FIERY CALDRON!"

THE COMIC WEEKLY

SECTION OF THE BOSTON ADVERTISER

Sunday September 15, 1935

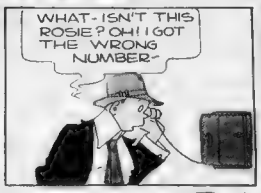
"What Fools These Mortals be!"

Puck

Rosie's BEAU

BY GEO. McMANUS

GEE! I'LL HAVE TO CALL UP ROSIE AND TELL HER I WILL BE UNABLE TO SEE HER TONIGHT AS I ONLY HAVE A NICKEL AND HERE IT GOES FOR THE 'PHONE CALL-



Bringing Up Father

WELL-HOW ARE YOU AND YOUR NEW PARTNER GETTING ALONG? HE'S SUCH A WONDERFUL BUSINESS-MAN-I HOPE YOU ARE PROFITING BY YOUR ASSOCIATION WITH HIM-
I AM-I WANT TO HAVE BREAKFAST AT SEVEN TOMORROW-I MUST GET TO THE OFFICE BRIGHT AND EARLY-

ISN'T IT WONDERFUL HOW YOUR FATHER IS TAKING AN INTEREST IN HIS BUSINESS ? I KNOW IT'S THE INFLUENCE OF HIS PARTNER-
DADDY HAS BEEN GETTIN' UP EARLIER EVERY MORNING-
I KIN HEAR HIM COMIN' DOWN STAIRS OR ELSE HE'S FALLIN' DOWN-

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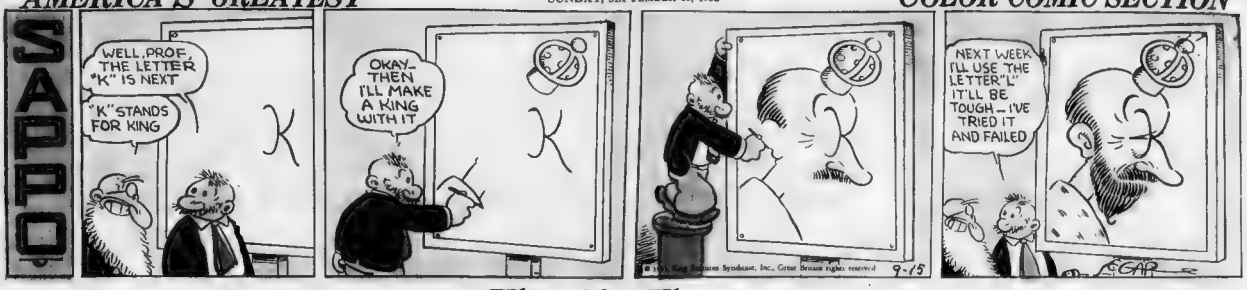
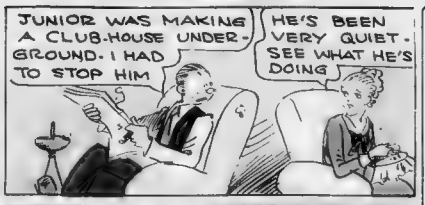

SADO
WELL, PROF. THE LETTER "K" IS NEXT
"K" STANDS FOR KING
OKAY. THEN I'LL MAKE A KING WITH IT
NEXT WEEK I'LL USE "THE LETTER "L" IT'LL BE TOUGH - I'VE TRIED IT AND FAILED
EGAR

Thimble Theatre

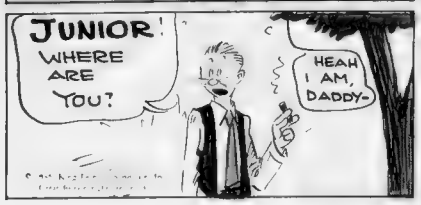
BUT I LOVES YA HONEY - I LOVES YA SUMPIN' ARFUL!
YES, I KNOW, BUT THE TROUBLE WITH YOU IS - YOU'RE NOT BROAD-MINDED
YOU GET JEALOUS OVER EVERY LITTLE THING - YOU'RE NOT A BIT MODERN
OH, HELLO, VILMA - HELLO, BRAD - GLAD YOU DROPPED IN
HELLO, OLIVE
HOWDY SWEET
NO, POPEYE ISN'T A BIT BROAD-MINDED - HE GETS JEALOUS SO EASY
JEALOUS! HAH! I THOUGHT THEM KIND OF BIRDS WAS EXTINCT
WHO'S EXTINK?! SAY, I'LL KNOCK THE HECK OUTTA YOU! THAT'SA INSULK
AW, DON'T GET SORE - I JUST MEANT THAT THE MODERN MEN DON'T GET JEALOUS - THEY'RE BROAD-MINDED
FOR INSTANCE - YOU CAN KISS MY SWEETY - I DON'T CARE
OH, MY GORSH! I WOULDN'T DO THAT!
'LO, HANDSOME
GO ON, KISS HER - IT'S OKAY - KISS HER ALL YOU WANT TO - SURE - OKAY
OH, MY GORSH!
HAW! HAW!
SMACK
SMACK
SMACK
SMACK
SMACK
'SFUN, AIN'T IT?
YEAH, PLEASANT
SMACK
SMACK
I YAM GETTIN' TO BE BROAD-MINDED - I DON'T MIND KISSIN' HER A BIT
SMACK
SMACK
SMACK
SMACK
SMACK
SMACK
WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!
QUIT KISSIN' MY SWEETY !!!
POW
WHY, YOU--
COME ON, LE'S BE WIDE-MINDED AGAIN
OH, SURE - YOU'RE BROAD-MINDED! YOU NIT WIT! YOU CRAZY SAP! YOU
I YAM WHAT I YAM AN' THAT'S ALL I YAM!
STOMP
EGAR

You can enjoy POPEYE every week day in the BOSTON EVENING AMERICAN

THE VAN SWAGGERS BY RUSS WESTOVER



TILLIE the TOILER
FASHION PARADE
DOLL AND DRESS BY MISS RENEE SEPIN, 5630 ADAMS AVE., SAN DIEGO, CALIF.
SEND 15¢ TO TILLIES PATTERN DEPT., 635-6TH AVE., NEW YORK CITY FOR THIS DRESS PATTERN - WRITE PLAINLY NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER AND SIZE WANTED
#0750 SIZES 12-20 30-40



Tillie the Toiler

Registered U. S. Patent Office

HY, BOB - 'LO, BUBBLES WHAT'S IN THE WIND?
WE'RE OFF TO A BIG AFFAIR - COME ON. YOU AND TILLIE CAN CRASH THE GATE - THIS GUY'S A FRIEND OF MINE
WHY NOT? IT SOUNDS THRILLING
SURE, HE LIVES IN AN APARTMENT IN THAT BUILDING

COME ON, TILLIE BUBBLES AND I HAVE TO GO
I'LL SEE YOU HOME, MISS JONES
THAT'S NICE OF YOU, MR THORNTON
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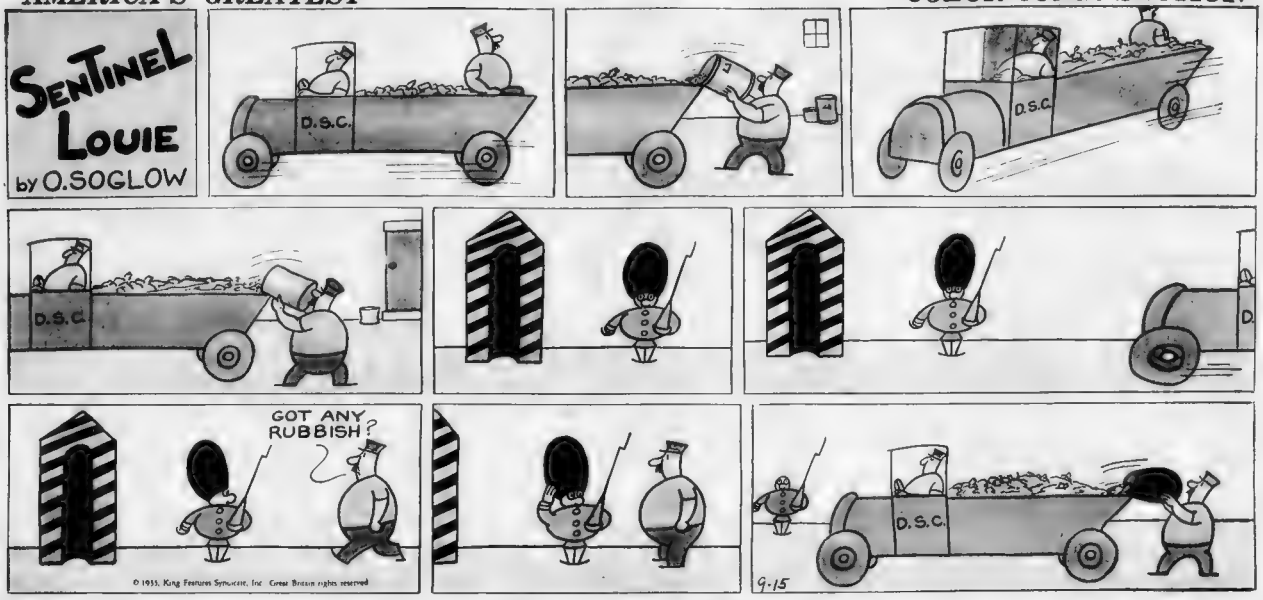
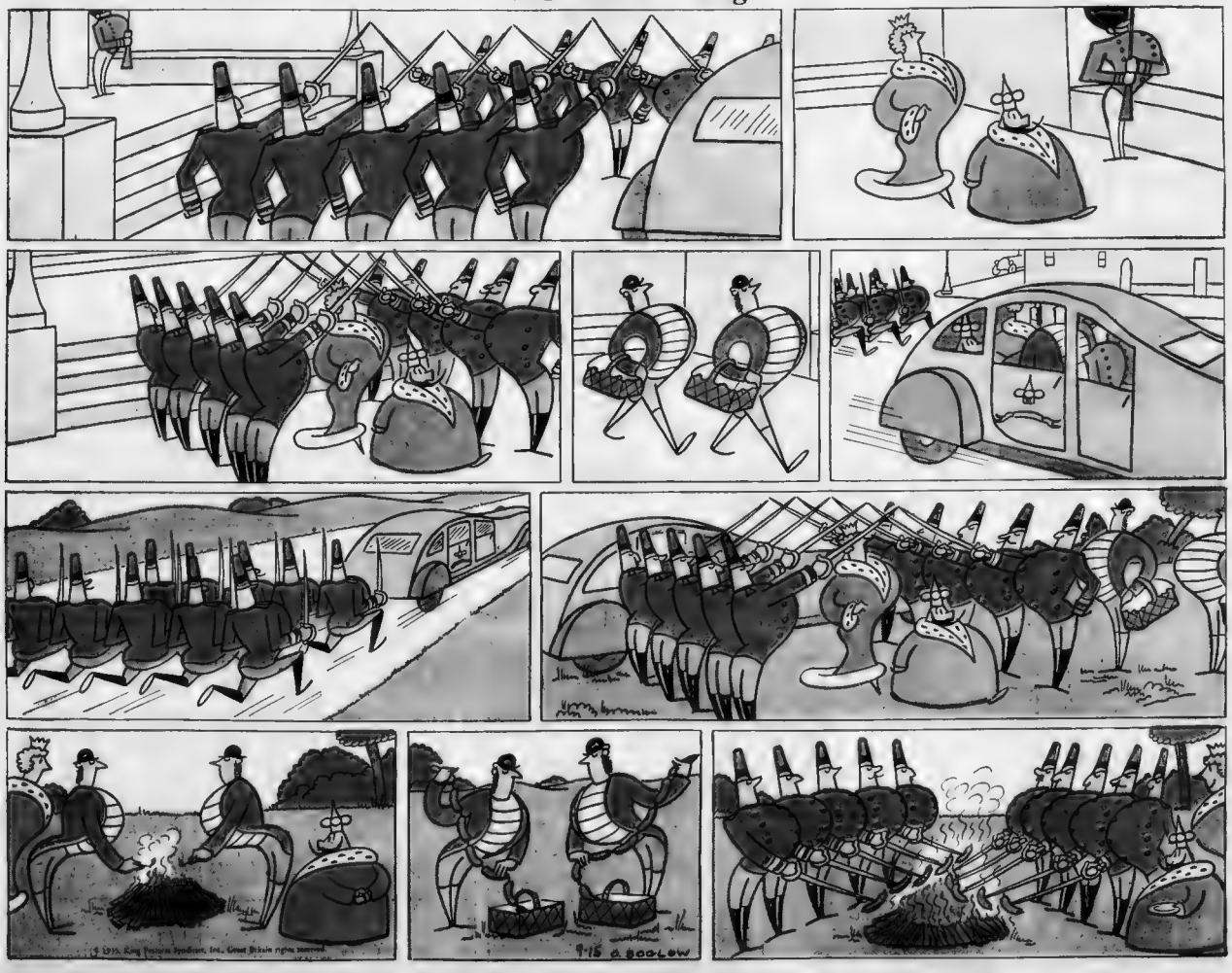
9 15

MAC, HOW DARE YOU RUN OFF? IF YOU PREFER THIS COMPANY TO MINE, MR. THORNTON
WILL TAKE ME HOME
AW, SHUCKS! WHAT'S THE USE?
RUSS WESTOVER



The Little King



ALWAYS-BELITTLIN'
BY
PERCY CROSBY
I THINK YOU'RE THE BEST FRIEND I GOT.
YOU'VE GOT NO IDEA OF HOW MUCH I THINK OF YOU.
I'D GIVE YOU THE SHIRT OFFIN' MY BACK ANY DAY.
DO YA MEAN THAT?
EVERY WORD OF IT!
9-15
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Skippy

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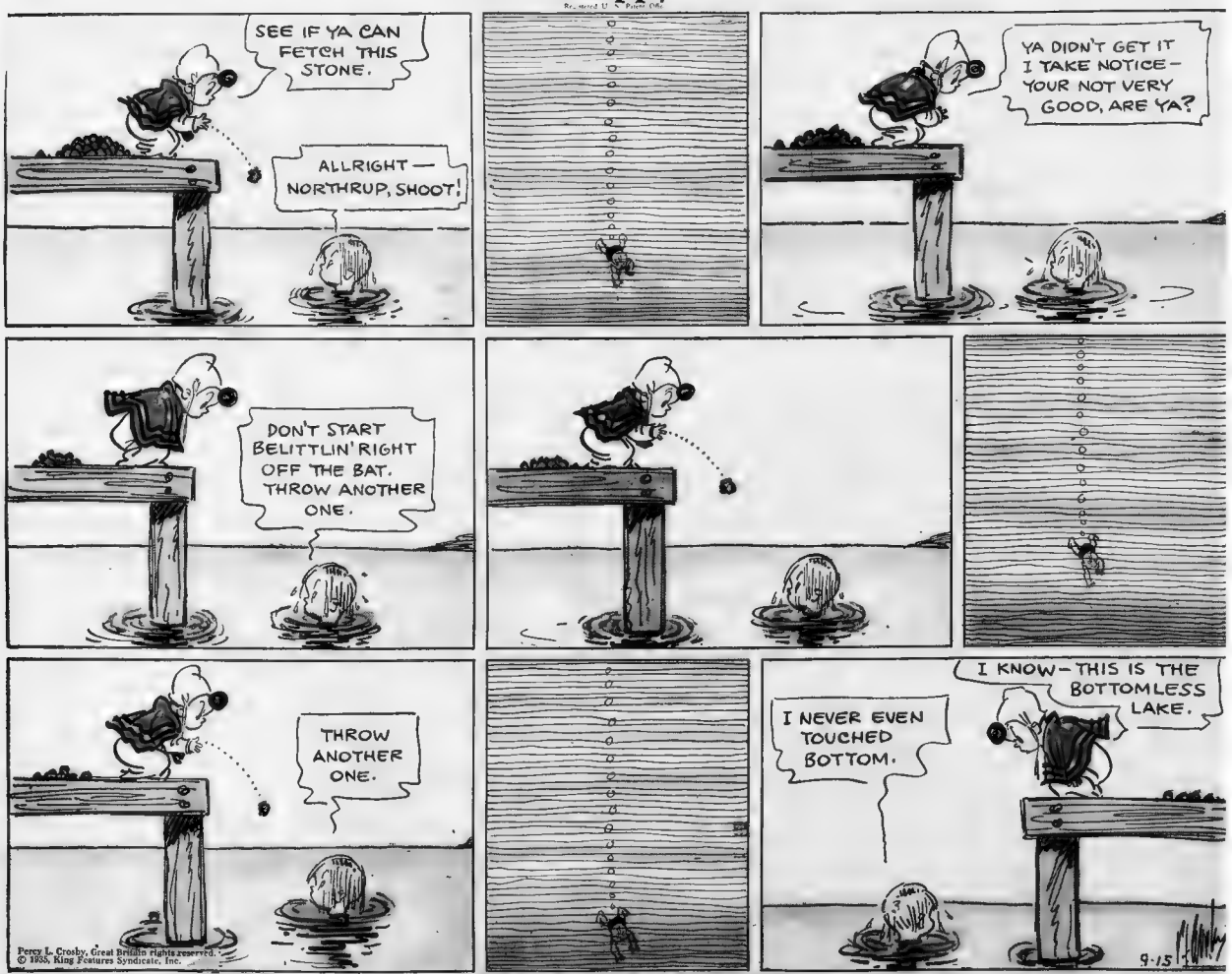
SEE IF YA CAN FETCH THIS STONE.
ALLRIGHT — NORTHRUP, SHOOT!
YA DIDN'T GET IT I TAKE NOTICE — YOUR NOT VERY GOOD, ARE YA?
DON'T START BELITTLIN' RIGHT OFF THE BAT. THROW ANOTHER ONE.
THROW ANOTHER ONE.
I NEVER EVEN TOUCHED BOTTOM.
I KNOW — THIS IS THE BOTTOMLESS LAKE.
9-15
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SKIPPY is in the BOSTON EVENING AMERICAN every week day

IT'S PAPA WHO PAYS!
by JIMMY MURPHY
MAMA WANTS TO GO UPSTATE AND VISIT HER SISTER FOR A FEW DAYS...
SHE DESERVES A LONGER VACATION THAN JUST A FEW DAYS--- IT'LL BE PRETTY LONESOME FOR ME HERE WITHOUT HER, BUT I AIN'T GONNA BE SELFISH ABOUT IT!
I DON'T KNOW HOW I'LL GET ALONG WITHOUT MAMA, BUT FOR HER SAKE, I'M GONNA SEE TO IT THAT SHE HAS A REAL VACATION THIS TIME!
HOW LONG SHALL I STAY WITH MY SISTER, PAPA?
MAMA, I WANT YOU TO STAY WITH HER FOR A WHOLE MONTH!
OH, PAPA! DO YOU MEAN THAT?
YOU BET I DO, MAMA
IT'S SWEET OF PAPA TO LET ME GO AWAY FOR A MONTH---HUM-M--- IT WAS HIS OWN SUGGESTION TOO!
SAY, ARE YOU TRYING TO GET RID OF ME? YOU WANTA GET ME OUT OF TOWN, SO YOU CAN SOW SOME WILD OATS, IS THAT IT?
I WASN'T BORN YESTERDAY, AND IF YOU THINK YOU'RE GONNA MAKE WHOOPEE WHILE I'M GONE YOU'RE MISTAKEN, BECAUSE I'M NOT GOING AWAY, YOU SCHEMING SCOUNDREL!
COL. DAN HOOFER
JIMMY MURPHY
9-15

Toots and Casper

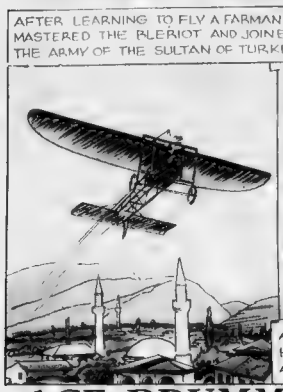
GEE, CASPER, I HAVEN'T HEARD A WORD FROM LUCY SINCE SHE DISAPPEARED LAST WEEK!
SHE'S MOVED FROM THE PLACE WHERE SHE USED TO LIVE, TOOTS--- I JUST CAME FROM THERE--
--AND YESTERDAY WAS THE FIRST TIME SHE'S FAILED TO CALL FOR OUR LAUNDRY---- THAT'S NOT LIKE HER----
HERE COMES THE MAIL-MAN---- MAYBE THERE'S A LETTER FROM LUCY---
NO, NOTHING FROM LUCY, BUT HERE'S A NOTE FROM ABNER SAYING HELLO---- HE SAYS TO GIVE ROGER KAILERTON HIS REGARDS----HUM-M--- THAT MEANS ROGER HASN'T RETURNED TO PRAIRIE JUNCTION YET!
ABNER ENCLOSED A SNAP-SHOT, TOO---- WELL, OF ALL THE CRUST!
LOOK AT THAT PICTURE OF OUR RICH UNCLE EVERETT HOLDING THE ABNER TWINS---- THAT BURNS ME UP---
BEFORE WE KNOW IT UNCLE EVERETT WILL BECOME SO INFATUATED WITH THOSE TWINS HE'LL FORGET ALL ABOUT OUR BUTTERCUP---
NOW DON'T BE JEALOUS, CASPER!
Z-Z
WELL, IT WON'T BE SO FUNNY IF HE MAKES THE TWINS HIS HEIRS INSTEAD OF BUTTERCUP----
SAY, IF ROGER ISN'T IN PRAIRIE JUNCTION, WHERE IS HE? AND WHERE IS LUCY? MAYBE THEY LIKED EACH OTHER MORE THAN THEY LET ON----
THAT'S MY HUNCH, TOO, TOOTS--- MAYBE THEY ELOPED, AND GOT MARRIED---HELLO--- THE 'PHONE IS RINGING!
LUCY, IS THAT YOU? WHERE ON EARTH HAVE YOU BEEN? WHAT?
THAT WAS LUCY--- SHE SAID SHE'S THE HAPPIEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD, AND SHE'S COMING RIGHT OVER TO TELL US SOME WONDERFUL NEWS----
9-15
I WONDER WHAT THE WONDERFUL NEWS IS, TOOTS?
I'M DYING TO KNOW, TOO, CASPER---MAYBE SHE'S MARRIED TO ROGER---OH, I WISH SHE'D HURRY! HERE SHE IS---
JIMMY MURPHY
WHAT IS THE GOOD NEWS THAT LUCY HAS TO TELL?
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

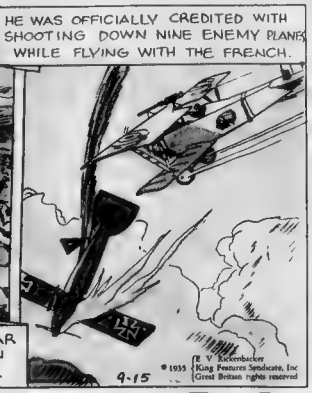
HALL OF FAME OF THE AIR

BY CAPT. EDDIE RICKENBACKER
DRAWN BY CLAYTON KNIGHT

BERT HALL

AN AMERICAN SOLDIER OF FORTUNE, BORN IN KENTUCKY, WHO LEARNED TO FLY IN FRANCE IN 1910 ON A FARMAN PLANE. IN 1913, HE WAS THE ENTIRE TURKISH AIR FORCE. WHEN HIS PAY FROM THE TURKS STOPPED HE JOINED THE BULGARIANS. TRANSFERRING FROM THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION IN 1916, HE WAS ONE OF SEVEN WHO FORMED THE LAFAYETTE ESCADRILLE. TO-DAY HE IS THE ONLY SURVIVING MEMBER OF THAT GROUP.




HE WAS OFFICIALLY CREDITED WITH SHOOTING DOWN NINE ENEMY PLANES WHILE FLYING WITH THE FRENCH.
E. V. Rickenbacker
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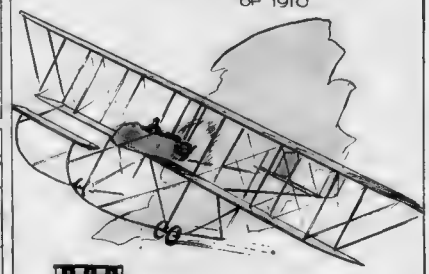
9-15

MAURICE FARMAN

PUSHER BIPLANE OF 1910



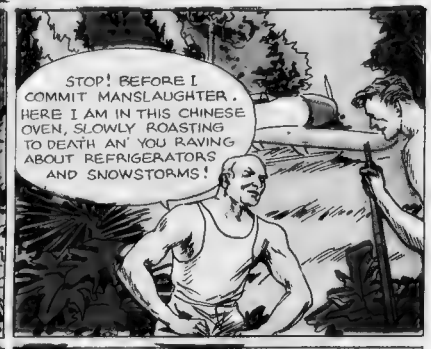
LIEUT. BERT HALL RECEIVED DECORATIONS FROM MANY COUNTRIES
FRENCH – MEDAILLE MILITAIRE. – CROIX DE GUERRE, WITH 3 PALMS
ROUMANIAN – THE ST. STANISLAUS MEDAL – VERTU MILITAIRE
AND
CROSS OF ST. GEORGE (RUSSIA)

ACE DRUMMOND

-:- Registered U. S. Patent Office -:-

By Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker

THINKING HOW WE COULD ESCAPE ?
NO - THINKING IT WOULD BE NICE TO BE IN A QUIET AIR-COOLED ROOM LISTENING TO THE ICE TINKLING IN A COUPLE OF TALL, FROSTED GLASSES OF –


STOP! BEFORE I COMMIT MANSLAUGHTER. HERE I AM IN THIS CHINESE OVEN, SLOWLY ROASTING TO DEATH AN' YOU RAVING ABOUT REFRIGERATORS AND SNOWSTORMS!

THERE'S NO USE SQUAWKING. WE'RE ANCHORED HERE IN THE JUNGLE UNTIL GEN. LING CHEE'S SCOUTS CAN BRING GASOLINE. A PLANE WITHOUT GAS IS LIKE A BOAT WITHOUT WATER.

BEDAD, GENERAL, AND IT'S YOURSELF THAT HAS A THOUSAND WALKING GASOLINE STATIONS
WHEN GEN. LING CHEE ORDERS GASOLINE – THE GASOLINE COMES.

THIS STUFF THEY'RE BRINGING SMELLS LIKE EVERYTHING IN THE DRUG STORE. YOU'LL FIND OUT IF IT'S GASOLINE AFTER YOU TRY TO START THE ENGINE!!

OKAY! GENERAL! TELL YOUR MEN WE'LL TRY AND TAKE OFF
TRY! IS THE RIGHT WORD!
E. V. Rickenbacker
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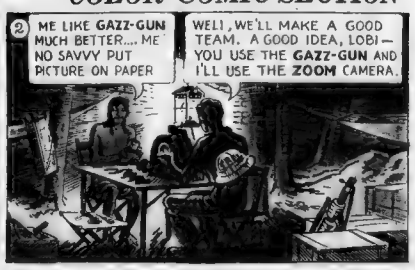
9-15

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES of JOHNNY ROUND-THE-WORLD

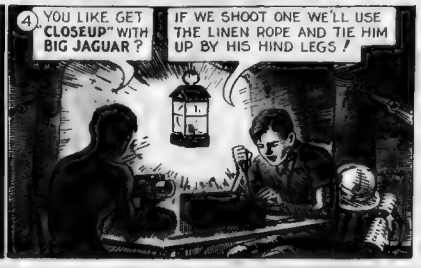
By WILLIAM LAVARRE, F.R.G.S.

THROUGH DJUKA LANDS IN DUTCH GUIANA

For five days the JUPITER Expedition cuts due East from the Courantyne River into the interior of Dutch Guiana. Each night Johnny works hard trying to mend his broken ZOOM CAMERA.

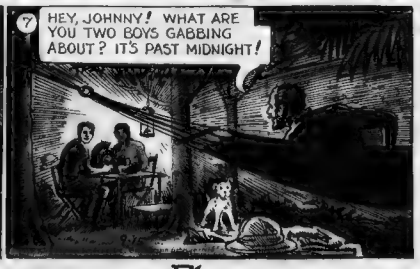

2
ME LIKE GAZZ-GUN MUCH BETTER.... ME NO SAVVY PUT PICTURE ON PAPER
WELL, WE'LL MAKE A GOOD TEAM. A GOOD IDEA, LOBI — YOU USE THE GAZZ-GUN AND I'LL USE THE ZOOM CAMERA.

3
ME SHOOT SOMETHING AND YOU PUT PICTURE ON PAPER WHILE HE SLEEP?
NO. AFTER YOU SHOOT IT WE'LL TIE IT UP. WHEN IT WAKES UP IT CAN'T RUN OFF AND I'LL BE ABLE TO GET SWELL CLOSE-UPS!



5
ME SHOOT JAGUAR WITH GAZZ-GUN. TIE UP WHILE SLEEP. PLENTY EASY. BUT HOW YOU GOING UNTIE AFTER HE WAKE UP?
GEE, LOBI. I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT. WE COULDN'T GO OFF AND LEAVE HIM TIED UP, COULD WE?
?

6
ME SAVVY. YOU TAKE PLENTY ZOOM PICTURES, THEN WE SHOOT HIM WITH GAZZ-GUN AGAIN TO PUT TO SLEEP SO WE CAN UNTIE HIM!
GREAT IDEA. CAN YOU CLIMB A TREE IN THREE MINUTES?



Elmer

Registered U. S. Patent Office

I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW MY PAPA IS A GENTLEMAN, ELMER TUGGLE, HE DOESN'T FIGHT! -- AND HE GIVES ME A PENNY EVERY DAY FOR CANDY
AW, BALONEY! THAT'S NOTHING. MY POP GIVES ME A NICKEL EVERY DAY TO DO WITH ANYTHING I WANT!

-- AND HE'S POLITE AND NEVER SITS DOWN WHEN A LADY IS STANDING -- AND HE ALWAYS GIVES HIS SEAT TO A LADY
MY POP IS SO POLITE HE NEVER EVEN ANSWERS BACK WHEN MA'S TALKING TO HIM

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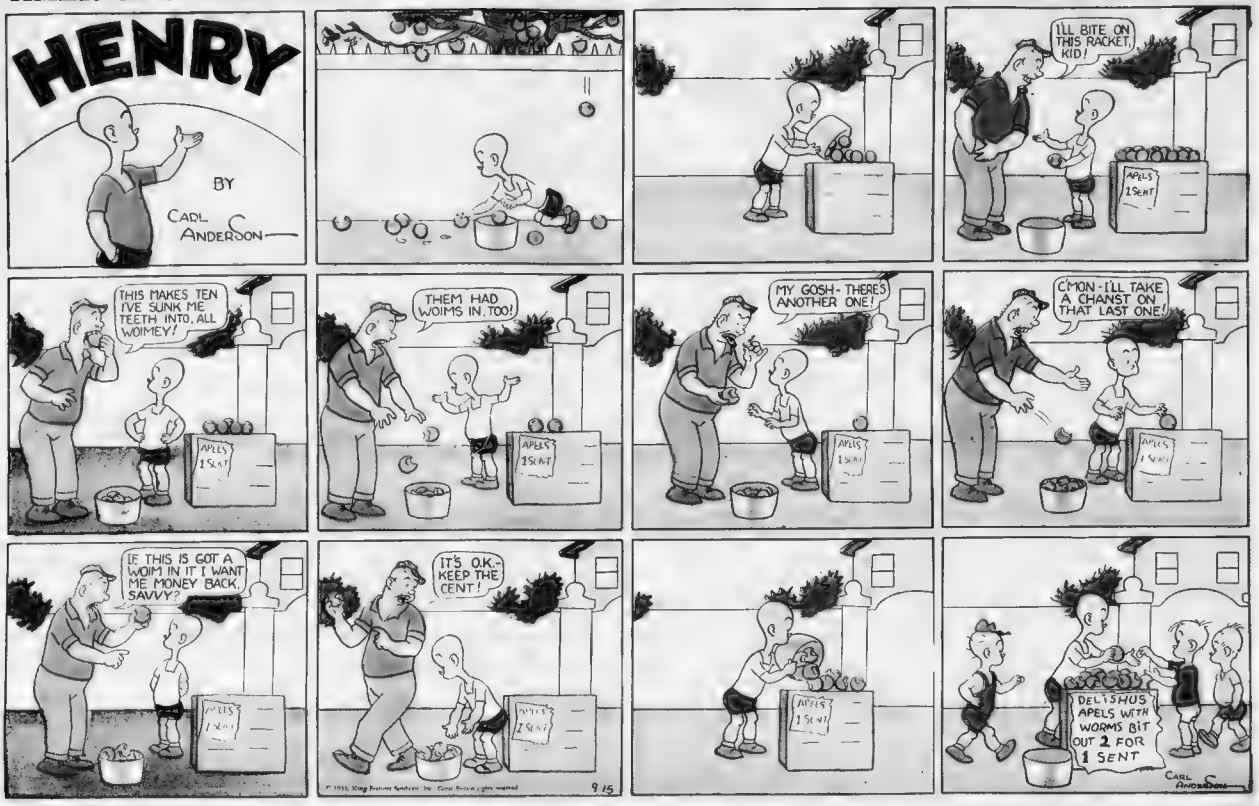
HENRY

BY CARL ANDERSON


I'LL BITE ON THIS RACKET, KID!
APELS 1 SENT
THIS MAKES TEN I'VE SUNK ME TEETH INTO, ALL WOIMEY!
THEM HAD WOIMS IN, TOO!
MY GOSH - THERE'S ANOTHER ONE!
C'MON - I'LL TAKE A CHANST ON THAT LAST ONE!
IF THIS IS GOT A WOIM IN IT I WANT ME MONEY BACK, SAVVY?
IT'S O.K. - KEEP THE CENT!
DELISHUS APELS WITH WORMS BIT OUT 2 FOR 1 SENT
CARL ANDERSON

THE PUSSYCAT PRINCESS

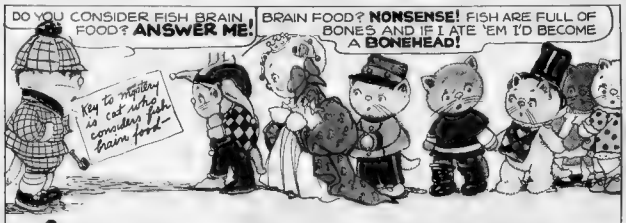
by ED. ANTHONY

DRAWN BY GRACE DRAYTON

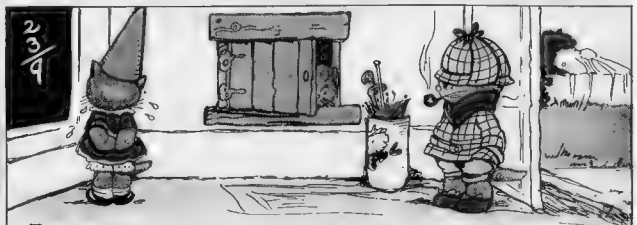
I EXPECT YOU C-MEN TO KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN AND C WHAT'S GOING ON AROUND HERE!
WHY, THAT SECOND BATCH WAS STOLEN RIGHT UNDER THEIR NOSES, FATHER!
UNDER THEIR NOSES? WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH 'EM? CAN'T THEY SMELL FISH?

THE KING SCOLDS SERGEANT SNOOP AND HIS C-MEN. ("C" STANDS FOR CAT) FOR THEIR FAILURE TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT THE SECOND THEFT OF THE KING'S 14-KARAT GOLDFISH.

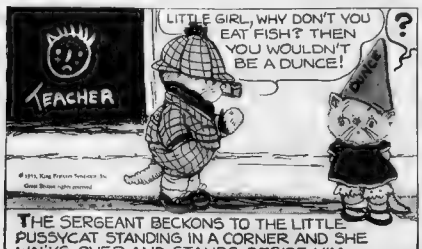
TEN DAYS ELAPSE AND NO CLUES DEVELOP THE KING BEGINS TO DESPAIR WHEN ONE DAY HE FINDS A STARTLING NOTE PINNED TO HIS THRONE.


DO YOU CONSIDER FISH BRAIN FOOD? ANSWER ME!
BRAIN FOOD? NONSENSE! FISH ARE FULL OF BONES AND IF I ATE 'EM I'D BECOME A BONEHEAD!
Key to mystery is cat who considers fish brain food

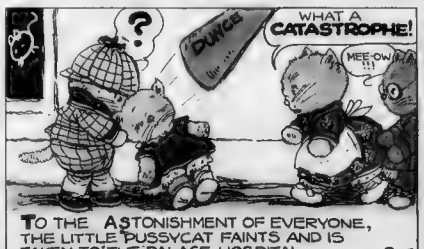
SERGEANT SNOOP IN HIS BEST SCATLAND YARD MANNER, QUESTIONS EVERY CAT IN THE PLACE. NO ONE IS EXCUSED.



THE SERGEANT, AFTER INVESTIGATING EVERY OTHER SECTION OF THE PALACE, WINDS UP IN THE PLAY-SCHOOL IN THE CHILDREN'S WING.



THE SERGEANT BECKONS TO THE LITTLE PUSSYCAT STANDING IN A CORNER AND SHE WALKS OVER AND STANDS BESIDE HIM.



TO THE ASTONISHMENT OF EVERYONE, THE LITTLE PUSSYCAT FAINTS AND IS TAKEN TO THE PALACE HOSPITAL. 9-15

SAYS SERGEANT SNOOP: "THIS IS ALL VERY STRANGE, PRINCESS. AND THE QUEEREST PART OF ALL IS THAT WHEN WE LIFTED HER OFF THE FLOOR SHE WAS HEAVY AS LEAD. IT TOOK FOUR C-MEN TO CARRY HER IN HERE. SEARCHED HER AND COULDN'T FIND A THING ON HER!".. CONTINUED.

MICKEY MOUSE

REGISTERED U.S. PATENT OFFICE

I HEAR Y' OFFERED T' LET HOPPY BOX THET GORILLAR IN TH' BENEFIT SHOW!
YEH! MR FUSSMORE, FROM THE COMMITTEE, IS COMIN' TO SEE ME ABOUT IT TODAY!
WHY SAY! DON'T YOU KNOW THET GORILLAR HALF-KILLS 'EM? HE'S BEEN ALL OVER THE COUNTRY AN' NEVER LOST A FIGHT!
WELL? YOU HAVEN'T SEEN HOPPY BOX — HE'S GOT PLENTY O' WALLOP TO HIM!
LATER IN MICKEY'S GYMNASIUM.
I'LL HAVE TO SEE A DEMONSTRATION, OR THE ANIMAL'S ABILITY! WE WANT TO BE SURE THE AUDIENCE IS NOT CHEATED!
HE DON'T LIKE TO BOX WITH ME! I WISH HIS SPARRING PARTNER WAS HERE!
COME ON, HOPPY! BOX!
HONK! HONK!
HOPPY! SOCK, WILL Y'?
HMMM! HE WON'T DO. I'M AFRAID! SEEMS TO HAVE NO ABILITY WHATEVER!
WE MUST HAVE A BOXER WITH A — ER — PUNCH! THE GORILLA IS VERY GOOD, INDEED!
HERE'S HORACE NOW! HE'LL SHOW Y' WHAT HOPPY G'N DO!
YES, SIR — I PRIDE M'SELF ON THE TRAININ' OF THIS ANIMAL! HE CAN DISH IT OUT!
WURP!
THAT'S IT! SOON AS HE SAYS, "WURP," HE'S READY TO FIGHT!
PLINK!
OWF! SUNK!
9-15
I CONSIDER MY TIME ENTIRELY WASTED!
TRAINED ESPECIALLY FOR THIS CHANCE — AND NOW LOOK!
I — I DIDN'T HIT 'IM HARD! I GUESS HE CAN'T TAKE IT!
WALT DISNEY

Tim Tyler's Luck

BOMBO BRING TURTLE-SHELL FOR UM BOY
TIM IS A PRISONER OF MIJI, THE TURTLEMAN, AND HIS TWO WILD COMPANIONS
YOU CAN'T MAKE ME WEAR THAT THING!
BOY WEAR UM SHELL, THEN UM NO GET HURT
THERE'S NOT A CHANCE OF SGT. GATES FINDING ME NOW -- GEE, I'M GETTING SLEEPY
WHERE DID BOMBO, THE ELEPHANT, AND SHAKA, THE LEOPARD, GO?
NO TELL = BOY GET UNDER SHELL - GO SLEEP = MIJI STAY 'WAKE. KEEP UM GUARD
THE TURTLEMAN'S KEEN EARS HEARS HOOFBEATS — THEN HE SEES TROOPER GATES NEARING
HM - MORE GIANT TURTLES - THE COUNTRY'S FULL OF 'EM —
BUT NOT A SIGN OF TIM AROUND THESE PARTS
THE NEXT MORNING, AFTER TIM AWAKES, MIJI BINDS HIM TO A TREE
FROM HERE BOY WATCH BOMBO AND SHAKA RAID UM VILLAGE!
PLEASE DON'T LET THEM HARM ANY OF THOSE PEACEFUL PEOPLE -
9-15
MIJI'S ELEPHANT CHARGES AND DRIVES THE SAVAGES FROM THEIR VILLAGE!
W-WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
EVERYBODY RUN AWAY NOW WE GO IN AND ROB UM HUTS! COME!
TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

BUNKY

by BILLY DE BECK

SO YER WANTS TER SEE TH' SIGHTS O' LUNNON, ME LAD?? OUSES O' PARLMINT··YE S'Y··TIKE TH' FIRS' TUN TER YER LEF' AN' YE WALK STRITE M'IN TER HIT··ABAAT THREE MILE I'D S'Y··YE BETTER TIKE A BUS, ME LAD··
BUT· I HAVE NO FUNDS··

SO BONKY HAS A BUSY DAY·· VISITING THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT ON THE RIVER THAMES··TWO MILES OF CORRIDORS A THOUSAND ROOMS·· UPSTAIRS, DOWNSTAIRS, UPSTAIRS, DOWN
HOW WEARY I AM· AND HUNGRY··

OH, DEAR!! I CAN'T FIND MY WAY BACK!!! BOO-HOO··· AND NOW I'VE LOST MY APPETITE
JIMPSON'S PLATE DINNER YOU CAN'T TOUCH IT FOR 1/-
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hill billy ba-looney by

PRINT YOUR
NAME.....
STREET.....
CITY..... STATE.....
SEND TO SNUFFY SMITH-CARE OF THIS PAPER

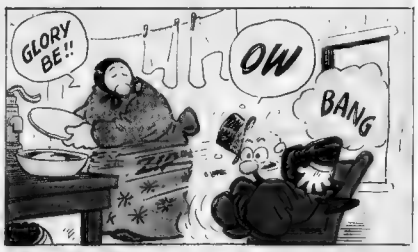
$25.00 CASH PRIZE FOR THE BEST SNUFFY SMITH "BALOONEY"

Barney Google

Registered U. S. Patent Office

LAWS-A-ME !!! MIST' GOOGLE !!! WHUT ON AIRTH BRUNG YE DOWN TER TH' HOLLER?? I'M MIDDLIN' GLAD TER SEE YE··· KEM IN AN' SET A SPELL···
HULLO, LOWIZY··· GO WAKE UP SNUFFY·· I GOT SOME GOOD NEWS FROM TH' R R. PEOPLE 'BOUT HIS LAND··

PAW HEV GONE OFF SOMMERS, MIST' G·· BETWIXT TH' REVENOOERS A-SNOOPIN' EROUND AN' TH' MORGANS AN' THEM BRADDOCKS A-PESTERIN' ONE ERNOTHER··PAW HEV BEEN DOIN' A HEAP O' GALIVANTIN' BACK 'N' FOTH··
SHUX·· LOWIZY·· SNUFFY TAKES THINGS TOO SERIOUS··· IT'S SO NICE AN' PEACEFUL HERE··



I DECLAR!! THEM BRADDOCKS AIR A SCANDAL TER TH' JAY-BIRDS·· EF THEY HED BEEN RAISED 'MONGST TH' FOXES, TH' VARMINTS CUDN'T SHOW LESS MANNERS
? ? ?
RECKON I HED BETTER SHET TH' SHETTERS PEARS TER BE GITTIN' A LEETLE AIRISH···

MIST. G. SKEET YORESELF DOWN TER TH' SPRANG NIMBLE AN' FOTCH A BUCKET O' WARTER·· PAW'LL WHAP TH' DAYLIGHTS OUTN ME WEN HE KEMS EF DINNER HAIN'T A-COOKIN'··
Y-YES'M-

I W-WISH SNUFFY WAS ALONG··
I HEV LIVED A CORNSIDIBBLE TIME IN THIS TANTERLIZIN' WORLD, MIST. G. AN' EZ YIT I DUNNO EZ I HEV HED TER HEV A PERTECTER··
CLICK

LOOKY!! EF THET AIR ONE O' THEM PESKY REVENOO CRITTERS HIDIN' IN THEM BUSHES···KEERFUL·MIST. G. THIS OL' SHOOTIN-ARN KICKS WUSSER'N A BLUE-NOSE MULE··
BANG

TH' SPRANG HAIN'T BUT TWO WHOOPS AN' A HOLLER FROM HYAR, MIST. G.···I'LL FOTCH TH' WARTER···HEND ME THET BUCKET··
TELL PAW I AIR FIXIN' TER DISH UP A SOON DINNER··

PAW···YE HAIN'T ET 'NOUGH TER KEEP A WRENNY-BIRD ALIVE···
GOOGLE··WEN YORE DONE PAWIN' OVER THEM VITTLES·· I CRAVE YORE COMP'NY OUT'N BACK O' TH' WEN-HOUSE···
?
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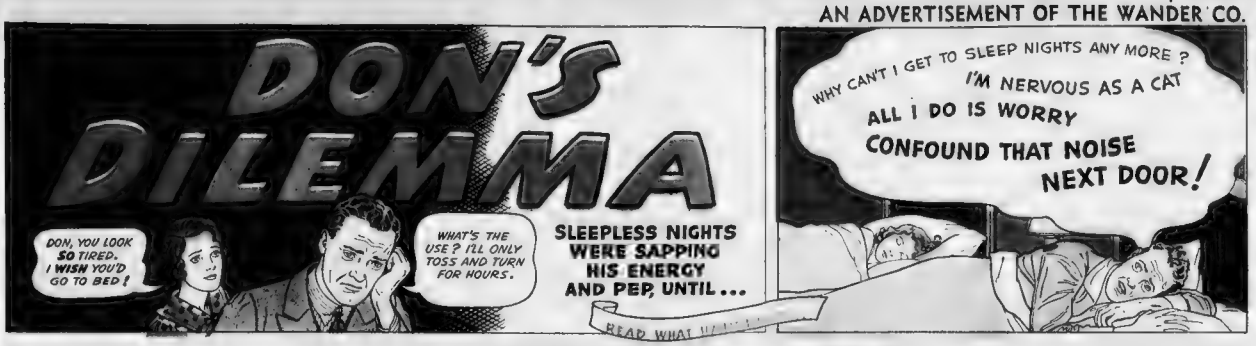
DE/BE

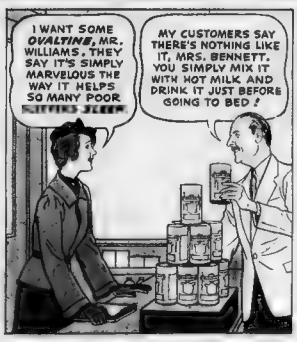
AN ADVERTISEMENT OF THE WANDER CO.

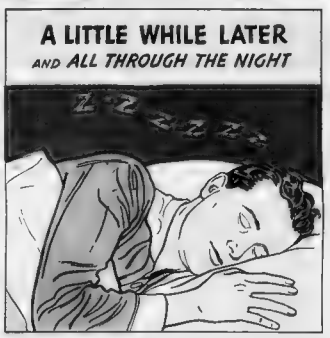

DON'S DILEMMA
DON, YOU LOOK SO TIRED. I WISH YOU'D GO TO BED!
WHAT'S THE USE? I'LL ONLY TOSS AND TURN FOR HOURS.
SLEEPLESS NIGHTS WERE SAPPING HIS ENERGY AND PEP, UNTIL...
READ WHAT
WHY CAN'T I GET TO SLEEP NIGHTS ANY MORE? I'M NERVOUS AS A CAT
ALL I DO IS WORRY
CONFOUND THAT NOISE NEXT DOOR!

BUT DON, THEY AREN'T REALLY MAKING ANY NOISE AT ALL. WHY EVEN WHEN IT'S QUIET YOU ALWAYS HAVE TROUBLE GETTING TO SLEEP LATELY....
I DON'T CARE... I'M GOING TO GIVE THEM A PIECE OF MY MIND — HELLO!

NEXT DAY
I WANT TO APOLOGIZE FOR MY HUSBAND LAST NIGHT, MRS. ERICKSON. HE'S SO NERVOUS HE ISN'T HIMSELF AT ALL LATELY.... HAS SO MUCH TROUBLE WITH SLEEPLESS NIGHTS!
DON'T APOLOGIZE, MY DEAR. I USED TO SUFFER TERRIBLY FROM SLEEPLESSNESS MYSELF UNTIL I BEGAN TAKING OVALTINE.

OVALTINE? YOU MEAN THE SWISS FOOD-DRINK I'VE READ SO MUCH ABOUT? WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT BEFORE?
IT'S SIMPLY WONDERFUL HOW QUICKLY IT MADE ME FALL ASLEEP. MY DOCTOR ALWAYS ADVISES IT BECAUSE HE SAYS IT'S ENTIRELY FREE FROM DRUGS...


I WANT SOME OVALTINE, MR. WILLIAMS. THEY SAY IT'S SIMPLY MARVELOUS THE WAY IT HELPS SO MANY POOR LITTLE SLEEP
MY CUSTOMERS SAY THERE'S NOTHING LIKE IT, MRS. BENNETT. YOU SIMPLY MIX IT WITH HOT MILK AND DRINK IT JUST BEFORE GOING TO BED!



I TELL YOU, JEAN... IF I FELT ANY BETTER THERE'D BE A LAW AGAINST IT! I HAVEN'T HAD THIS MUCH PEP IN MONTHS!
WELL, I'M CERTAINLY GOING TO PHONE MRS. ERICKSON RIGHT NOW AND THANK HER FOR TELLING US ABOUT OVALTINE!

How To Foster Sound, Restful Sleep Tonight

—New Vitality, New Energy Tomorrow

OVALTINE, is a delicious pure food concentrate recommended by thousands of physicians and used in 54 different countries today. When taken as a hot drink at bedtime, it usually promotes sound sleep in a surprisingly short time.

In the morning, users report that they awaken clear eyed, refreshed—nerves calm, mind clear—just the way a person *should* feel after a perfect night's sleep.

For example, Mrs. Eugene F. Allen, 1415 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass., writes:—*"My husband has been drinking Ovaltine only three weeks but the results are wonderful. Previously he had been unable to sleep nights—was nervous and very irritable. Now he sleeps soundly all night—feels full of energy next morning—seems to be a different man."*

Another delighted user, Mr. James Ambrose, 468 Sixth St., Brooklyn, N. Y., writes:—*"Ovaltine has accomplished all I expected of it in the way of promoting sleep, thereby decreasing my feeling of nervousness considerably. In fact, I feel like a new man once more—100% more vigorous."*

These letters cover, of course, only two individual experiences. Naturally, we do not claim or guarantee that similar results will occur in *every* case where Ovaltine is used. But these statements are so typical of thousands we have received, that we believe a thorough trial of Ovaltine is justified by every intelligent person in cases of "nerves" and sleepless nights.

So outstanding are the results accredited to Ovaltine that, during the World War, it was used as a standard ration for invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers. Thousands, too, use it regularly to restore vitality when fatigued. It is also advised and extensively used for nervous, undernourished children—and as a strengthening food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.

Get a can of Ovaltine at any drug or grocery store today. Or mail the coupon at the right for a trial supply.

IF YOU HAVE TROUBLE GETTING TO SLEEP AT NIGHT --- SEND THIS IN AND SEE FOR YOURSELF HOW MUCH BETTER OVALTINE MAY MAKE YOU SLEEP AND LOOK AND FEEL!

MAIL FOR 3-DAY TEST

THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. 1-13
180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your test package of Ovaltine. (One package to a person.)

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

(Print name and address clearly IN PENCIL)

OVALTINE

The Swiss Food-Drink—Now made in the U. S. A.

LOOK FOR NEW LOW PRICES

AT DRUG, GROCERY AND DEPARTMENT STORES

3563

RADIO PATROL

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1935

WORRIED OVER THE LONG ABSENCE OF MOLLY, PINKY SETS OUT IN SEARCH OF HER.. SILENTLY HE ROWS ACROSS THE LAKE..
ARRIVING ON THE OPPOSITE SHORE, PINKY STARTS UP THE PATH TO THE "MANSION" ACROSS THE LAKE..
WELL-I'VE GOT TO GET OVER OR AROUND THIS
FOLLOWING THE TALL IRON FENCE-PINKY SCALES IT WHERE IT MEETS THE SHEER FACE OF A CLIFF.
MEANWHILE MOLLY IS AT THE "CASTLE"..... I'M SORRY PATSY WAS CALLED AWAY. BUSINESS YOU KNOW. GEORGE WILL TAKE YOU TO YOUR COTTAGE.. GOOD NIGHT.
GOODNIGHT, MISS- GOODNIGHT— AND THANKS
MOLLY! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? PINKY IS OUT LOOKING FOR YOU
HMM- PATSY THE PASSER! WONDER WHAT THEY'RE CARRYING?
FOR THE LOVE OF JASPER! THEY'VE DISAPPEARED RIGHT INTO THAT CLIFF!
FIRST A SPEED-BOAT VANISHES IN A DEAD-END RIVER AND NOW THESE BIRDS GO INTO THIN AIR.
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

RED BARRY

Re-entered U. S. Patent Office

THE SECOND CHINATOWN HANGING HAS THROWN THE POLICE DEPARTMENT INTO A STATE OF CONFUSION....
WE NOW FIND INSPECTOR SCOTT AT THE OFFICES OF COMMISSIONER TRENT...
GOOD HEAVENS, MAN- THEY'VE TURNED THAT BELL-TOWER INTO A PUBLIC SCAFFOLD!! WHY DON'T YOU DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT?
HOW ABOUT DYNAMITING THE BELL-TOWER?
THIS IS NO TIME FOR JESTING, JOHN... ELECTION IS NOT FAR OFF...THEY'VE ALREADY FORGOTTEN MY GOOD WORK IN THE SHELBY CASE!!
THAT'S RIGHT, YOU DID WRING A CONFESSION OUT OF ROMERO!!
ENOUGH OF THIS SARCASM!!! I WANT RESULTS, DO YOU HEAR ME, RESULTS?!
IF YOU COULD ONLY LEARN TO RELAX, COMMR., WHAT A GOVERNOR YOU'D MAKE!!
BACK AT HEADQUARTERS SCOTTY GOES IN FOR A BIT OF RELAXATION, HIMSELF...
DAWSON, I WANT YOU TO CHECK ON EVERY HARDWARE STORE FROM MULBERRY BEND TO THE BATTERY...GET A DESCRIPTION OF EVERYONE WHO'S BOUGHT ROPE IN THE LAST MONTH- THAT'S ALL!!
HERE'S THE LOWDOWN ON YOUNG VINTON, INSPECTOR... INHERITED FORTUNE A YEAR AGO- PLAYBOY TYPE — MIXED UP IN SEVERAL GAMBLING SCRAPES...
OKAY- LET'S HAVE IT, MAC!!
BOTH DUANE AND VINTON WERE DRUGGED BEFORE THEY WERE STRUNG UP... I WOULD SAY THAT BOTH HANGINGS TOOK PLACE ABOUT 3 A.M.!!
WHAT DID YOU FIND, DOC?
IN THE MEANTIME, RED CONTINUES HIS CHINATOWN PROWL IN AN EFFORT TO FIND A MOTIVE FOR THE DIABOLICAL HANGINGS...
YOU'RE FOLLOWING THE WRONG GUY, KID- THE PIED PIPER WENT THE OTHER WAY!!
ME NO KID- ME HONG KONG CHOLLY- PLENTY WISE GUY!!
YEAH? HOW WISE IS HONG KONG CHOLLY?
WE PLAY GAME- I FOLLY YOU- NOW YOU FOLLY ME!!
WILL GOULD
THIS BETTER BE GOOD, CHOLLY!!
9-15
To be continued...

RED BARRY'S Thrilling Exploits Appear every week day in the BOSTON EVENING AMERICAN

The AMAZING CAREER OF AMERICA'S 42-YEAR-OLD ATHLETIC MARVEL!

WHAT IS THE SECRET OF HIS STAYING POWER? "CONDITION," HE STATES. WHAT ABOUT SMOKING? "I SMOKE CAMELS," HE SAYS. "THEY ARE SO MILD THEY DON'T GET MY WIND OR AFFECT MY NERVES"

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

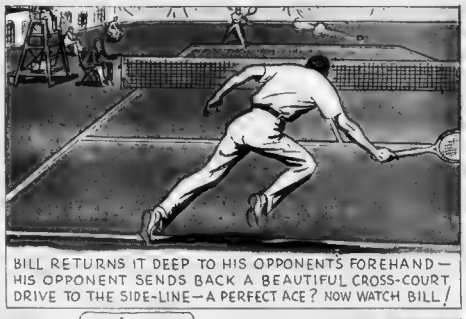
IN 1917 A YOUNG MAN DESTINED TO MAKE TENNIS HISTORY, FIRST STEPPED OUT ON THE COURT AT FOREST HILLS—HIS NAME WAS WM. T. TILDEN 2ND

IT TOOK BILL ONLY THREE YEARS TO BECOME THE WORLD CHAMPION! FROM THEN ON HIS CAREER HAS BEEN A CONTINUOUS BLAZING PATH OF GLORY—SPORTS AUTHORITIES THE WORLD OVER HAIL HIS SPEED AND STAMINA

AS AN AMATEUR

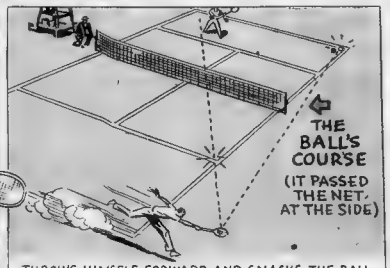
HIS GREATEST SHOT OCCURRED IN THE LAST SET OF THE FINALS FOR THE 1924 U.S. CHAMPIONSHIP —

WITH THE STORM COMING UP FAST, BILL'S OPPONENT SENDS OVER A WICKED SERVE—



BILL RETURNS IT DEEP TO HIS OPPONENT'S FOREHAND—HIS OPPONENT SENDS BACK A BEAUTIFUL CROSS-COURT DRIVE TO THE SIDE-LINE—A PERFECT ACE? NOW WATCH BILL!

TILDEN SPRINTS ACROSS THE COURT LIKE A COMET—



—THROWS HIMSELF FORWARD AND SMACKS THE BALL—IT HITS THE CORNER WITHOUT GOING OVER THE NET—WINNING THE POINT AND VIRTUALLY THE MATCH!

AND NOW—HOW IS BILL'S WIND AND ENDURANCE TODAY? LET'S SEE

IN BOSTON—AFTER BEATING LOTT—14 YEARS HIS JUNIOR—IN SINGLES, HE PLAYS IN THE LONGEST DOUBLES SET ON RECORD. SCORES—31-29,—6-3,—6-4. FOUR HOURS OF SIZZLING PLAY, SINGLES AND DOUBLES, TOTALING 100 GAMES!

TILDEN 'WORLD-FAMOUS ATHLETE

CAMELS NEVER UPSET MY NERVES OR GET MY WIND. CAMELS GIVE ME A 'LIFT,' FRESH ENERGY, AND PEP. I NEVER TIRE OF THEIR TASTE

ATHLETES AGREE: "CAMELS DON'T GET YOUR WIND"

CHAMPIONS LIKE BILL TILDEN, LOU GEHRIG, BUSTER CRABBE, AND GENE SARAZEN HAVE TO BE SURE THEIR CIGARETTE IS MILD. THEY AGREE THAT CAMELS DON'T GET THEIR WIND OR UPSET THEIR NERVES. YOU'LL LIKE CAMEL'S MILDNESS TOO. CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, **MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS**—TURKISH AND DOMESTIC—THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND.

(SIGNED) R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., WINSTON-SALEM, N.C.

CAMEL
TURKISH AND DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY
I SMOKE THE KIND TILDEN DOES—CAMELS
ME, TOO. THEY DON'T INTERFERE WITH MY 'CONDITION.' I'D WALK A MILE FOR A CAMEL!

CAMELS ARE SO MILD YOU CAN SMOKE ALL YOU WANT!!

EVERYBODY WINS...

©1935, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

HERE'S THE TICKET!

TOP-QUALITY TOBACCO. SPECIAL PROCESS TO REMOVE THE "BITE"—ALWAYS MILD AND MELLOW... LARGEST-SELLING PIPE TOBACCO IN THE WORLD!

Try it! the national joy smoke

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY -:- -:- -:- by BRANDON WALSH

Registered U. S. Patent Office

DRAT THAT BRUSH-IT AIN'T GOT NO MORE HORSE-POWER THAN A WET SPONGE! I WOULDN'T CARE, BUT AUNT MARTHA IS MIGHTY FUSSY 'BOUT ME BEING NEAT AND CLEAN
GEE, MR. WHITE-YOU'RE A CONSTABLE AN' YOU OUGHTN'T BE SCARED OF NOBODY-
OH, I AIN'T SCARED-JUST CAUTIOUS-LIKE!
I CALLS HER AUNT MARTHA LIKE EVERYONE DOES-SHE'S REALLY MY OLDER SISTER-AND RAISED ME SINCE I WAS KNEE-HIGH TO A GRASSHOPPER!
'COURSE, YOU NEEDN'T SAY YOU HEARD ME SAY SHE WAS OLDER THAN I AM - 'CAUSE AUNT MARTHA IS WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL A STRONG-MINDED WOMAN, SPECIALLY WHEN SHE'S RILED!
GEE, I HOPE SHE LIKES ME
'COURSE, SHE'LL LIKE YOU - WHY SHOULDN'T SHE?! YOU'RE A MIGHTY WELL-BEHAVED LITTLE GIRL
BUT JUST THE SAME, BE A MITE CAREFUL WHEN SHE'S AROUND - HER BARK IS WORSE THAN HER BITE. TROUBLE IS SHE HARDLY EVER STOPS BARKING!
HERE SHE COMES A-PUFFING AN' A-SNORTING LIKE SHE ALWAYS DOES!
YOU MEAN AUNT MARTHA?!
CERTAINLY NOT! I MEAN OLD 5:15-THE ACCOMMODATION TRAIN - THAT NEVER ACCOMMODATES NOBODY!
DONT STAND STARING LIKE A STUFFED OWL - COUNT MY BAGGAGE - SEVENTEEN PARCELS - IF THERE'S ONE MISSING I'LL SUE THE RAILROAD IN EVERY COURT IN THE LAND!!
YES, MARTHA!!
9-15
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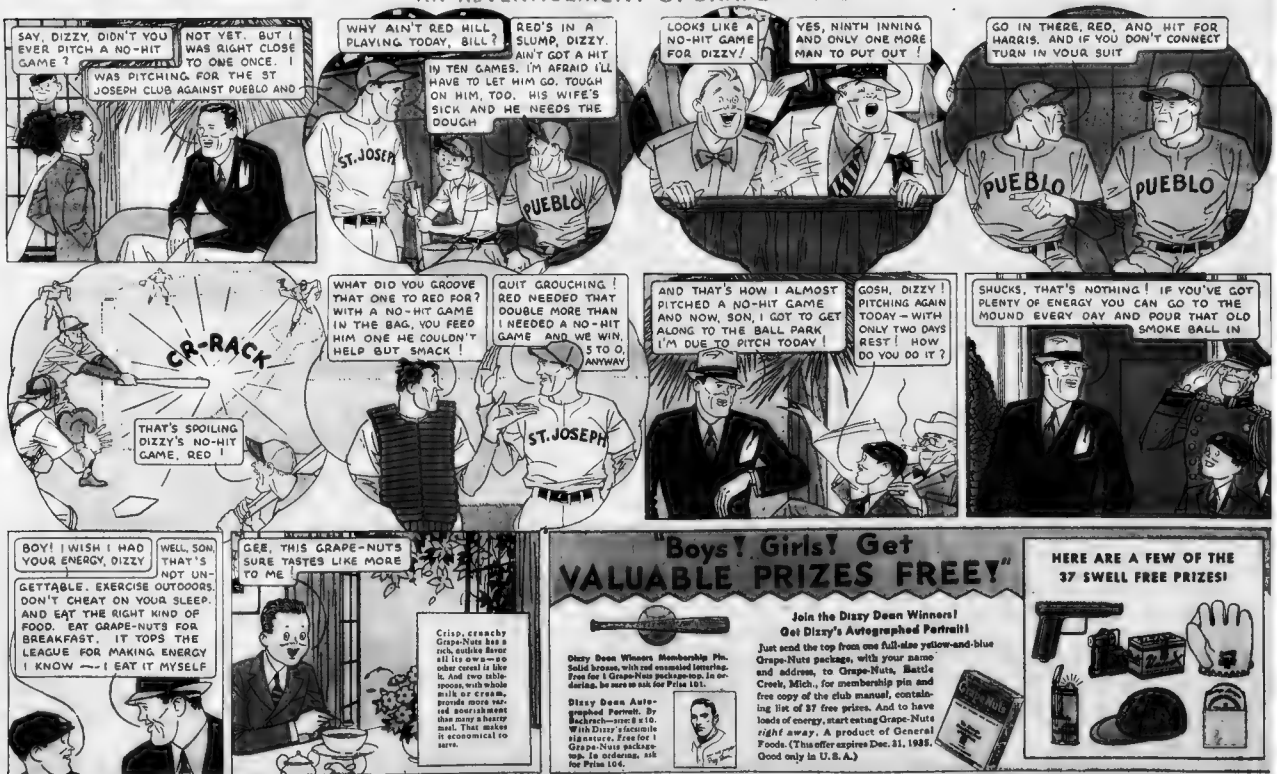
DIZZY DEAN has a no-hit game in the bag

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF GRAPE-NUTS


SAY, DIZZY, DIDN'T YOU EVER PITCH A NO-HIT GAME?
NOT YET. BUT I WAS RIGHT CLOSE TO ONE ONCE. I WAS PITCHING FOR THE ST JOSEPH CLUB AGAINST PUEBLO AND
WHY AIN'T RED HILL PLAYING TODAY, BILL?
RED'S IN A SLUMP, DIZZY. AIN'T GOT A HIT IN TEN GAMES. I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO LET HIM GO. TOUGH ON HIM, TOO. HIS WIFE'S SICK AND HE NEEDS THE DOUGH
ST. JOSEPH
PUEBLO
LOOKS LIKE A NO-HIT GAME FOR DIZZY!
YES, NINTH INNING AND ONLY ONE MORE MAN TO PUT OUT!
GO IN THERE, RED, AND HIT FOR HARRIS. AND IF YOU DON'T CONNECT TURN IN YOUR SUIT
PUEBLO
PUEBLO
CR-RACK
THAT'S SPOILING DIZZY'S NO-HIT GAME, RED!
WHAT DID YOU GROOVE THAT ONE TO RED FOR? WITH A NO-HIT GAME IN THE BAG, YOU FEED HIM ONE HE COULDN'T HELP BUT SMACK!
QUIT GROUCHING! RED NEEDED THAT DOUBLE MORE THAN I NEEDED A NO-HIT GAME AND WE WIN, 5 TO 0, ANYWAY
ST. JOSEPH
AND THAT'S HOW I ALMOST PITCHED A NO-HIT GAME AND NOW, SON, I GOT TO GET ALONG TO THE BALL PARK I'M DUE TO PITCH TODAY!
GOSH, DIZZY! PITCHING AGAIN TODAY - WITH ONLY TWO DAYS REST! HOW DO YOU DO IT?
SHUCKS, THAT'S NOTHING! IF YOU'VE GOT PLENTY OF ENERGY YOU CAN GO TO THE MOUND EVERY DAY AND POUR THAT OLD SMOKE BALL IN
BOY! I WISH I HAD YOUR ENERGY, DIZZY
WELL, SON, THAT'S NOT UN-GETTABLE. EXERCISE OUTDOORS. DON'T CHEAT ON YOUR SLEEP. AND EAT THE RIGHT KIND OF FOOD. EAT GRAPE-NUTS FOR BREAKFAST. IT TOPS THE LEAGUE FOR MAKING ENERGY I KNOW — I EAT IT MYSELF
GEE, THIS GRAPE-NUTS SURE TASTES LIKE MORE TO ME!
Crisp, crunchy Grape-Nuts has a rich, nutlike flavor all its own—no other cereal is like it. And two tablespoons, with whole milk or cream, provide more varied nourishment than many a hearty meal. That makes it economical to serve.

"Boys! Girls! Get VALUABLE PRIZES FREE!"

Dizzy Dean Winners Membership Pin. Solid bronze, with red enameled lettering. Free for 1 Grape-Nuts package-top. In ordering, be sure to ask for Prize 101.

Dizzy Dean Autographed Portrait. By Bachrach—size 8 x 10. With Dizzy's facsimile signature. Free for 1 Grape-Nuts package-top. In ordering, ask for Prize 104.

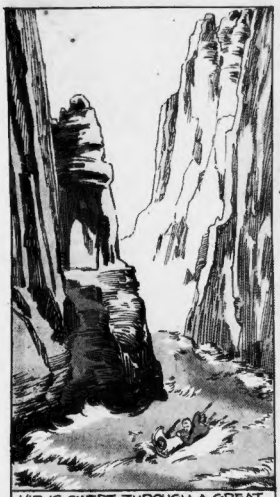
Join the Dizzy Dean Winners! Get Dizzy's Autographed Portrait!

Just send the top from one full-size yellow-and-blue Grape-Nuts package, with your name and address, to Grape-Nuts, Battle Creek, Mich., for membership pin and free copy of the club manual, containing list of 37 free prizes. And to have loads of energy, start eating Grape-Nuts *right away*. A product of General Foods. (This offer expires Dec. 31, 1935. Good only in U. S. A.)

HERE ARE A FEW OF THE 37 SWELL FREE PRIZES!

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

by ZANE GREY

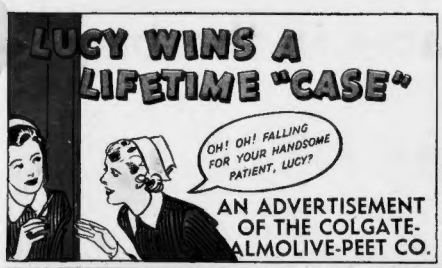

KID IS SWEPT THROUGH A GREAT CANYON WITH SHEER BANKS UP WHICH THERE IS NO ESCAPE.

IF I KEEP ON FOLLOWING THE RIVER LONG ENOUGH, I'M BOUND TO COME OUT SOMEWHERE
HOURS LATER HE GIVES UP THE FRUITLESS QUEST FOR BETTY AND TURNS DOWNSTREAM- LITTLE DOES HE KNOW EACH STEP TAKES HIM FARTHER INTO THE UNTRACKED WILDERNESS

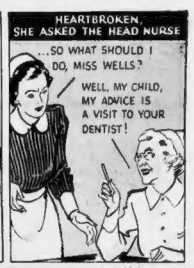
IT'S GETTING LATE! I'LL HAVE TO FIND A CAVE OR A WINDFALL TO SPEND THE NIGHT IN-
9-15
WHERE THE CANYON NARROWS, KID HAS TO TAKE TO THE WATER AND SWIM AROUND JUTTING LEDGES.

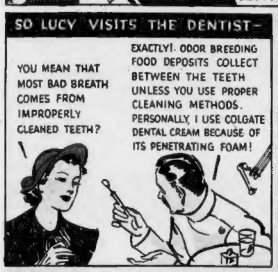
ALL THIS TROUBLE HAPPENED OVER THESE PAPERS OF UNCLE DAN'S. I OUGHT TO BURN THEM UP MAYBE I WILL. BUT FIRST I OUGHT TO READ THEM
HUDDLED AROUND HIS TINY FIRE, WEARY AND HUNGRY, KID WAITS OUT THE LONG NIGHT. HE TRIES TO BE BRAVE WHEN HE THINKS OF BETTY

© 1955 Stephen Slesinger, Inc. King Features Syndicate, Inc.
AND BETTY, MAROONED ON THE ROCK FAR UP-STREAM, LISTENS TO THE BOOMING OF THE RAPIDS. IN THE MORNING SHE INTENDS TO ATTEMPT TO SWIM THROUGH
CONTINUED


LUCY WINS A LIFETIME "CASE"
OH! OH! FALLING FOR YOUR HANDSOME PATIENT, LUCY?
AN ADVERTISEMENT OF THE COLGATE-PALMOLIVE-PEET CO.

ROOM 17
!
WHAT SHE HEARD
YOU DON'T WANT TO GET WELL YOU'RE IN LOVE WITH A BEAUTIFUL NURSE
RIGHT, TOM! BUT-ER- -HOW CAN I TELL HER ABOUT HER BAD BREATH?




SO LUCY VISITS THE DENTIST-
YOU MEAN THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH?
EXACTLY! ODOR BREEDING FOOD DEPOSITS COLLECT BETWEEN THE TEETH UNLESS YOU USE PROPER CLEANING METHODS. PERSONALLY, I USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE OF ITS PENETRATING FOAM!

A WEEK LATER..
HOME TOMORROW! - BUT I'M GLAD I WAS SICK, LUCY... BECAUSE IT GOT ME YOU.
I PROMISE TO TAKE CARE OF YOU FOREVER, DARLING...
AND ALWAYS TO USE COLGATE'S!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

How Colgate Dental Cream Protects You!

"DON'T warn *me* about bad breath!" you say. "I'm not guilty!" But—don't be too sure.

For in the precautions you take you may very easily be overlooking the *real cause* of most bad breath—*improperly cleaned teeth.*

Yet dental authorities agree: Food residue and acid deposits collect in the hidden crevices between the teeth . . . they decay—and the result is offensive breath!

So use Colgate Dental Cream. Its penetrating foam gets into every tiny crevice . . . emulsifies and washes away the food deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach.

At the same time a soft, grit-free polishing ingredient gently and safely cleans and brightens tooth enamel. Thus Colgate's makes your teeth cleaner and brighter—your breath sweeter and purer.

IF YOU PREFER POWDER . . . *Colgate Dental Powder gives the same amazing results—at the same low, money-saving prices—carries the same double-your-money-back guarantee.*

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK
If you are not entirely satisfied with results after using a single tube of Colgate Dental Cream—send the empty tube to Colgate, Jersey City, N. J. We'll refund TWICE what you paid.

10¢ BRINGS THIS EASY WAY TO MAKE CHILDREN LIKE BRUSHING THEIR TEETH!

Children *like* to brush their teeth with Colgate's—the *peppermint*-flavored toothpaste! This decorated kit contains a dainty, colored-handle, Cellophane wrapped toothbrush, juvenile size, and a full 10¢ tube of Colgate Dental Cream. You can have the entire kit for 10¢ in stamps to cover postage and packing. Mail the coupon today.

COLGATE, Dept. K-A-3, Jersey City, N. J.
Enclosed is 10¢ in stamps. Please send me your Colgate Junior Dental Kit containing 25¢ juvenile toothbrush and 10¢ tube of Colgate Dental Cream. (PRINT name and address.)

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

GET A LARGE 25¢ SIZE TUBE FREE!
COLGATE
HAVE
Brushless
AMAZING NEW COLGATE Brushless SHAVE CREAM
20% CLOSER SHAVES! At last a *real* shave, smooth, comfortable—WITHOUT A BRUSH! 20% closer, yet no "pull" or irritation!
NO GREASE- NO CLOGGED RAZOR! Rinses easily—leaves no "smeary" feeling because it contains NO GREASE.
NEW LOTION EFFECT! Tones up your skin...keeps your face fit all day! Buy a tube today! LARGE SIZE 25¢—GIANT SIZE 40¢.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER!
COLGATE, Dept. B-A-8, Jersey City, N. J.
Enclosed is empty carton from 35¢ tube of Colgate Dental Cream, for which please send me, prepaid, large 25¢ tube of Colgate Brushless Shave Cream FREE! (Please PRINT name and address.) Mail coupon today!

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Blondie

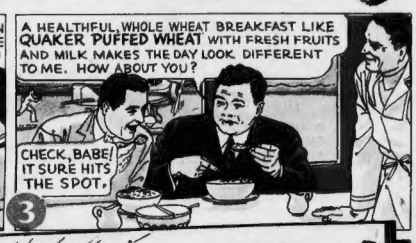
Registered U. S. Patent Office

MY FOUNTAIN-PEN .... MY WHISK-BROOM!
WHERE IS YOUR RAZOR, DEAR? I WANT TO CUT SOME LINOLEUM
DAWGONNIT ... CAN'T I HAVE A THING OF MY OWN AROUND THIS HOUSE? I CAN NEVER FIND ANY OF MY THINGS AND IF I DO THEY'RE BROKEN ....JUST 'CAUSE I'M MARRIED IS NO ....ETC.,ETC ...
GIVE ME A PADLOCK ... THE STRONGEST YOU HAVE!
THERE NOW! I'VE LOCKED MY PERSONAL THINGS UP IN THE CLOSET...LET'S SEE YOU GET THEM NOW!
MY GOODNESS GRACIOUS!
GR-R-
GRRR
WILL THE THREE OF YOU PLEASE STOP STANDING THERE STARING AT ME AS THO' I WERE A CRIMINAL OR SOMETHING?
9-15
© 1935, King Features Syndicate, Inc., Great Britain rights reserved.
IT'S OKAY! I THREW THE LOCK AWAY.... YOU CAN HELP YOURSELVES!
CHIC YOUNG

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF THE QUAKER OATS CO.

BABE RUTH HELPS WIN AN AIR RACE

DON'T THINK I'LL RACE THIS YEAR. I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL MY AGE.
ANYBODY'D FEEL OLD ON A 'SISSY BREAKFAST' LIKE THAT. LET ME ORDER YOU SOME REAL FOOD.
2


A HEALTHFUL, WHOLE WHEAT BREAKFAST LIKE QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT WITH FRESH FRUITS AND MILK MAKES THE DAY LOOK DIFFERENT TO ME. HOW ABOUT YOU?
CHECK, BABE! IT SURE HITS THE SPOT.
3

They're "QUAKER-CRISP"!

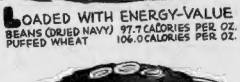
Here's the secret of the amazing crispness—the zestful nut-like flavor of Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. These nourishing morsels of goodness are puffed by the original Quaker process. And that's not all—they're double-crisped in a special Quaker way that makes them doubly appetizing. Then they're packed in a triple-sealed carton to protect their fresh flavor all the way to your table!

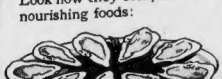
AMAZING BUT TRUE!

When you taste Quaker Puffed Wheat, the crispy, crunchy kernels seem like a confection—you'd never dream they are so full of valuable food elements. Remember, they're made of whole wheat and high in calories, proteins and minerals. Look how they compare with other nourishing foods:

LOADED WITH ENERGY-VALUE

BEANS (DRIED NAVY)	97.7 CALORIES PER OZ.
PUFFED WHEAT	106.0 CALORIES PER OZ.





RICH IN BODY-BUILDING PROTEIN

OYSTERS	1.75 GRAMS PER OZ.
PUFFED WHEAT	4.50 GRAMS PER OZ.

SPINACH IS FAMOUS FOR MINERALS BUT LOOK AT PUFFED WHEAT!

IRON	
SPINACH	1.02 MILLIGRAMS PER OZ.
PUFFED WHEAT	1.30 MILLIGRAMS PER OZ.
PHOSPHORUS	
SPINACH	19.00 MILLIGRAMS PER OZ.
PUFFED WHEAT	92.00 MILLIGRAMS PER OZ.

Source: "Laboratory Handbook for Dietetics" and "Foundations of Nutrition" by Dr. Mary Swartz Rose.

Ask for Quaker PUFFED WHEAT · PUFFED RICE

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF STANDARD BRANDS INCORPORATED

BUT SOON-THEY CHANGED THIS UGLY NICKNAME

NEXT DAY
TOM, I'VE BROUGHT YOU SOME FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST CAKES. PLEASE DO GIVE THEM—AND YOUR SKIN—A CHANCE!
OH, AW RIGHT, SIS—ANYTHING TO MAKE YOU QUIT NAGGING ABOUT IT!

FOR THE LOVE O' MIKE—IF IT ISN'T OLD PIMPLY FACE—IN DISGUISE!
SURE AS I'M BORN—WHAT HAPPENED?? HAVE TO START CALLING YOU "HANDSOME," NOW!

DON'T LET ADOLESCENT PIMPLES BRAND YOU WITH A HATED NICKNAME

PIMPLES are a very common trouble among boys of adolescent age—13-25. Important glands develop during these years, and this causes disturbances throughout the body. Harmful waste poisons get into the blood and irritate the skin, making it break out in pimples.

But you can clear these skin irritants out of your blood—with Fleischmann's Yeast. When the skin irritants are gone, adolescent pimples disappear! And nick-names like "Pimply Face" go with them.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until your skin has become entirely clear. Many cases of pimples clear up within a week or two. Bad cases sometimes take a month or more. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast today!

—clears the skin by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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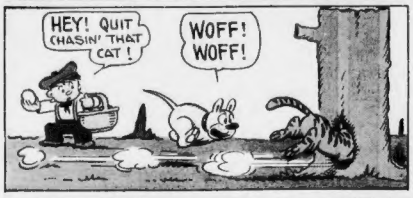
DINGLEHOOFER UND HIS DOG ADOLPH, — BY KNERR —



The Katzenjammer Kids

Registered U. S. Patent Office

YEP! KINDO' CHOPPY TODAY!
PHOOEY! SAY SHRIMPER! DO YOU HAF TO SMOKE SUCH A ROTTEN SEEGAR? CUT IT OUDT!
VELL, IT COMES FROM YOUR OWN BOX, BIG BOY!